31382/B

Charles R. Buckley.

LONDON :

PRINTED BY SAMUEL BENTLEY,
Dorset Street, Fleet Street.

You may easily imagine, warm
as those is all my affections are towards
You, I have had but little rest, since
we separated last night. The fact,
that I may, (profitably & gratifyingly
when any friend & friends be in
fifty different ways, (from fifty different ends) an urgent
occasion
occasion, have left a lasting
impression, to any one (but more es-
pecially to You, who I so truly love,
& who are so invaluable to me as a
friend) it to me, a consolation, two fold
to be endured; Therefore, let me implore
of You, to come to me, be it ever so

at moment, the very first thing I do
this morning, for I shall hate myself
until I have the opportunity of ex-
pressing personally to You, those
fond & genuine feelings of affection
for You, which will never cease to
have in my Heart, so long as that
Heart, [redacted] times to beat. I
am much too unhappy to say more
but that I am ever,

Your most affte Friend

C. L.

Bt. Hs. D. fc.

July 11th. 1822.

London Richard Bentley New Burlington St. 1838

MEMOIRS

OF

SIR WILLIAM KNIGHTON,

BART. G.C.H.

KEEPER OF THE PRIVY PURSE

DURING THE REIGN OF HIS MAJESTY

KING GEORGE THE FOURTH.

INCLUDING HIS CORRESPONDENCE WITH MANY DISTINGUISHED PERSONAGES.

BY LADY KNIGHTON.

IN TWO VOLUMES.

VOL. II.

LONDON:
RICHARD BENTLEY, NEW BURLINGTON STREET,
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1838.

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MEMOIRS

OF

SIR WILLIAM KNIGHTON, BART.

CHAPTER XVIII.

Extracts from Sir William Knighton's Journal of his tour to Paris.—Malmaison.—Napoleon and Josephine.

In the summer of 1828, Sir William visited Paris, and during his residence there kept a Journal, which is so peculiarly illustrative of his mind, and faculty of observation, as to deserve a place in this memoir.

"I left London at four o'clock, and proceeded with my dear D— for Dover; the weather gloomy, my thoughts cheerless, for I had passed through a day of

hurried occupation. I was, however, happy in the idea of a little intermission in the train of anxious attention.

"Arrived at Sittingbourne about nine; had our tea, and were glad to retire to our beds. We left this on the 4th of June for Dover. The morning was tempestuous, the clouds filled with rain.

"This was formerly a memorable day, being the one appointed for half a century for commemorating the birth of George the Third. During that space of time this day was always cheerful; habit made it acceptable to the English people, even had their affections not kept pace with the exterior demonstration.

"I was desirous that the day should have been pleasant as connected with weather, because I knew it would gladden the feelings of my King and master, for to him Ascot and the race-course is an annual holiday. Such are the trifles which contribute to the happiness of life, even to the high as well as the low.

"We reached Dover and got into the steam-boat at two. It blew almost a hurricane. We were glad to land and find ourselves at the Hôtel de Bourbon, where all seemed tranquillity and kindness, which on the spur of the moment we were glad to entertain even as affection, such is the happiness of delusion.

"Left Calais at seven in the morning; dined at Montreuil, and slept at Abbeville. I passed the day in reading the Duc de Rovigo's (Savary's) life of himself. It is written in a hard style and manner: hitherto I have seen no points that I wish to remember. He mentions the anecdote of Buonaparte's first meeting with Madame de Staël. She asked Buonaparte, who he thought the greatest woman. "Madame, she that has given to her country the greatest number of children;" a mortifying answer, but one which implied that women should confine themselves to that for which they were designed. Buonaparte intended no doubt to rebuke her

presumption. To uphold the feeble and rebuke the proud is always useful.

"We left Abbeville at five in the morning, and journeyed on very satisfactorily throughout the day. Dearest D——, who is always amiable, endears herself more to me every hour by those attentions that so delightfully blend with parental affection.

"I read Helvetius's remarks on Rousseau's twaddle and reveries on education, the understanding and intellect of man, &c. Both Rousseau and Helvetius were entirely without christianity. The absence of the Divine creed renders all morality cold, wretched, nugatory, and uninteresting.

"There is a foolishness of conclusion in supposing that there can be any attempt at true morality without entwining your thoughts with the rules and commands of Jesus Christ. The reasoning adopted by man appears for a moment every now and then, specious; but reflection makes it fall to the ground.

"I have always been struck with this when studying the works of the ancient stoics, and equally so when viewing the conduct of that same specimen of mankind in modern times. The absence of true humility, charity, and benevolence to their neighbours, is observable in them all. Self-love always abounds. Their lives are regulated by prudence, which seems to shut out all the amiable virtues of social intercourse.

"Arrived at Paris about eight. I wrote to the ambassador, and waited upon him at twelve. I found he had tendered his resignation, in consequence of Lord D.'s retiring from office. I have often doubted the propriety of so entirely mixing up diplomacy with the ministry for the time being, because a change every now and then may materially embarrass the policy of the country. Of course the habits of intimacy that in time are acquired by two statesmen can in the first instance be merely official: the inconvenience, there-

fore, of this constant succession must be evident. Lord —— seems to regret the necessity of the measure; but that alarm connected with private and public character seems to put aside every other consideration. It is evident from this that fidelity to the sovereign goes for nothing. In short, the first magistracy in England can neither avail in protecting character, nor can it arrest the designs of popularity and ambition. Power in Parliament is everything, and if combined with aristocracy of birth, will do much.

"We dined at Véry's. This is a place of the most agreeable description. You are freed from the care of your cook, your cellarman, and your attendant. You pay your money, and get all your wants supplied; and these supplies you have the power of suiting to your pocket, and any feelings of convenience.

"June 8th, Sunday. — This day we witnessed the procession in which Charles the Tenth walked bareheaded to his parish

church with a candle in his hand. His Majesty followed the Host, which was borne by his own confessor, surrounded by his great officers of state. The Dauphin next followed with his candle, of course also bareheaded. Next came the Dauphine, without a candle, dressed in a beautiful blue embroidered silk, her train borne by her two ladies. Lastly followed the Duchesse de Berri, in a beautiful embroidered white satin : and there was a line of troops formed on each side of the procession, each musket having a nosegay on the top of the barrel. Of course the throng was immense.

"9th, Monday. — Dined at Véry's, in the Palais Royal. In walking round we met a man, very tall, thin and haggard, with a long beard. The expression of his countenance was painfully dejected. I was told that he had spent everything in the cause of the Bourbons; yet, now that they had returned to power, he was neglected and forgotten : this hung so heavily on

his mind, that he constantly appeared at the Palais Royal until every one became acquainted with his history, and by this means he had the power of relating in a short and effective manner the ingratitude of kings. So goes the story. It is probably true; for gratitude is not a commonly existing virtue in the minds of those born high in station. Early affluence seems often to put contemplation aside. Without this, the affections of the heart soon go to sleep; but one would have thought, in this instance, the perils and wretchedness of adversity might have taught royalty differently. I suspect there is often too much put down to duty.

"Our dinner was very agreeable. Our next neighbour was a French gentleman, worn out by age and the infirmities of dissipation; and though scarcely able to see, the same impulse of gallantry and imagination still existed,—at least so we could judge by the conversation with his two

female friends of a certain age, who seemed to be his great intimates.

"Above us was an English gentleman, with his wife and daughter, who were probably come for the purpose of seeing Paris. One could almost observe that this was the first time for many years that the shillings were spent without the most cautious prudence. The man had an honest but vulgar countenance. Their daughter, perhaps their only child, had been educated at a boarding school, and, I could perceive, had sufficient French to read the journal of the day. All their movements implied soberness of thought, habit, and conduct. It was a strong national contrast to all passing around us.

"10th. — Bought some pictures of a French artist, a clever man. He passes his entire life in his painting-room. He has many of the characteristic traits of genius; such as self-love connected with fame, a satirical turn of thought, and, every

now and then, of expression. He married at eighteen, and his wife is become old: he is forty-six. He told us of a delightful boy he had lost at the age of sixteen, and that he would give everything he had in the world to have him back. There was a pathos of expression and countenance when this was said that marked the genuine feelings of the heart. Such is the arbitrary sway of parental affection over every other passion! Is this instinct, habit, reflection, or the continual association of thought connected with that which we are bound from the cradle to protect?

"We went to the vale of Montmorency, a village situated about eight miles from Paris. The scenery is very picturesque; but the weather was so hot, that the fatigue was too great to make the excursion all we could wish:—it is curious to observe how very little contributes to make the Parisians cheerful and happy:—the great amusement at Montmorency is to ride through the woods upon a donkey.

Considering the short distance from Paris, the transition is truly beautiful.

"Among the numerous things so striking at Paris are the great varieties of character one has the opportunity of contemplating at the dinner-tables of the restaurateurs. On this day there was a man whose extraordinary habits struck us forcibly. I am satisfied he must have had some slight aberration of mind. He ate most voraciously, merely adding a little spoonful of wine to a large tumbler of water; but in eating plate after plate, he devoured the contents to the most minute bits. We began our dinner at the same time, and he was still eating when we left the room. There is a state of mind so thoroughly connected with the stomach, that this organ requires to be entirely filled before that principle begins which we call digestion, a process which seems to have the power of placing the understanding more in the ordinary state of nature. Of what wretched materials is man com-

posed! Nothing worthy of existence but that indescribable essence which always responds to our conscience, and which, by being preserved and cultivated in purity here, free from the views of our gross nature, will enable us one day, as we hope, to rise again in a different state, to live without perishing, to sing the praises of our God and Saviour, without sin, in imitation of his divine purity.

"Monday, 23rd. — I was surprised to find, on opening my book this morning, that a week had passed without my writing one word in this journal. Such is the rapidity with which time passes, that unless the fleeting moment be watched from day to day, occurrences fly from the memory, and what you desire to remember is never to be recalled.

"This has been a week of indisposition with me, arising from imprudence of diet, and every now and then also of thought. The weather has been excessively hot, and one has been tempted to drink large

draughts of wine and water. Nothing is so bad for digestion as large quantities of fluids: nothing is so little thought of by us, in this respect, as our stomach; whereas it influences all our actions, and when disturbed, destroys their vigour. Never was there a truer saying than that the stomach is 'the body's conscience.' Many a battle has been lost or won through the influence of an indigestion. Buonaparte's disease of stomach had, no doubt, been coeval with his Russian campaign. At the battle of Moscow, if Segur's account is to be trusted, Buonaparte was no longer the same man he had been formerly. He was sitting on a bank for a considerable time during the engagement. The Russians were ostensibly driven from the field of action; but there was no energy left in him whose former habit was to follow up partial victory until he had made it complete.

"We this week visited Malmaison, once the happy abode of Josephine, if not of Buonaparte. Perhaps also, with him, after

climbing the ladder, once on the top, the giddy height was no longer pleasant.

"To a reflecting mind nothing can be more unsatisfactory than the homage and idolatry of poor human nature; — lumps of clay, filled with every species of degrading remembrance, perishable by the bite of the most inferior animal, and even by the slight prick of a bare bodkin.

"Malmaison looked sad and melancholy, a complete emblem of fallen greatness! There was Josephine's picture, solitary and alone in one room, her bust in another. There was a print of Buonaparte on horseback, and also of Dessaix in an Egyptian costume. Josephine's bedroom retained its usual freshness, and gave us a complete impression of the taste that appeared most agreeable to her feelings. I could judge from this house that these were of the most refined description; that she began life with the love of heroism and glory, (as the butchery of human nature is termed,) but ended it by desiring

consolation under the milder influence of religion. We visited her little chapel, where she knelt for the purposes of her religious devotions.

"From Malmaison we quickly passed to the church in which she is interred. There her son Beauharnois has erected a beautiful statue of Josephine: it is a whole-length figure kneeling. Nothing can be more perfect or more delicately imagined. It gives one all the idea of trembling devotion, without one look or gesture that denotes any kind of presumption to have prevailed in the heart of her who is offering up her prayers to the throne of mercy. Every look expressed in this marble is that of goodness, and, by all accounts, well accords with the life and conduct of the amiable person to whose memory it is consecrated. I believe Josephine was of Indian blood: probably her race of ancestors might have been originally in the woods, and thus for many generations the corruptions of civilised life existed not.

"We left this church with some regret; my own mind in our way back to Paris was full of contemplation: it naturally passed to the grave. Alas! beyond that we can only hope and believe in that mercy which the records of the Divine Word teach us to hope for.

"Tuesday, 24th.—Amongst the events of the last week I forgot to put down that we one evening attended vespers. It was on a Saturday, and the last day but one that the Host was to be carried in procession; in short, it was what is termed the 'Fête Dieu.' The organ (it was in the church of St. Roch) was very fine, and beautifully played, and the pageantry very striking; but all this seems not calculated to direct the thoughts towards Heaven during a devotional exercise. The Divine laws are so pure and simple, that it accords with sober reason to believe that these laws cannot be rightly observed but in a manner most simple, free from show

and ostentation. The sincerity of the heart is the thing to inquire for.

"I was at the Louvre last week. The gallery is fine, and beautifully appropriated. It is quite pleasing to see the industry of those employed in the study of their art.

"I observed but few who had any talent for colour. You see constantly an attempt at the extreme in this particular. I should suppose this might be attributable to a fault of mind or vision, or a difficulty in mixing or blending the tints, did I not observe in human nature an attempt at the extreme in everything. The colouring of the old masters furnishes no criterion of what combination will produce the effect now-a-day, because the oxygen of the atmosphere must have had a great influence in changing the character of the colouring.

"Our little friend Miss —— had an attack of fever which lasted the day, and

we missed her much. Our entire separation from each other under the influence of the casualties of life is something very painful. After a time, circumstances make the closest intimacies to cease, until at length remembrance only retraces the past, and through a distance of thought which is quite surprising."

Sir William returned from this last journey in tolerable health. The affectionate attentions of his daughter had been most soothing and consoling to him, and had rendered the separation from his family a source of less anxiety to them.

CHAPTER XIX.

Letters from Dr. Gooch; the Duke of Clarence; Sir Thomas Lawrence; the Earl of Eldon; and from Sir William to his Son and Daughter.

THE following letters from the late Dr. Gooch will be perused with melancholy interest.

"3, Grove Hill, Mount Sion,
"Tunbridge Wells.

"MY DEAR SIR WILLIAM,

"LAST night afforded me the first long, refreshing sleep I have had for several weeks, and I dreamt that I was with you and Lady Knighton at Sherwood. When I last wrote to you from Hampstead, I expected I should be well again in a week;

but I did not get better. Week after week passed on, till at length, being totally unfit for the slightest portion of business, Farre wished me to try a more restorative air, and I came down here, where I was seven years ago, which was followed by the best three years and a half, in point of health, which I have known for the last twelve years; but I am now seven years older, and seem to be past the reviving power of any air. I have been out of London a fortnight, and am as yet no better than when I came; and if I continue to make progress at the same rate, I shall return to London three weeks hence, (when my time for this house is out,) not to business, but to be nursed.

"I am thankful that my present illness has not been attended by the dreadful suffering of my former attacks. I have had no vomiting. I find it difficult to explain what brought it on: I was uncommonly well just before. The only causes to

which I can possibly attribute it are two, which occurred about the same time; the setting in of the rainy season, and my removal from a lodging-house at the top of the hill, which was insufferable from the stench of a sewer, to a cottage at the bottom of the hill. But if such causes as these can knock me down, I am not fit to live.

"After taking great pains about settling Arthur's school, and collecting all that I could for and against the different eligible schools, I found at length that each had a *pro* and *con*, and that you had given me the best advice; which was, to put him to the Charter-house, and have him home one day a week, by which I should make him my companion, and have some influence in the formation of that important part of his mind which does not consist in a knowledge of Latin and Greek. He goes at Michaelmas, and, if I live, I hope I shall derive comfort from the arrangement.

"I am not suffering: I drive out when the weather is fine; and when I am at home, I can amuse myself. Mr. Calkin knows where I am; and if there are any letters which require being attended to, I have directed him to send them to me. At this time of the year scarcely any books worth reading are published; but what there are, I tell him of.

"My chief occupations have been some medico-legal questions, the most important and difficult of which was set me by the Lord Chancellor. I shall finish it to-day; and if my report is satisfactory to his lordship, I shall be rewarded for all the trouble it has cost me, which is not a little, for it is the most singular and difficult case of the kind, as Mr. Lowdham says, that ever had to be decided.

"I wish I was near you, that I might come and get some of those cheering looks and words with which you know so well how to prop up a broken spirit; but as I

cannot, the next best thing is to write to you.

"Believe me, as long as I live,
"Your grateful and
"affectionate friend,
"ROBERT GOOCH."

"Tunbridge Wells, 23rd Sept. 1828.

"MY DEAR SIR WILLIAM,

"I AM recovering once more, but of course only to the ricketty, comfortless, and useless health which I have endured so long: yet so strong is the love of life, that I rejoice at, and am grateful for it. I shall be in town on Wednesday the 1st October, and shall be delighted to call on you as soon after as you will appoint me to do so. I earnestly hope I shall find you better.

"Yours most affectionately,
"ROBERT GOOCH."

FROM HIS ROYAL HIGHNESS THE DUKE OF CLARENCE.

" Bushy House, Sept. 28th, 1828,
" half-past four P. M.

" DEAR SIR,

" To-MORROW morning you will receive by the post a letter written this day under the idea that all at the Royal Lodge was going on as we could wish. You can therefore easily imagine how much I am depressed by your letter of this day, announcing to me the necessity there was again, on the return of Sir Henry Halford, to bleed the King. I am sincerely glad his Majesty has passed a good night and is really better. The continuation of gout in the right hand, though painful, being active, is good, as I trust to-morrow my brother will be very considerably relieved.

" I think you were right to inform the King that you had written to me; and I must beg you will assure his Majesty how anxiously concerned I am for his speedy

and perfect restoration to health. I know my brother so well, that I perfectly understand his aversion to public bulletins; and I can very easily conceive that the various duties you must have to perform sometimes distract your mind. However, it is but justice to yourself to observe, that prudence and discretion have been your guides; and the best proof of these facts is the universal silence about yourself, which implies approbation. Your duty to the King is in the closet, and not in public; and you have rigidly, to my observation, adhered to this rule.

"I hope to-morrow you will be enabled to send me a favourable account of his Majesty, and that the gout is doing the benefit we must all so sincerely wish.

"Adieu! and ever believe me,

"Dear sir,

"Yours truly,

"WILLIAM."

FROM THE SAME.

" Bushy House, Sept. 29th, 1828,
" Seven P. M.

" DEAR SIR,

" I TRUST the impression of things being favourable from the bleeding of Saturday will continue, with all my heart. Though the gout is violent in the right hand, and I must lament the suffering of the King, perhaps it is the best thing at the present moment.

" I am confident at all times of the perfect friendship and uninterrupted regard of his Majesty for me ; and I am from the bottom of my heart attached in the strongest manner possible to the best of brothers and sovereigns.

" You know the reason I did not answer your first letter at once. I shall now regularly write, and trust you will be enabled to continue to give the accounts constantly that you and I both wish. I must go to London on business to the apartments of

the Princess Augusta, and shall then hope to receive from Sir Henry Halford assurances of his having left the King to-morrow in a much more comfortable way.

"Ever believe me,

"Dear sir,

"Yours truly,

"WILLIAM."

FROM THE SAME.

"Bushy House, Oct. 9th, 1828.

"DEAR SIR,

"AFTER the receipt of yours of yesterday, which reached me too late to answer last evening, I cannot with any propriety allow this morning to pass without writing,—first, to inquire after the health of his Majesty, which I sincerely hope will very shortly be restored to all you and I can wish for him: and secondly, to request you to express to my brother the most grateful sense I do and must enter-

tain for his kind and gracious message sent through you.

"I wish not to bring, particularly to the King's memory, any unpleasant scenes relative to others. But I am one of those who always relied on my brother, and found him true to his word if he had the power. Whether his Majesty can or cannot succeed in his desire to serve me, is to be seen. But I am equally grateful for the considerate and kind manner in which he has accepted my letter; and my mind is perfectly at ease, from the expressions you send me in your letter from the King respecting his entering so fully into my feelings, which were the only cause of my troubling the best, the tried, and the most affectionate of brothers and friends.

"I must make one more remark before I conclude; which is, to thank his Majesty for his kind consideration so graciously held out by the King to one naturally dear to me, by which considerate act my anxiety

is proportionally lessened. In short, if this letter is not altogether or entirely what it ought to be, my excuse is the truth, that my heart is so overcome with gratitude towards my brother, I cannot express myself as I could wish.

" Ever believe me,
" Dear sir,
" Yours truly,
" WILLIAM."

FROM SIR THOMAS LAWRENCE.

" Russell Square,
" October the 29th, 1828.

" MY DEAR SIR WILLIAM,

" MANY sincere thanks for your kind letter and pleasant communication respecting Mr. Mulready. I know that on seeing the picture, you will be gratified by its having obtained the distinction of his Majesty's purchase of it, and by its consequent honour to the artist, of whose fine

talents and gentlemanly nature and conduct I cannot speak too highly.

" Believe me to be,

" My dear Sir William,

" Still more your obliged

" and faithful servant,

" THOS. LAWRENCE."

" To Sir William Knighton, Bart. &c."

The following letters are without date; but as they refer to the King's illness about this time, they are here inserted.

FROM HIS ROYAL HIGHNESS THE DUKE OF CLARENCE.

" Bushy House, Sunday afternoon.

" DEAR SIR,

" I AM this instant favoured with your letter of last night from the Royal Lodge, and lament exceedingly that the King has had again another attack of gout. I trust in God this is the last visit of this cruel disease for the year, and that Sir Henry Halford may have now entirely removed the complaint.

"I thought it right to prove to his Majesty that the magnificent and munificent bounty of the best of sovereigns and brothers had been entirely appropriated as the King's gracious intentions were expressed, to relieve those difficulties which, from the peculiarity of the panic, were so very pressing, and which must make me feel most deeply the King's kindness and goodness.

"I really do not know in what manner to answer that part of your letter which conveys to me his Majesty's message in return for my letter of yesterday. I cannot express my gratitude sufficiently, and must remark, that this last act of bounty has been a still further proof of my brother's uninterrupted and unvaried friendship and regard for fifty-five years. I hope in God the King will ever find me attached to him from my heart and soul.

"The Duchess desires me to return her sincere thanks to his Majesty, and again to repeat through you our joint expres-

sions of gratitude for my brother's generous attention, of which I acquainted her. She is pleased that she has the King's permission to go this season abroad. —I must also thank you for the kind manner in which you brought these affairs before his Majesty, and also for the delicate way you have now conveyed to me the King's last gracious message in your letter, every part of which was calculated to give me very sincere pleasure, except in the intelligence of the unfortunate return of gout, which I hope is now entirely relieved.

"My best, sincerest, and most affectionate wishes attend his Majesty; and assure him his goodness is not thrown away on one who does not value the regard and friendship of the best and kindest of sovereigns, of brothers, and of men.

"Ever believe me, dear sir,

"Yours most truly,

"WILLIAM."

"To Sir William Knighton, Bart. &c."

FROM THE EARL OF ELDON.

" DEAR SIR WILLIAM,

" ACCEPT my best thanks for the relief to my anxieties which your letters afford. I am very apprehensive from your accounts that his Majesty may not be sufficiently recovered to nominate the sheriffs on Saturday at the Council; though gout, however, sometimes abates its violence considerably in three days; and my anxious wish is that great progress may be made in that period in recovery. I should myself have attended on Saturday, if my absence from the court on that day had not been necessarily very inconvenient and expensive to parties. I must give you the trouble to say, that I propose to take the liberty, for that is necessary, of sending by the Clerk of the Council a commissioner to receive the royal sign-manual for opening Parliament on Tuesday;

and should his Majesty not sign it, and direct it to be returned by the Clerk of the Council on Saturday, you will be pleased to take the most convenient time to his Majesty for tendering it for his signature, that I may be enabled on Monday night to put the great seal to it, or to put the seal to it early on Tuesday morning.

"Be pleased to offer my most humble duty to his Majesty, my warmest thanks for his kind expressions conveyed to me in your letters, and my assurances that I most anxiously and cordially wish his Majesty's speedy recovery.

"Yours, my dear sir, truly,

"ELDON.

"Thursday, noon.

"Pray let me know that you have received this.

"I am afraid I shall be obliged also to trouble his Majesty for his royal sign-manual to authorize the Judges to go their respective circuits; but *that* I shall delay

as long as possible, to avoid inconvenience to his Majesty.

"Lincoln's Inn Hall, from the Bench."

FROM THE SAME.

"DEAR SIR WILLIAM,

"LORD LIVERPOOL communicated the contents of your letter to-day, when I was in Cabinet, respecting the King's health. Duty, gratitude, affection, &c. must be my excuse for desiring that you will take the trouble of occasionally informing me, by such a note as your time will allow, how my Royal Master is. I most anxiously wish and pray that all good may attend him; and the greatest comfort I can receive is to hear that he is recovering well. Yours, my dear sir, truly,

"ELDON."

Amongst various memoranda, this on the subject of America may be interesting to

those who concern themselves with regard to this long-pending question.

"Horndean, 16th Oct. 1828.

"I THIS morning had a long conversation with Mr. R. on the subject of America, where he has resided some years, respecting the present dispute connected with the boundary or frontier. He says that Maine is a federal state, and consists of four hundred thousand inhabitants. It is situated about eight hundred miles from Washington. In time of peace it is of no value to us; in time of war it is essential, because it cuts off all communication with Quebec, &c. as the high roads that keep up the communication on this frontier pass through the state of Maine. The Americans say they have a right to this portion of territory under the treaty of 1784. Our conclusions depend on some rivers running into the sea, which we deny; but the illustration is, that Torbay must be said to run into the Channel.

"The American states have now ten sail of the line. Every nominal seventy-four-gun ship they have carries much heavier metal than ours, and considerably more guns than it is supposed to bear: the ships are of prodigious thickness. The same increase of strength and weight of metal pervades every ship they build. This information is very important to us."

The following letter is from Sir William to his son.

"Royal Lodge, 7th Nov. 1828.

"It is always a great pleasure to me to hear from you. I am satisfied that you judge rightly and prudently in avoiding clubs, societies, and companions that are to lead to no intellectual results. Your business is with whatever will exalt the mind, and strengthen it in those practical inquiries that will place you above the level of those who, having the same advantages, do not profit by them.

"It is very true that precepts are use-

ful, but practice and imitation go far beyond them; hence the importance of watching early habits, that they may be free from what is objectionable; and of keeping before our mind, as much as possible, the necessity of imitating the good and the wise. Without settled principle and practical virtue, life is a desert; without Christian piety, the contemplation of the grave is terrible.

"I am delighted that you bought your prints and hung them up in your room. It is good for the eye to have pleasing contemplations of that kind; prints (or pictures) become companions. When you are fixed to a spot by necessity, it is better that your attachments should be local, and associated with the surrounding objects.

"I have been led into a particular train of thought by the very interesting little book I send you; "Salmonia, or, Days of Fly-fishing." It is written by Sir Humphrey Davy, and, as you will see by the

preface, formed the amusement of a long illness, when his mind was not equal to great exertion. Pray read this through; it will delight you much: many of the thoughts, if I mistake not, you will be glad to put down in your common-place book.

"After you have read Salmonia, I recommend you to get the last Quarterly Review, and read the article on Salmonia written by Sir Walter Scott. The review is beautiful. I consider Sir H. Davy the most remarkable man of his time: he has advanced nearer than any other man, since the days of Sir Isaac Newton, to the discovery of first causes. This is particularly the case in what relates to metals.

"I have bought a proof copy of Lodge's Portraits, which I intend, if it please God, as a birthday present for you: it is the quarto impression, which I prefer to the folio. I long for the time to arrive when we may pass some time together, to talk over our matters, and see what rarities in

art we can pick up. I quite agree with you respecting a private tutor; I shall be ready at any time to adopt the idea: keep a good look-out for an individual whom you may think likely to give us what we want. Pray attend to this, for I am very anxious that you should pass by the common run of intellect.

"This is a long letter; but I hope you will not think it too long. That you will value the attachment and love that make me thus communicate with you (under the pressure of business and a thousand cares), I feel quite certain. God bless you!

"W. K."

EXTRACTS FROM LETTERS TO A FRIEND.

Nov. 19th, 1828.

Thank you, my very kind friend, for your letter, which was sensible, entertaining, and clever. Lord Bacon was a very intelligent observer of nature, in every form; but he wanted even the ordinary

rules of the Christian creed, as connected with the moral principles. You may suppose, then, what must have been his state as to spiritual Christianity, which in my opinion is the only thing worth resting upon: without this, I believe human nature is very much upon a level as to what is called goodness or character in this life. Paley says, and says truly, that the principles of a philosopher are in the head of every clown you meet: if so, these principles lie dormant and the clown remains such, and thus with spiritual Christianity, many possess it not; they have it not. There may be the capacity for its attainment, but then it is not attained.

"I have never read the book you mention, but I will endeavour to do so. I think books of that description read in early life are amusing, and sometimes, if rules of conduct are well laid down, and useful sentiments sensibly put together, such books are often instructive. But to speak personally of

myself, little occurrences or little things produce no excitement on my mind. Is this to be wondered at when one knows certain things as truisms; such as, for example, that light travels at the rate of one hundred and seventy thousand miles per second. Herschel thinks, and mentions in his writings, that the light of some distant nebulæ would be forty-eight thousand years in reaching us! After such contemplations, how can one go into the tattle of the drawing-room to be excited! So true it is, as St. Paul says, 'It is written I will destroy the wisdom of the wise, and bring to nothing the understanding of the prudent.'

"This morning I have to thank you for the enclosed, which I shall be glad to know you have received. The letter is sensible, full of feeling, but imprudent. She is also mistaken in her religious progress; there must be no vanity, if the heart is to be fully occupied under the influence of spiritual grace. No; the

thing is impossible: and why? because the Scripture denounces every species of idolatry: and what is vanity, or the anticipation of worldly fame, whether present or future, but idolatry? While we think we are advancing in fame, it is a deceptive progress we are making.

"There are two sentences that I will put down. 'Avoid all preternatural excitement, whether caused by religion, politics, or brandy, for in proportion as the imagination is excited, the understanding is weakened. Avoid solitude and meditation on your own perfections, for they are great promoters of self-importance.'"

TO HIS YOUNGEST DAUGHTER.

"Windsor Castle. Lancaster Tower,
"December 9, 1828.

"As I sleep in this castle to-night for the first time since the restoration of this wonderful pile of buildings, as does his most gracious Majesty George the Fourth,

I send you this little memorandum as a curiosity, that when you are grown a woman, and I am dead and gone, you may look upon it as a memento connected with the history of the times in which you live.

"The king entered the castle exactly at four. At five o'clock, I presented Mr. Wyatville, who delivered the keys of the castle to his Majesty in a crimson bag, whereupon he was knighted Sir Jeffery Wyatville.

"Tell me, dearest, if you want anything for me to bring you down at Christmas. God bless you!

"W. K."

CHAPTER XX.

Sir William sent on an important mission to Berlin — Letters to his Family in consequence. — Extracts from his Journal. — Letters from Sir Walter Scott, Mr. Nash, &c.

In the early part of the year 1829, Sir William was required by the King to go on an important mission to Berlin. The ensuing extracts from letters and journals refer to this journey.

"Windsor Castle, Jan. 28, 1829.

"I BEGIN to write to you this morning, before the second post comes in, by which I hope to hear from you or my dear ****. I am much better in health: this embarrassment is passing away; and lucky that it is so, for the King and the Duke of ****

both asked me yesterday to go to Berlin immediately. However embarrassing and disagreeable such journeys are, both public and private, it was quite impossible for me to say no, because, in short, there is, I really believe, nobody else to be found at present that could undertake what is required, unless the minister were to go himself, and that is impracticable. I did venture to observe to the King that I would gladly avoid such an expedition. His Majesty then said, 'Is there any one else to whom you can entrust so important a matter? I told the ****,' continued he, 'that it was so disagreeable to me to have you from me, that it was quite painful; for, independent of other circumstances, I have the greatest confidence in you respecting my health, and I know you are honest in your advice. . . . .'

"I think his Majesty is surprised that his affairs have not become involved during the last year, considering the very great expenses. I think also there has

been so much going on, that the anxious thought has passed through his mind that perhaps there might be something wrong in his affairs.

"I do not like to disturb dear William's studies, nor will I take Joseph, because it will interfere with his comfort. I shall take Le Blanc with me, on whom I can thoroughly depend.

"I am afraid I shall be absent a month or five weeks. I cannot travel at night at this season of the year, and the roads are heavy. If I get no unreasonable anxiety, the journey will do me no harm. I go up to town at daylight to-morrow morning. You may suppose what I have to do. Kiss my dear children. You shall hear from me again to-morrow.

"Yours, &c.

"W. K."

"Hanover Square, Jan. 30, 1829.

"I THANK you for the muffetees, which are very acceptable; so say to dear ****

and ****. I go down again to Windsor on Sunday, and come up on Monday, and proceed on Tuesday. I shall observe all that you mention respecting fatigue, &c. I shall pass through French Flanders. I am told, casually, that the severity of the weather has broken up on the Continent. Do not come up to town on any account, but let me have the comfort of finding you here on my return. I think it will take place in five weeks: much will depend on circumstances. Well might Burke say, 'What shadows we are, and what shadows we pursue!'

"Take care of your health. If you should feel a weight on your head, unusual sleepiness, a tight feeling about the throat, or a queer odd sickness about the stomach, apply half a dozen (not more) of leeches to the temples. I hope to write again to-morrow."

This journey was one of great fatigue and inconvenience to Sir William, from

the season and severity of the weather. The following is the account of it.

"Feb. 2, 1829.

"I LEFT London at half-past seven at night, and reached Dover at six in the morning.

"3rd.—I quitted it at half-past eight in the morning, and reached Calais at eleven. Proceeded from thence at two in the afternoon, travelled all night, and reached Ghent about nine on Wednesday morning.

"5th. Thursday.—Rose at five, but could not leave St. Nicholas until seven, in consequence of the ice requiring the horses to be rough-shod. Arrived at Antwerp at eleven: proceeded by Maestricht; a good inn there.

"Reached Aix-la-Chapelle at half-past three in the morning. Went on all night, which was very cold, with a fall of snow. Arrived at Cologne at eleven o'clock.

"Saturday, 7th.—Continued my journey. At Cologne, a Mr. Wilmot, near the ca-

thedral, has some pictures to dispose of. I have been endeavouring this morning to understand why the art of painting should produce such exquisite delight in some minds, and not in others. Does it depend on a quick, pleasurable feeling communicated to the mind by means of vision? It cannot depend on great intellectual capacity, because Mr. Canning, with all his splendid talents, never felt any gratification at sight of a fine picture. The present Lord Chancellor derives great pleasure from art. His father was the celebrated painter, Copley, and I heard the Chancellor say, on looking at one of Canaletti's pictures, 'What a pleasurable companion for a wet day! you require nothing else.' I suspect the Duke of **********'s delight in pictures is not strong; yet he possesses the greatest powers of common sense, seizing always upon the right points, and calculating with remarkable accuracy on the consequences. At the battle of ********, he attempted no movement, I understand,

and stood like a brick-wall, and never in all his campaigns made a move until the French had demonstrated their intentions. He always waited and followed theirs, in place of permitting them to follow him.

"8th.—I crossed the Rhine at Coblentz, instead of proceeding on the right bank, and passing by Frankfort, went through Wetzlar, Cassel, Halle, Wittemberg, to Berlin, where I arrived on the 15th. Here I found, to my great mortification, that the Duke of C. had left seven days previously for England. His Royal Highness was at Frankfort at the time I was at Coblentz, and hence I missed him.

"On my arrival, I found Prince George very ill with inflammation on the chest: leeches had been applied to the head and chest with some relief.

"Friday, 14th.—Prince George is not better. I saw both the physicians. Their practice in cases of inflammation is different from mine. I urged bleeding from the arm.

"Saturday, 15th.—Prince George's illness continues alarming."

Prince George was for many days in the greatest danger, but was doing well when Sir William left Berlin.

In May, the following letter was received from the late Sir Walter Scott.

"Edinburgh, 18th May, 1829.

"MY DEAR SIR WILLIAM,

"I HAVE the honour of enclosing to your care the first copy of the new edition of the Waverley Novels, inscribed to the King by his Majesty's most gracious permission. As it is a work intended for wide diffusion and a small price, its exterior could not have that splendour which ought to have attended the dedication; but I trust the decorations, which I believe are good,—at least they are executed by the best artists we have,— may be esteemed as an apology for the humility of the volumes. We start with a sale of ten thousand, which,

in a work which runs to forty volumes, is a very considerable matter.

"The newspapers, which dispose of King and subject at their pleasure, are sending his Majesty to the Royal Cottage. It must now be looking beautiful, with all the oaks getting into leaf. I trust his Majesty will enjoy the repose there which becomes so indispensable after the toils of his royal duty; and happy would I be should he find in the illustrations of the Tales, which his Majesty formerly honoured with his notice, anything which could make a quarter of an hour pass more pleasantly away.

"May I request you to present my most humble devoted duty to his Majesty, and say how sorry I am I have no more worthy mode of testifying my deep sense of his royal favour?

"I am always,

"Dear Sir William,

"Your truly faithful and obliged

"WALTER SCOTT."

The following letters without date are here inserted

FROM MR. NASH.

"DEAR SIR,

"I SAW *********, as you advised!!! The result I must reserve till I see you. He talked of writing to you. I wish you would speak to his Majesty on the subject of the Duke of Cumberland's house. There is no ground on either side for additions: the street is on the north, the court-yard on the south, the Lord Chamberlain's office on the west, and the new wing fitting up for his Majesty on the east; and, on examining the structure, I found the walls too crazy to justify raising the building. I should not trouble you, but the Surveyor-General will neither give me instructions nor officially receive my report. In this predicament, I fear I am offending the King in not producing a plan; but where is there ground? Where can I propose to

put a building, unless I place the foundation in the clouds?—and castles built in the air will not afford his Royal Highness the accommodation he requires. Advise me what to do.

"Ever, my dear sir,

"Faithfully yours,

"JOHN NASH."

FROM MR. * * * * * * *.

"Bedford Square,
"Wednesday morning, 25th April.

"MY DEAR SIR,

"POOR Parson Adams paid his debts by the MS. of his sermons; and I suppose that authors of the present day have not less value for their works. I must therefore be permitted to express my thanks for your great courtesy—more than courtesy, for your great kindness, by sending you two little volumes which are now very scarce, in the hope they may prove inte-

resting at some leisure moment during your present indisposition.

"I remain,

"Dear sir,

"Your obliged and faithful

"*******."

"To Sir W. Knighton, Bart. &c."

"MY DEAR SIR WILLIAM,

"You desire to have an account of my conversation with Mr. Hunter. I cannot pretend to put it down with the least degree of regularity: the subjects were quite unconnected, and will lose much of their interest from being thus imperfectly transcribed. However, here it is, so far as I can recollect.

"Mr. Hunter believes he was born of American parents, who were massacred by the tribe of Indians by whom he was taken prisoner at three years of age; but he has, notwithstanding all his exertions, been unable to discover any facts respecting them. In person he is rather short, with a swarthy

complexion, not handsome, but with eyes full of intelligence; and his countenance lights up unusually in conversation, in which he takes great delight, though, being taught by the Indians that it was presumptuous in a young man to speak before his superiors in age, he is silent unless particularly addressed.

"His whole mind is engrossed with the plan he has formed to rescue fifteen thousand Indians, who inhabit North America from the north-west to the south-east, from the certain destruction that awaits them, first, from the whites, who press upon them on both sides, and who trade for skins; and, secondly, in consequence of their being divided into tribes, who defend their hunting-grounds with the most scrupulous care, and are therefore prevented from taking refuge in the vast forests to the north.

"This anxiety for the defence of their hunting-grounds is quite natural, since, from being totally unacquainted with the

arts of cultivation, they depend entirely for subsistence upon the buffaloes and game, and such vegetables and fruits as are indigenous to the soil.

"Mr. Hunter describes the climate as delightful, and the soil luxuriant; and his project is to settle on the banks of the Mississippi, where he has an estate. He will there commence a farm, and by this means induce the Red Indians to quit their roving life for the superior comforts they will enjoy in the more civilised state.

"He came to England for the purpose of acquiring a knowledge of agriculture, and he will take back small models of every implement of husbandry. Many presents of this description have been offered him; but he refused them, saying that presents put him under obligations which he did not like to feel to strangers. For the same reason, when he first went to New York, he declined the offer of being educated without expense to himself. He said, 'No; if you educate me, you will

expect me to think as you do. I have money. I like to think and judge for myself.'

"I asked what were his first impressions upon seeing civilised life? He replied, amazement. He could not have imagined seven years ago, which was the first time he saw New York, that anything he now sees could exist. He also added, 'I can never be surprised again: but what made me unhappy was to see the distress of the poorer inhabitants, for among the Indians none are suffered to want.'

"The warmth and fidelity of their friendships cannot be conceived by common minds: they will sacrifice even their life for their friends, and the chiefs defend and provide for their tribe in every way. Their hatred for their enemies is in the same proportion; every species of deceit is considered laudable, and is practised against them: but Mr. Hunter said that to each other they were truth itself, and enjoyed a social happiness amongst them-

selves which he has never witnessed in any other nation.

"Our conversation upon the subject of the marriage of the Indians was most interesting, of which Mr. Hunter gave the following account. They look upon marriage as a state by which mutual happiness is to be highly increased, and so long as it is so, they remain together; but they are quite at liberty to change, should they grow tired of each other, or become unhappy. As affection, however, is the sole motive of this connexion, they very seldom desire to part—scarcely ever, unless there is some great fault in the disposition of one of the parties, who, on perceiving he has lost the affection of the other, generally redoubles his efforts to please, and is as generally successful.

"Mr. Hunter spoke with great warmth of his horror of the usual motives for marrying in England. 'Here,' he said, 'you marry for money, for rank, for beauty, for anything but love: therefore

you must be bound to each other for life, to prevent greater confusion. But with the Indians it is otherwise; and I think the bond of marriage would take away all their love. The warriors love the Squaws with their whole heart; but they would not be their slaves.

"Upon my asking him whether the Squaws were not considered inferior beings, he said, 'You mistake the term: Squaw means woman. But we cannot despise them. They are our mothers; they form us: we leave our young warriors to their care, and they are held in estimation just in proportion as our children are brave and virtuous, or the contrary, for we think education all-powerful in the formation of character.'

"I asked Mr. Hunter whether the missionaries had made much impression. He said, upon the whole, not.

"The Indians are much attached to their religion, which is quite simple. They worship one great Spirit, to whom

they attribute all their prosperity, and conceive that when ill befalls them, it is in consequence of his displeasure. They have no form of prayer, but pray in their own way very fervently. One reason that Christianity does not make much progress is, that they know no good of its professors, as their acquaintance with Christians is exclusively confined to the traders, who cheat and use them ill in every possible way. Mr. Hunter added, as the Indians judge only from facts, more would be accomplished by their seeing one really good Christian than all the preaching, to which they now turn a deaf ear.

"He was delighted with the anecdotes of the Abbé Sicard's deaf and dumb pupil; and when asked whether he did not think it extraordinary that a person who held no communication with the world should have such clear ideas, he replied, 'No; deaf and dumb people receive all their impressions through their sight, which is the surest road to just conclusions: their

imagination is not called forth, but their judgment is strengthened.'

"I could add much more; such as Mr. Hunter's feelings upon his first sight of the Pacific Ocean, his sensations at being first in a ship, his entrance into London, &c.; but this would take up much time, and I should do him as little justice as I have in the lengthy account of my only two interviews with him on the 29th and 30th of November."

CHAPTER XXI

Sir William on a fresh expedition. — Extracts from his Journal. — Marriage of his eldest Daughter. — Letters from Dr. Gooch, Mr. Blackwood, Sir Robert Peel, &c.

In the summer of 1829, Sir William undertook another distant expedition, of which, according to his custom, he kept a journal. From this the ensuing passages are extracted.

"June 22nd, 1829.

"On this day my beloved Dora was married, at eight o'clock in the morning, by the Bishop of Winchester, at Bendworth Church.

"The feelings excited by resigning the care of one's child to another, no one can express. It seems as if you were called upon to part with the best feelings of your

nature. The ceremony to me was most melancholy. I wept bitterly; but the inward feelings were still greater. I proceeded to London at one the same day, accompanied by dear William.

"Tuesday, 23rd.—I went down to Windsor to the King. Had much and various conversation with his Majesty. He was very kind and gracious to me. I returned to town. At night had interviews with the Duke of Wellington and the Lord Chancellor.

"Wednesday.—We left Hanover Square at half-past three in the morning, embarked at the Tower Stairs, and arrived at Calais a quarter past four in the afternoon of that day, and reached Paris on the 26th

"July 1st.—Left Paris at six, and arrived at Ghent at five in the afternoon of the 2nd.

"On reaching Ghent, we found all the inhabitants out of their houses for the purpose of greeting a society of musicians that had been at Lisle, and won the prize

of a gold medal each. It was agreeable to observe so much enthusiasm on so humble an occasion.

"Friday, July 3rd.—In the afternoon we proceeded to Antwerp. On our journey this day we were overtaken by a most violent storm. I never saw but one like it; and that was on my journey to the South of France, between Perigueux and Tours. The rain fell in torrents, accompanied by the most vivid lightning, and gusts of wind which were quite terrific. This state of atmosphere lasted about half an hour.

"In less than an hour, the storm and wind completely subsided. Such is the wonderful phenomenon of the heavens! How ought it to teach us the omnipotence of that Almighty Disposer of events, and guard us against pride, self-presumption, and all those wretched passions that belong to our nature, and so entirely unfit us for heavenly contemplations, and the knowledge of our own peculiar insigni-

ficance in the eyes of that God, in whose presence we must ever be lower than the creeping worm or the lowest scale of animal is in our sight!

"We arrived at Anvers about seven in the evening, and were delighted to find ourselves in the comfortable Inn Le Grand Laboureur; dined most comfortably, and enjoyed a most refreshing night's rest.

"Sunday, 5th.—We went this evening to the magnificent cathedral at Antwerp. High mass was performed, it being a high festival. The beautiful proportions of this cathedral, filled with people intent on their devotions, the most heavenly music issuing from the fine-toned organ, accompanied by the sweet voices of the children, produced an effect on one's feelings not to be described. Added to this, we remained during the service opposite Rubens's wonderful picture of the Descent from the Cross. On one side of the cathedral is the Crucifixion; on the other, the Descent from the Cross.

"Sacred music certainly prepares the mind for devotional prayer; and the influence of external objects may undoubtedly add to the solemnity of thought so desirable when you call upon that Almighty Power to forgive the constant transgressions of one's life, both in thought, word, and deed. Alas! alas! how feeble and wretched are our best attempts to solicit that pardon which is so necessary for our salvation!

"July 8th.—Reached Frankfort. Visited Mr. Koch; found there letters from dear Lady K. and Dora. In the course of the day Mr. K. took us to the picture-gallery; we there saw some exquisitely fine pictures. Dear W. went to the German play this evening. I accompanied Mr. K. some way out of town to see the figure of Ariadne by Professor D. of Strasbourg. It certainly is beautifully executed.

"The churchyard conveyed a variety of feelings. It is a large space, containing

four acres, with the most magnificent trees that can be seen, surrounded by mountains in the distance. You enter this resting-place of the dead through a most beautiful gateway. On the right the bodies are deposited, during the arrangement of the procession to the grave. On the left is a receptacle for the poor, who, being brought there the moment they are dead, are not shut up until it is quite ascertained that they really no longer exist. A physician is in constant attendance, and a watch sits up night and day. The Germans are naturally superstitious, and take nothing for granted that will admit of doubt or conjecture.

"In this cemetery we passed a number of magnificent vaults, the depository of rich merchants. This man, we are told, died worth two hundred thousand pounds, that three, and another four. But, alas! what avails the accumulation of the wealth of the whole world at this last hour!

"Friday, 10th.—We left Frankfort; tra-

velled all night; reached Cassel about three the next afternoon; saw the gallery, containing a fine assemblage of Rembrandt's and other exquisite pictures.

"We visited Wilkenstein, a rich gaudy palace, but beautifully situated, and altogether very interesting; saw the apartment that Buonaparte once slept in; visited what was once the abode of the Electors, and beheld the curious remains of ancient grandeur in times of very remote antiquity.

"Arrived at Gottingen on Sunday. On Monday we rose at six, and went to the Botanic Garden, for the sake of your dearest mother. The morning was beautiful. We thought and talked much of Lady K. Mr. Fiedreser, the head person of the gardens, we found most intelligent. We hope to get some rare plants for Lady K. in the autumn. We left these gardens with reluctance, and proceeded towards Hanover.

"On the other side of Eimbeck we met the Landgravine of Hesse-Homburg, the

children of the Duke and Duchess of Cambridge and their court, in the whole four carriages. We returned to Eimbeck, and slept there.

" Tuesday, 14th.—Early in the morning I proceeded to Rothenkirchen. Had a conversation with the Duke of Cambridge and the Princess Elizabeth. The young Prince George seems just what a child should be.

" We travelled all night. The first part of the road was very interesting. At three in the morning we arrived at Brunswick; visited the church, saw the vault and the coffin of Queen Caroline, a crown and cushion on the coffin; the Duke of Brunswick, who was killed at the battle of Waterloo, placed by her side, and the Duke of Brunswick, killed at Jena, on the other side.

" Thursday, 16th.—Continued our route to Magdeburg. Very bad inn. Dreadful roads. Magdeburg a good-looking town. Four heads stuck up at the Gate of Trai-

tors, painted on a board, as they were unable to get hold of the originals.

"Travelled all night. Arrived at Berlin on Friday 17th, at nine in the morning. Waited upon the Duchess that evening. Received letters from the King and Duke of Cumberland. Set off at eleven. Travelled all day. Slept at Wittemberg.

"Sunday, 19th.—Visited Luther's house and the town-house: saw some very curious manuscripts, together with portraits of Luther and Melancthon. Saw the church where Luther was buried. The pulpit placed over the communion-table; admirable effect.

"Proceeded to Leipsic. Hôtel de Saxe delightful. Arrived at five in the evening. The Consul-General of Prussia, Baumengarten, seems an excellent old man. The history of this gentleman is very extraordinary. He is now seventy years of age, and was when he began life a poor boy. Some lady and gentleman lost their only son: the young lad was so like him in

person, that they adopted him and bequeathed to him all their estate. When advanced in years, he married a lady with a fortune. She soon quitted him for another man, and left him with his fortune and his only son. This son he has brought up to be a bookseller. When we were at Leipsic, his son was in Holland. We parted great friends with the old gentleman. I left with him some of Bramah's pens, and he gave me a bottle of Cape wine.

"Tuesday, 21st.—Left Leipsic at three in the morning, and arrived at the delightful city of Dresden in the afternoon. After dinner we traversed the town, and were enchanted with the general beauty of it. We bought some valuable Albert Durers, and various drawings of Arnold the printseller.

"Wednesday, we went early to the picture-gallery, and were indeed enchanted. It is impossible to enumerate the beauties of this gallery; it must be the most splendid one in Europe. We left it with

great regret, and in the evening quitted Dresden. We travelled all night, and in the morning of Thursday the 23rd we found ourselves breakfasting at a wretched inn, still in Saxony. Whilst we were in their saloon, as they term it, we encountered a very talkative fat gentleman, who gave it as his opinion that the Russians would eat us all up; that they were going on step by step to that end; and that, in his opinion, England would be the downfall of Ireland.

"We set off; reached Reft about seven in the evening, a neat frontier town of Bavaria. It has lately been rebuilt, in consequence of its destruction some two or three years since by fire.

"Friday, 24th.—We started at our usual hour, four in the morning. Reached Halle late at night. The town was in an uproar, in consequence of a fair. It seemed a very old town as we entered it.

"Saturday, 25th.—We consulted a German doctor for dear William's eyes. This

and other circumstances delayed us until eight o'clock. The eyes were cured by washing them often with rose-water.

"We dined this day at a very interesting town, Weilbronne. Bought several little things for our friends in England. We travelled all night."

The journal ended here. The following letter was written from Antwerp, July 5th.

"As dear **** leaves us to-morrow morning, I take the opportunity of writing to you one line to say that we are thus far on our journey, and, I thank God, quite well. Dear William is in perfect health, and his understanding and observations are, I hope, progressive.

"How much I should like you to see this town of Antwerp! The people are an admirable race. Mr. ******, a silk-merchant, told me that he did not spend more than two hundred per annum. He has a very large house, and keeps three

maid-servants. The wages of a good servant of that description are three or four pounds per annum. What a waste of life and money it is to live in England! One eternal toil to provide the means of subsistence, or to get money enough to be in some degree as respectable as your neighbours.

"We shall leave this at five to-morrow morning, and not rest much until we get to Frankfort, whence I hope to write to you again. The weather with us has been very uncertain,—every day some rain; and on one occasion, in coming from Ghent, such a storm as dear William and **** never saw before. We had seen a landscape by Rubens describing this. It is something wonderful how true this extraordinary artist has been to nature, and with what skill he has put down this difficult subject on canvass.

"Give my best love to the new-married couple, and my affectionate regards to all around you. I leave the rest of my paper

to dear William. Take care of your health.

"Believe me, &c.

"W. K."

FROM DR. GOOCH.

"DEAR SIR WILLIAM,

"MANY thanks for your taking the trouble to write me a note, pressed as you have been by business, fatigued as you must have been by travelling, and in a state of strong emotion as you must be at the near approach of so interesting an event in your family.

"When in the depth of my suffering I have talked gloomily to you as to the probability of my living, and of being able to maintain my family, you have told me that some situation might offer itself; that I had many powerful friends who had never been called into action, and that in some way or another something

might be done for me. It now appears that this is improbable; and I suppose I must no longer shut my eyes to the conclusion, and that these anticipations were little more than kind words,—temporary props to support me from absolute despair. It almost makes me shudder to think that I have no other security from narrow circumstances as I advance in life but my own exertions, and that these depend upon a health such as mine. I must think about it as little as I can, for it will not bear to be thought of. Will your plan about the Stuart Papers, too, be disappointed? The question naturally rises in my mind, but of course does not require your writing to answer it. I know that what you can, you will do.

"Do not think, from the above reflections, that because my hope is diminished, my gratitude is abated. I owe you more than any human being, and at this moment my librarianship is a great blessing and comfort to me. It will be my duty

and my wish to show my gratitude and affection to you and yours as long as I live, and to the best of my powers: as a little proof of it, I am writing a series of letters to Mrs. S. containing advice for her in her new station of wife, and probably mother. It shall be ready long before she wants it. It will contain no hard words and technical expressions, but I will take care that it shall contain everything worth knowing on the subject. I have got all the books about children around me; but the difficulty is, to get anything out of them excepting words. I shall probably pursue the subject so as to form a complete account of the diseases of children, which may one day be printed. Murray sends me word that my book is selling, and that there is every prospect of its being out of print.

"I am much better, but so weak, and capable of so little even in mind, that a residence in London and four patients a day would speedily undo the good that

has been done. I bear carriage exercise, and feel the better for it. Towards the end of this month, that is, Saturday, the 27th June, I leave Brighton for my slow tour, intending to take about two or three stages a day. I shall go by Winchester and Stonehenge to Oxford, there spend a couple of days, with Sarah's sister and her husband, who is one of the examiners of Oriel, and then make my way on slowly to Keswick: there I shall remain some time, and contrive to see the whole of the lakes, and thus spend the months of July and August. The arguments for travelling instead of remaining stationary are, that I shall spend more time in the open air than I do now, that I shall pore less over books, and that I shall have a more idle and unwearying kind of amusement in staring at the country through which I pass.

"I hope Lady Knighton was well before my prescriptions arrived; if not, I trust they were useful to her.

"I have now only to offer to Dora and her intended husband my warmest wishes for their happiness, and to you and Lady Knighton my confident hope that you will be rewarded for your loss by seeing Dora a happy wife.

"Believe me, my dear Sir William,

"Your ever grateful

"and affectionate friend,

"ROBERT GOOCH."

"Bromley, Sept. 15th, 1829.

"DEAR SIR WILLIAM,

"YOUR letter, which I received this morning, was so kind, that it almost brought tears into my eyes. This may sound like mawkish sensibility; but when a man is broken down in health and prosperity, the proof that friends continue kind and attached goes to the heart.

"I have as yet had no reason to complain that friends are summer flies, for they still continue to come to me in the winter of my fate. If you come down to

Bromley, and have time to sleep here, you shall have the best bed and room in the house: it is very comfortable, though not such as you have been accustomed to. I shall be indeed delighted at the sight of you.

"The elevation of Prince Polignac to the premiership of France has displaced me from the suite of the French ambassador, with its attendant advantage. On this occasion, I wrote to the Princess Polignac, begging her to request the Prince to name me to the new ambassador. I have this day received the enclosed answer, which, in a thoughtless moment, I tore. I have pasted together the fragments, that you may see them. Perhaps the sight of the note, even thus mutilated, and a word from you when the new French ambassador goes down to Windsor, would secure my appointment, which is an object to me. If the letter is not produceable in this mutilated form, you will throw it into the fire.

"I continue to mend in everything but flesh. I have been to London to-day to do several things about my money matters, and returned quite unfatigued. A month ago I should have been half dead with fatigue; but the transmutation of food into flesh is as impossible to me as the transmutation of metals.

"With best regards and wishes to Lady Knighton, Mrs. Seymour, and all dear to you, in which Sarah joins,

"I am,

"Dear Sir William,

"Your grateful

"and affectionate friend,

"ROBERT GOOCH."

With the late Mr. Blackwood, the eminent bookseller of Edinburgh, Sir William was on terms of intimacy. The following letter does honour to the character of the writer.

"Edinburgh, Sept. 23, 1829.

"MY DEAR SIR,

"ABOUT a fortnight or nearly three weeks ago, I had a call from your worthy landlady, Mrs. M'Gilvray. I was very much struck by her appearance and manner. She introduced herself very modestly to me, by saying, that knowing I was a friend of yours, she thought I might perhaps have heard you speaking of your old landlady. I told her I had often heard you express yourself very warmly with regard to her, and how much you were disappointed at not finding her when you went to the old place at the time of the King's visit.

"She then, with much modesty and good feeling, gave me a short history of her family and her present situation, which had forced her, very reluctantly, to think of troubling you. All she wanted was for you to interest yourself in her son-in-law, Mr. Allan. She gave me a great many details, which, by subsequent

inquiry, I have satisfied myself are most perfectly correct. By these it appears that a young man of the name of Allan, while attending the University, married her daughter, a girl of seventeen. After the death of her husband, she fell back in her circumstances; and her son-in-law, having been bred to no business or profession, is unable to return her the assistance she had given him and his family in her better days. She spoke in the highest terms of his character and conduct, and said he was willing to do anything, if he could only support his family by getting into any employment. She told me further, that after a great struggle with her feelings, she had ventured to write to you; but, not knowing your post privilege, her son-in-law had sent the letter through some one in the commissary's department; and, fearing it might not reach you, she had called on me.

"I said I would write to you, and desired her to tell Mr. Allan to call on me,

in order that I might be able to speak of him from my own knowledge. He accordingly called on me, and I was very much pleased with him. He seems to be an intelligent, well-informed person. I requested him to write a short statement of his history and situation. He also sent me a number of recommendatory letters from very respectable people, from all of whom I have received most satisfactory accounts of Mr. Allan.

"I enclose you Mr. Allan's letter, and a copy of Mrs. M'Gilvray's, in case it should not have reached you. I intended to have written you last week, but I had not time to make the necessary inquiries. Besides my own matters, I have been occupied with our city politics, and am to be what is called first baillie, or magistrate.

"With as much delicacy as I could, I offered Mrs. M'G. five pounds, as it were in the way of loan, which I said might be convenient to her just now; but she most positively declined it. Poor woman! she

is now nearly sixty, and stands in need of assistance in her old days; but she has the true old Scots' pride and independence, which one sees so rarely now-a-days. You would have been properly delighted if you had heard her talking with me; there was so much delicacy, good sense, and good feeling in all she said. Our good King himself would, I am sure, have been charmed to hear this worthy widow tell her simple tale. She is just the kind of person whom our excellent chief baron, Sir S. Shepherd, would be likely to put upon the exchequer list of decayed widows. If not disagreeable to you, I would mention her case to him when he returns to Edinburgh.

"I have given you a long letter, and I must still trespass further upon you by saying a few words about my son in India, your namesake and mine, as you were so good as to say I might write you about this time with regard to him.

"It will be three years next month

since he arrived at Calcutta. He was immediately appointed ensign in the 59th regiment of Bengal Native Infantry at Barrackpore, where he remained at the date of his last letters, 12th March. He was the first ensign, and expected by-and-by to be lieutenant. He has kept his health uncommonly well, and is now a fine stout fellow, five feet eleven in height. All the officers I have seen from India speak very highly of his character and conduct; so that I hope he will be found worthy of your recommendation. I anxiously hope you will interest yourself in his favour; and I need not say how much his mother and I will be indebted to you. Lady Dalhousie and her son, Lord Ramsey, promised me to interest Lord Dalhousie about him: I hope they will keep this in mind; but it is to you alone that I look for effectual aid. I shall be brought into contact with Lord ******** by our city arrangement; for in fact it was to support the ****** interest,

which has been in a ticklish state here, that I was induced to go to the Town-Council just now. Would it be proper for me to apply to his lordship?

"I am, my dear sir,

"Your obedient servant,

"W. BLACKWOOD."

"Sir William Knighton, Bart. &c."

FROM SIR ROBERT PEEL.

"Whitehall Gardens, Dec. 28, 1829.

"MY DEAR SIR,

"I AM unwilling to return an answer to the enclosed communication from Manchester, respecting a set of casts from the Elgin Marbles, without previously consulting you, and asking your opinion as to the course which it would be best to pursue.

"Manchester and Liverpool are eager but honourable competitors in every pursuit which can add to their respective distinction and improvement; and you will perceive that my correspondent, the Secre-

tary to the Royal Manchester Institution, quotes a munificent present, made by his Majesty, of Elgin casts to the Royal Liverpool Institution.

"Believe me,

"My dear sir,

"Most faithfully yours,

"ROBERT PEEL."

"Sir William Knighton, Bart. &c."

The ensuing letter to his eldest daughter gives evidence of the melancholy tone of mind, induced by bodily ailment, which was fast creeping on Sir William.

"I HOPE my health is improving a little; but I have been a sad invalid for the last ten or twelve days. It has let me into some secrets of my constitution, and, among others, that colds are now with me no trifling ailment.

"I shall begin to wean my thoughts from life, and to prepare myself for that final resting-place that must soon come!

Dearest William will be nineteen on the twentieth: I shall be glad if I can see him twenty-one, as then I can turn much over to him, and he may begin where I leave off. Mine has been a life of great anxiety. Many there are that have had as many, or perhaps more difficulties; but few have felt those difficulties so keenly as I have done. However, as the author of the tragedy of Douglas somewhere says,

'Things past belong to Memory alone;
Things future are the property of Hope.'

"Those who pass into the world without money or friends can never, of course, calculate on consequences. This was my case; and hence have I been in a state of feverish anxiety from morning to night.

"Ever, my dearest, &c.

"W. K."

CHAPTER XXII.

Sir William's feelings on hearing of the death of Sir Thomas Lawrence. — Letter from Sir R. Peel, announcing that event.—Sir William's letter to Lady Knighton in consequence.—Letter to his eldest Daughter.—Extracts from his Diary. — Letters from the Dukes of Clarence and Cumberland, Sir Walter Scott, &c.

THE death of Sir Thomas Lawrence, which happened in January 1830, seems to have powerfully affected Sir William Knighton, as appears in the following letters to his son and Lady Knighton.

TO W. W. KNIGHTON.

"Windsor Castle, Jan. 11th, 1830.

"I ANTICIPATED how much you would be shocked at the death of poor Sir Thomas Lawrence. He dined at Mr. Peel's the Saturday previously, as you will see by the

enclosed letter; and the belief was that he was recovering. Sir Henry Halford saw him on Thursday at four o'clock in the afternoon with Dr. Holland: he was sitting up in an arm-chair at the foot of his bed. In the evening he sent for a young friend to read to him: this was about eight o'clock. The reading was one of the late Mr. Flaxman's lectures. After this had proceeded about half an hour, he suddenly exclaimed, 'Good God! I am very ill!' In half an hour he was dead!

"If we wanted any proof to show the influence of genius and excellence in any station, but more especially in this particular art of painting, we have it here. There seems to be a void in the congregated mass of society: you turn to the right and to the left,—you have no substitute for him. Can anything be more delightful than this, to be missed on earth by your fellow-men? And then, if your life here be according to the Christian dispensation, it is indeed a happiness of feel-

ing and anticipation full of joy and blessedness. Let me beg of you, therefore, to persevere with the most eager zeal, that you may have the power of judging what degree of excellence you have in this particular faculty. I cannot help thinking that you possess it. The sentiment of feeling it you have from me, the practical part from your mother. Persevere, my beloved William.

"I shall certainly get your dear mother's picture as it is. How truly unlucky that Sir Thomas had not finished it! How often do I rail with you all against dawdling! I have not time to write to any one else. Love, &c.

"W. K."

The following letter from Sir Robert Peel was enclosed in the above.

"Whitehall, January 8th, 1830.

"MY DEAR SIR,

"KNOWING that his Majesty is not well, I am unwilling to communicate abruptly

to him intelligence which I am sure will give pain to his Majesty.

"I have this moment heard, from a gentleman of the name of Keightley, that Sir Thomas Lawrence died last night about nine o'clock. I believe that the immediate cause of his death was some affection of the heart.

"He dined with me on Saturday last, and I then thought that he was very unwell.

"In the course of yesterday he was considered much better than he had been on the night of Wednesday, when Dr. Holland was sent for to attend him.

"I undertook to assure Mr. Keightley that I would make the communication to his Majesty of this most distressing event.

"Believe me, my dear sir,

"Very faithfully yours,

"ROBERT PEEL."

"Sir William Knighton, Bart. &c."

TO LADY KNIGHTON.

"I CAME up to town late last night. I have not been well, but I think I am better to-day. It is the old business of the left side. I consulted Sir Henry Halford; he assures me that the heart is safe. I hope it is so; but I must, when I have the opportunity, think seriously of getting away from my present Royal concerns. I shall have very sincere pleasure in looking over your little manuscript most carefully. You may rely upon it, the little book will be very comforting and consolatory to those for whom it is intended.

"Poor Sir Thomas Lawrence! his death has made me very melancholy. For four-and-twenty hours I could think of nothing else.

"I hope to call on Mr. Northcote to-morrow. There seems reason to hope that his life may yet be prolonged. I remain in town with dear William to-morrow,

although it was not easy to manage. I love him so much, that whenever he goes to Oxford, I am always low.

"Yours, &c.

"W. K."

TO THE SAME.

"I THANK you for your affectionate letter. I hope I am better: my friend Mr. Tupper says I am. Sir Henry Halford called also. They both say there is no inflammatory action. My cough has been less to-day; but I have been ill above a fortnight: however, a day or two, I suppose, will put me to rights again. I shall not go to Windsor until I am well.

"I cannot stir till the weather breaks; there would be no travelling abroad but on the sledge, and that I am quite unequal to in my present state of crazy health.

"I trust God will spare my life until dear William gets to twenty-one, and

then I shall feel quite resigned to meet the Almighty will. I am delighted at what you say respecting darling Mary. I only exist in the contemplation of my dear children. Tell my beloved D. that I hope to write to her to-morrow.

"I do not know what to make of ——'s match, nor can I make out whether it was proceeding with the approbation of her parents. It does not follow that riches produce happiness; but it follows that poverty produces most painful embarrassments. However, riches and poverty are relative terms. I do not consider three men-servants in livery as denoting happiness or wealth; nor do I consider two maid-servants, and a fresh joint of meat twice a week, as defining poverty. We have played the fiddle to both tunes.

"Byron says, and says truly, that it is astonishing how little of life there is when you come to subtract. Infancy or childhood can only be called vegetation; then, when you add to this, sleep, buttoning and

unbuttoning, to how little is it reduced! How important, then, to use that little well.

"My best wishes attend you all.

"Yours, &c.

"W. K."

TO MRS. SEYMOUR.

"London, Jan. 29th, 1830.

"I WRITE to you to-day in place of dear mamma, and I shall first begin on family matters. You will perceive all the arrangements are on foot to make you an acceptable visitor here. So far for your concerns: now I come to my own.

"I am trying hard to get from my friend Northcote, which he has promised me, two landscapes painted by mamma many years ago; a Gainsborough the same size as ours, and a landscape of the same size. If I get them, I shall give you the Gainsborough; and we must get mamma

to make a copy of it for dear Mary. The other I must keep for William.

"Mr. Northcote is recovering, and very loath to part with them; but still I hope to get them. They will be great treasures to me, and will, I am satisfied, be the same to you and dear Michael.

"I trust in God the weather will begin to brighten, and the sun to shine a little upon this smoky town, by the time you arrive.

"I long to see you, my beloved and ever dear daughter: you are a great comfort to me, and everything relating to you is most dear to my feelings. Michael will have a good opportunity whilst in town to ramble about with John, and look at good pictures: this will improve him against the summer arrives, when I trust he will proceed with his marine painting and improve much.

"I think, my beloved, you will consider this a nice twaddling letter. By degrees, I hope to get into the family perfection in that particular.

"Mr. Northcote has entrusted to me his Life, which I intend after his decease to publish. The early correspondence of himself and his brother is very amusing.*

"Ever yours, &c.

"W. K."

EXTRACTS FROM A DIARY.

"Saw my poor friend Dr. Gooch, who is fast approaching to death. He seems to admit it, but nevertheless talks of schemes of future life. He is wasted to a skeleton, but his mental powers remain unimpaired. He talked of literature: mentioned Bacon, Burke, Addison, Johnson, and then was interrupted.

"Paid a visit to Mr. Northcote, and had a long talk with him about his Life, which I hope to write and arrange for him. He

* The Autobiographical Memoirs of Northcote, above spoken of, have been edited by Sir William Knighton, and are now in the press.

is anxious that I should do so, but seems to doubt my having the time to accomplish it. I surprised him with how much I remembered concerning him. He is in wonderful force for the age of eighty-five. He spoke of the difficulties of the painter: he said it was very true that to become the professor of an art, the time consumed was enormous. When Jardine, the famous violin-player, was asked what time it would require to attain perfection on that instrument, he answered, twelve hours a day for twenty years.

"Northcote thanked God that he had outlived Opie, Fuseli, and Wolcot (Peter Pindar): they would have made pretty trash of his life. "But," he added, "I think in your hands I am safe." He then quoted a saying, that the devil tempted everybody but the idle; the idle tempted the devil: and then he said that the inside of the skull was the devil's workshop.

"Blendworth, Feb. 17, 1830.

"Commenced my journey to London with my dear daughter. In the morning, received an account of the death of poor dear Gooch, which took place the day previously. I felt low and oppressed.

"Thursday, 18th.—In the evening I visited poor Mrs. Gooch. She was devotedly attached to her husband, but seemed resigned and tranquil. Described to me Dr. Gooch's two last days, which were, perhaps, inclined to delirium, from the exhausted state of the brain. He dwelt on concerns connected with the well-being of his children, but said little respecting the awful change he was about to undergo.

"Friday, 19th.—Went early to Windsor in the morning. The King was particularly glad to see me. His Majesty inquired for my daughter. Complained of his health. There was great irritability in his frame, which was expressed also in his manner. Returned to town, and found Lady K. and the rest of my family arrived.

"In the afternoon I visited (with Lady K.) Mr. Northcote. Told him I had purchased, the day before, a picture painted by him in 1793,—Henry the Second taking leave of John of Gaunt. He said it was painted for one Wimburn. This man's house was burnt down; and the whole of his family, consisting of seven children, perished in the fire. Yet the man recovered his spirits; and his wife had two children afterwards, one of whom was painted by Northcote, and the other by Opie.

"Northcote talked of the value of time. He said that time was an estate to every man, and intended to be so by Providence; and if we made a right use of it, we should be certain to have the full benefit of the profits."

The following are among the letters received by Sir William Knighton about this time:—

FROM HIS ROYAL HIGHNESS THE DUKE OF CUMBERLAND.

"Kew, Feb. 24, 1830.

"DEAR KNIGHTON,

"EVER since I saw you, I have been more or less confined, as are most of us here; and this has prevented my coming to Windsor. I therefore now take up my pen, to remind you of the business upon which our vicar called upon you. We do not want at present the money; on the contrary, I wish, in case my brother chooses to give it, that you would keep it till when really wanted. All we want to know is, what sum he is gracious enough to give to the intended enlargement of our church, as we are at a stand still, and cannot make any further progress, because it is requisite, previous to our addressing ourselves to the commissioners of church edifices, to know precisely what sums we can state to have been already given us. After this explanation, I trust you will perfectly

comprehend the reason of my troubling you with these lines.

"Yours sincerely,

"ERNEST."

FROM THE SAME.

"March 2nd, 1830.

"DEAR KNIGHTON,

"HAVING hoped to see you yesterday at Windsor, I did not answer your letter on receiving my brother's really noble and kingly donation to our parish; and I have given notice for a public vestry on Friday next, in order to make it known to the parish, and then thank him officially for his generosity, which has exceeded my most sanguine wishes. I am sorry to say, I found him not so well as I could have wished: he looked pale, and seemed to labour under oppression in his chest; otherwise he was cheerful.

"I find the tour has done me good, for I have had a better night, and my late

complaint has not troubled me so much since yesterday; but Saturday and Sunday were very bad days indeed. I wish you joy that your son has stood his examination so well.

"Yours very sincerely,

"ERNEST."

FROM HIS ROYAL HIGHNESS THE DUKE OF CLARENCE.

"Bushy House, March 14th, 1830.

"DEAR SIR,

"I WAS prevented whilst in London from acknowledging yours of the 11th instant; and equally on my return here yesterday was I so occupied, I could not answer you. I now take up my pen to state, what probably Sir Andrew Barnard may have related to you, that nothing could have come more appropriately than his Majesty's donation to the Covent Garden Theatrical Fund. When we sat down to dinner, there was a gloom respecting the subscription generally, and particularly on

the King's present, which I did not at once announce. On my giving the health of the Sovereign, I simply mentioned the munificent and gracious recollection of his Majesty, and placed the money in the hands of Mr. Fawcett, which had the happiest effect: and our general subscription was more than that of last year. It is but justice due to Fawcett to state, that eloquently, and with sincere gratitude, he expressed himself towards the King, who has so long and steadily befriended this fund.

"I rejoice to hear from Sir Henry Halford such continued good accounts of his Majesty; and I am to request you will express my most fervent wishes for the health and welfare of our justly beloved and excellent monarch.

"I am so perfectly convinced of your marked attention towards me on every occasion, that I am fully aware the cause of my not seeing you was your absence at Windsor; otherwise you would have had

peculiar satisfaction in personally conveying to me the donation of his Majesty, as it must have afforded both you and me the pleasure of conversing on the kindness and goodness of the King, who is justly dear to us both.

"Ever believe me,

"Dear sir,

"Yours truly,

"WILLIAM."

"Sir William Knighton, Bart. &c."

FROM THE SAME.

"St. James, April 4th, 1830.

"DEAR SIR,

"I HAVE not sooner acknowledged your two letters of the 30th March, because I was anxious to state the effect of the two gracious donations of his Majesty. The one for the Drury Lane Fund could not be otherwise than most gratefully received. The other, for the Scottish Corporation, I was not certain about, because * * * *

is endeavouring to do all the harm he can. I trust, however, we have stopped him; and the company were most properly grateful to the King.

"I am glad Sir Henry Halford was enabled to give me so good an account yesterday of the King's health; and I trust in God his Majesty will shortly be as well as you and I wish him.

"Adieu, and ever believe me,

"Dear sir,

"Yours truly,

"WILLIAM."

FROM SIR WALTER SCOTT.

"MY DEAR SIR,

"I AM induced to trouble you on a matter of great consequence to myself, and which, therefore, calculating on your unwearied goodness, I hope you may not think altogether uninteresting.

"By the Advocate's Bill for making va-

rious alterations in the Court of Session, he proposes to lay aside two of the principal Clerks of Session, suffering them to die out without renewing them. Now, in the state of my health, which is much more precarious than I could wish, having had an awkward fit in spring, somewhat like a paralytic affection, and which was treated by the physicians as such, I am desirous to resign my office, on receiving such a superannuation allowance as my twenty-four years' service may seem to deserve. The public will be relieved of me in proportion to the difference between the full emoluments of the office and said superannuation. I am the more inclined to make this proposal to Government, that I find myself much better since I have been taking great exercise and enjoying good air in this place. It would also give me leave to execute with due attention the periodical work which his Majesty did me the distinguished honour to patronise by permitting it to be inscribed to him.

I must make economy fill up the difference, in which I do not fear succeeding.

Now, my dear sir, as I am asking nothing to shock economy, but, on the contrary, am offering a considerable saving to the nation, being the difference between a clerk on full salary and a superannuated officer, which may be from three hundred to four hundred pounds a-year, I think I may hope such a claim may be listened to, as they only lose the service of an officer whom they have in some degree considered superfluous, since he is to have no successor. I am by far the longest in office of any of my brethren, all of whom have been appointed long since my nomination in 1806; and I served five or six years without salary, which may come to about as many thousand pounds. I am therefore in possession of an evident right, and ought to be considered as having some precedence of these, in any favour to be shown to any one of our body over the rest.

"It would be highly improper in me to suppose that a matter connected with one no more important than myself could be fit to interest his Majesty's attention; but having received so many marks of distinction from his Majesty, I may be permitted to hope his uniform benevolence towards me will dispose him to concern himself in some degree, whether the old *littérateur* whom the King has delighted to honour shall continue to turn the wheel till he die in the harness, or shall be allowed a remission from his labours of detail, which are no longer of any use.

"I have only to add, that my attention to business has been of the most accurate description, as all the judges and persons connected with my department would testify if necessary. I saw it reported that Joseph Hume said I composed novels at the clerk's table: but Joseph Hume said what neither was nor could be correct, as any one who either knew what belonged to composing novels, or acting as clerk to

a court of justice, would easily have discovered. My plan is to go a little way on the Continent, if my health will permit, especially as your *protégé*, Charles, has been appointed *attaché* to Naples,—a kind action of Lord Aberdeen, the lad being very unwell with the rheumatism.

"I beg pardon for inflicting my tediousness upon you, and will conclude my homily as I did one of this date to Mr. Peel, *Solve equum senescentem.*

"I have the honour to be,

"My dear Sir William,

"Your truly obliged and faithful

"WALTER SCOTT."

"Abbotsford, Melrose,
14 April, 1830."

"I need not add my dutiful request, that whether you think it necessary or proper to mention this matter to his Majesty, or not, you will have the goodness to place at the royal feet my hearty and sincere wishes for his health and prosperity."

CHAPTER XXIII.

General anxiety respecting the King's Health. — Letters from the Duke of Clarence and other Members of the Royal Family to Sir William Knighton, and from him to his Family, on the same subject. — Death of the King.

Soon after the commencement of the year 1830 the health of his Majesty George the Fourth was such as to create very anxious apprehensions; but the alleviations which at times took place in the sufferings of the King excited a hope that the natural strength of his fine constitution might yet retard the fatal result. The anxiety of the Royal Family was great, and letters were daily received by Sir William, expressive of the most affectionate feelings. Such sentiments will be read with interest by all who are suscep-

tible of those tender ties of relationship with which Providence has bound the hearts of the great and noble, as well as those of the very lowest grade of human nature. The first is from the late King, William the Fourth, when Duke of Clarence.

"Bushey House,
"April 16th, 1830. 9 P. M.

"DEAR SIR,

"YOURS of this afternoon has this moment reached me, and is, I am sorry to say, not what I could have wished. The vomiting I do not like. However, thank God, his Majesty since that time has been tranquil. I am glad to hear the King thinks himself better; so far is comfortable, and I therefore trust that your anxiety and love for the best of masters and sovereigns makes you consider too highly the single symptom. I must be anxious to have the report of to-morrow of Sir Henry Halford, and trust in God it may be favourable.

"Under the present circumstances of the King's state, I have only to repeat my anxious wishes for that amendment which gratitude of fifty-nine years' standing calls me to express from the bottom of my heart. I remain, dear sir,

"Yours truly,

"WILLIAM."

FROM THE SAME.

"Bushy House, April 18th, 1830. 9 P. M.

"DEAR SIR,

"I have this instant received yours of to-day from Windsor Castle, and lament the report is not more favourable. I dislike still more your expression "that your anxiety is not lessened." I know your sincere attachment to our beloved Monarch, and, unfortunately, I am too well acquainted with your abilities in the medical line not to dread your anxiety for our much-esteemed and valuable King. I shall wait with impatience the statement from Sir

Henry Halford to-morrow. God grant it may be such as I wish! In the mean time, adieu, and ever believe me,

"Dear sir,

"Yours truly,

"WILLIAM."

FROM THE SAME.

"Bushy House,
"April 21st, 1830. 3 P. M.

"DEAR SIR,

"I HAVE just received yours 'most secret and confidential' of this day, which I properly value.

„On the whole, the account, thank God, is favourable; and God grant it may continue so, and that on Friday I may have the happiness and satisfaction of finding our beloved Sovereign in a progressive state of improvement. I shall be at the Castle a few minutes before one; and I value most highly and gratefully the kind expressions of the King, and I also thank

you gratefully for the expressions that accompany from yourself his Majesty's gracious message to me. I cannot forget the uninterrupted friendship that has subsisted between the King and me for nine-and-fifty years; and I trust, from the bottom of my heart, I shall really find, next Friday, the best of brothers, masters, and men advancing in a favourable way, and your comprehensive and affectionate mind far more easy upon the 'single symptom' which produces with you so much painful anxiety. You may rely on my perfect and complete silence.

"And I now remain,

"Dear sir,

"Yours truly,

"WILLIAM."

Sir William's anxiety respecting the King's indisposition is expressed in the following letter to Lady Knighton, dated Windsor Castle, April 26th, 1830.

"I THANK you for your letter of this day, and for all your other letters, which have been of great comfort to me.

"I am now writing in the room adjoining his Majesty's bedchamber, for he does not like my being distant from him. We are not going on well: depend on it, this will not do; if this illness should be protracted, I see much suffering and embarrassment before us. I care very little what is said or thought of me; my duty is to promote the King's comfort and peace of mind: I will never consent that he shall have a moment's pain, to gratify the idle curiosity of a set of persons whose only objects are, to deal in cabal, find fault with everything, and to pull down, if they could, the character of all the individuals who are endeavouring to serve their sovereign by every means in their power.

"I anticipate much happiness from our beloved Dora's return, with her darling little daughter, to Blendworth. May God make us thankful for this mercy!—it

excites all one's thankfulness. I have heard nothing of dear William, but hope to do so in a day or two. What a marvellous thing is time to look forward! but still more marvellous to look back. This may be exemplified in a very simple manner:—Every year one hears of people living to a hundred years; so that, taking that standard, there would be only eighteen lives between the present moment and our Saviour's crucifixion, and only forty lives from the present time to the Flood. When we reason thus, what a change it makes in our thoughts in the whole view of this momentous subject!

"Affectionate love, &c.

"W. K."

FROM THE DUKE OF CLARENCE.

"Bushy House, May 1st, 1830.

"DEAR SIR,

"I AM to acknowledge yours 'most secret and confidential,' and perfectly un-

derstand your silence, as Sir H. Halford daily reported the state of our beloved monarch. Of course I was aware the King had yesterday seen the Princesses, and am not surprised weakness ensued. I am glad the difficulty of breathing is less the last two days, and I therefore trust in God his Majesty will ultimately do well. I highly appreciate the constant attendance of Sir H. Halford and Sir M. Tierney, and shall anxiously wait the reports of Sir Henry, which God grant may be favourable! I most heartily and earnestly join with you in prayer that the Almighty may give me in particular, and all his Majesty's loving subjects, the happiness and comfort of looking to the prosperous termination of this very severe illness.

"Ever believe me,

"Dear Sir,

"Yours truly,

"WILLIAM."

FROM THE DUKE OF CUMBERLAND.

"Kew, May 1.

"DEAR KNIGHTON,

"MANY thanks for yours, which I received last evening. I saw my sister on her return, and I own to you her description of the state in which she found my poor brother went to my very soul, loving him as faithfully as ever one brother did another: for this I can say, I loved him for himself, and never have I had any sordid or interested view in my affection for him, but that of the purest love and attachment.

"I own the accounts of that last severe spasm of Wednesday evening has shaken my hopes much; and I cannot describe to you the anxiety of my mind. God preserve him for us all! I shall not come today, as I think, after the exertion of yesterday, rest is necessary.

"Yours very sincerely,

"ERNEST."

FROM THE DUKE OF CLARENCE.

"Bushy House, May 2, 1830.
"Half-past 5 P. M.

"DEAR SIR,

"YOURS 'most secret and confidential,' and, unfortunately, 'most lamentable,' has just reached me. The only consolation I have, is to know that I have the approbation of the best of sovereigns and brothers, and at the same time the gratitude of my brother Adolphus, for taking charge of his son, whom I will consider quite as my own. I shall write to that effect to-morrow to Hanover.

"Every other part of your letter is indeed a dagger to my heart. Since May 2, 1771, has the Prince of Wales, the Prince Regent, and the King of this country, my eldest brother, treated me with unvaried affection and friendship, and I must and do feel his last days are arriving.

"I cannot say more on this most truly

painful subject. Still, however, whilst life lasts, there is hope; and God grant the life of our beloved master and friend may yet be spared!

"I shall be most anxious to hear to-morrow, and ever remain,

"Dear sir,

"Yours truly,

"WILLIAM."

FROM THE LANDGRAVINE OF HESSE HOMBURGH.

"Hanover, May 3rd, 1830.

"You may believe the anxiety we are in, and how desirous we are for accounts; and though time in general flies too fast, at this moment the posts appear years in coming in. It is impossible to tell you how every one here is interested in the dear beloved King's health, and how all fly to hear how he is.

"You will have heard by this time, that finding dear Adolphus was decided

to go to England, I have determined to go with him; and the next day, after I had written to the King to propose going, I received his gracious and affectionate message through Mary. I hope I have done all he desired, and have not asked too much in wishing to remain till my brother Adolphus returns to Germany next year with his family. By that means I shall have time to enjoy them all, making the dear King my first object. I must tell you how I have been knocked down with all I have heard, yet trust in God that the constitution, being naturally strong, may rally again.

"All my letters, not those of my family, assure me that every soul values and loves the King, and that the general anxiety is very great. You may conceive that I shall be upon thorns till I reach England. Home I must go, for many reasons; and I hope not to stir till I set out in July. Maybe it will be wiser not to say I have written; for I am so afraid of saying a

word too much or too little. You know my affection and devotion for the King; and though I may not express my feelings so strongly as I wish, yet you cannot doubt my sacrificing my life for him, could I save him: and you may be assured, though a very humble being, I will never be in his way, yet ever at hand should he wish me; and you shall never hear a complaint of me from any one in the house, for I will be in nobody's way.

"I feel for all those who are attending the King, for all must love him who know him; and I grieve to find that you say you are a good deal fatigued by all you have gone through. I will take up no more of your precious time, and humbly pray God to watch over that life which is of so much consequence to us all, but to none more than

"Your friend,

"ELIZABETH."

FROM THE DUCHESS OF GLOUCESTER.

"Gloucester House, May 3rd.

"MY DEAR SIR WILLIAM,

"THIS moment I have received the enclosed from Elizabeth, which she sends open, that I might show it to you; and if you approve, I was to put it into the dear King's hands myself. She little thought of the real state of things when she wrote that letter; and though I am sensible the letter cannot be given, I feel I ought to send it you, as desired, and your judgment will decide much better than mine what had best be done.

"God support you, and enable you to go through this heart-rending trial!

"Yours,

"MARY."

TO MRS. SEYMOUR.

"Windsor Castle, 5th May 1830.

"I was so anxiously engaged the whole of yesterday, that I had not an opportunity of writing to dear mother or yourself.

"I received the enclosed this morning from dear William. It is truly gratifying to me, in the midst of all my cares, to have three dear children who have never given me a moment's pain: I am glad to proclaim this, as a happiness for which I ought to be most grateful to the Almighty.

"Dear William seems now to be at work in earnest. The habit only of industry is a prize. I therefore begin to think that if he obtain this, his life will be filled in a manner that will be very gratifying to himself.

"Kiss my darling little granddaughter again and again. I suppose she will be so

grown, I shall scarcely know her when we again meet. I need not add how I long for that time to arrive.

"Ever yours, &c.

"W. K."

FROM LORD BLOOMFIELD.

"Stockholm, May 7, 1830.

"MY DEAREST FRIEND,

"It would ill suit the anguish of my heart, under the accounts which have reached me of his Majesty, not to address a line to you, who will, I know, enter into all my feelings; and although trembling in my contemplation of the danger, still I will break in upon you, to unburthen myself, and to supplicate one line: I shall not know peace until that reaches me; for I confess, my dear Knighton, that the report on his Majesty's state is what I always the most dreaded. May the Almighty preserve to our country and to the world a life which seems at this moment

to be of more importance than at any period of our history!

"My distress is too intense to write in detail on other matters. I must not, however, delay telling you that my letter to Lord L****, of which I sent you a copy, has produced a settlement of that hateful affair. The share of tormenting vexation which it brought upon you greatly aggravated my own suffering. But, as you will have seen, I took my line; and I trust we may both be relieved from a state of embarrassment which we neither of us deserved. Burn, I pray you, the copy of Lord L****'s letter, which ought not now to see the light.

"God bless you, my dearest friend!

"Ever your affectionate

"and attached,

"BLOOMFIELD.

"I trust my dear son will have seen you."

FROM THE LANDGRAVINE OF HESSE HOMBURGH.

"Hanover, May 18th, 1830.

"You may believe the very sincere affliction I am in, and how deeply I deplore the present state of things, for I had feasted on the thoughts of beholding that sweet and benevolent countenance again. It appears as if trials are to follow me everywhere: but I can but submit and kiss the rod, saying with humility and perfect faith, 'God's will be done!' A greater blow could not happen to me than this dreadful illness of the dear, blessed King. Bowed down I am, yet most thankful he is surrounded by those he likes and loves. Affection would have made both Adolphus and me fly; but delicacy made us refrain from doing what might have alarmed him. Confidentially, we have been in a great wrong, as Ernest wrote to Adolphus, and said that the King was expecting us: for-

tunately your friendly letter of the 4th arrived to-day, (owing to an accident happening to the packet-boat,) in which you particularly mention that we were not expected till July or August. We cannot be too thankful to you for writing in so confidential and open a manner, for you have thoroughly prepared us for what, to our grief and sorrow, we must expect.

"My heart is so very full, that no words can express what my sentiments of affection are for the dear King, and it is much better not to attempt it. I do not want to plague you with a long letter, for, God knows, you have enough on your hands. May God give you ALL strength to bear up under your severe trial! Grateful must I ever feel to those who have shown such proofs of attachment to one whom I have ever loved better than life, and whose loss will be so severely felt by all, but by none more than your sincere friend,

"ELIZABETH.

"You must excuse my bad writing: I

have hardly eyes to see, my tears flow so fast."

FROM THE DUKE OF CAMBRIDGE.

"Hanover, May 18th, 1830.

"MY DEAR SIR WILLIAM,

"I HAVE many, many thanks to return you for your three letters of the 1st, 4th, and 7th instant, the two last of which I received on Sunday and yesterday. The accounts of our beloved King are, I am grieved to find, no better; and though I am most anxious to put every confidence in the strength of his constitution, yet, my dear Sir William, at his age, and after the many severe illnesses he has had, I cannot deny to you that I do despair of his recovery.

"No words can express how much I was affected by his very kind and gracious message which you communicated to me in your letter of the 4th. I entreat you,

if you can find an opportunity, to say how deeply I feel his goodness to me at all times, and how delighted I am at his approval of my dear boy being under the Duke of Clarence's charge; and that my most fervent prayers were offered up to Heaven that I might find him perfectly recovered on my arrival in England in August.

"You know my affection for the King, and therefore you will easily believe that if I had the slightest idea that my going to England would be any comfort to my dear suffering brother, I would travel night and day with the greatest pleasure: but as he has neither sent me a message through you, nor through the Duchess of Gloucester, I own I fear that my going immediately to England, after having petitioned his leave to go there at the end of July or beginning of August, might alarm him, and then my visit would do more harm than good. I therefore have determined not to move from hence, and

to wait till I hear from you, my dear Sir William, what I had best do.

"Believe me,

"Yours most sincerely,

"ADOLPHUS FREDERICK."

"May 20th.

"I WAS unfortunately prevented sending off my letter on the Tuesday; but I am now not sorry for it, as I have since that received a letter from the Duchess of Gloucester, containing a most kind message from the dear King, in which he expresses satisfaction at the thought of seeing me in August. My mind is therefore quite at ease on the subject I mentioned to you in my letter. Would to God I could say the same on the state of our dear patient! who, I am grieved to find by your letter of the 11th instant, is getting weaker every hour.

"God bless you!

"A. F."

FROM HIS ROYAL HIGHNESS THE DUKE OF CAMBRIDGE.

"Marbrillant,
"May 28th, 1830.

"MY DEAR SIR WILLIAM,

"I CANNOT let the mail go out without returning you my warmest thanks for your letter of the 18th, which contained, thank God, a much more comfortable account of our beloved King than I had received since his illness.

"No words can express the delight I felt at the perusal of it, and Heaven grant that you may be able in your next to say that the improvement continues!

"By the mail of the 21st, which is just come in, I am happy to find that this is the case; and the absence of Sir Henry Halford for a few hours, proves that he could leave his post with safety.

"I will not detain you any longer; so God bless you! and

"Believe me,

"My dear Sir William,

"Yours very sincerely,

"ADOLPHUS FREDERICK."

FROM SIR WILLIAM TO HIS YOUNGEST DAUGHTER.

"Windsor Castle,
"Saturday, May 23rd.

"NOTWITHSTANDING I have been up with the dear King, and am very tired and much worn, yet I cannot go to bed without fulfilling my intention of writing to you to tell you how much I love you.

"I hear that your dear mother and Michael have been painting since I left Blendworth on Monday last. I hope, my dearest Mary, that you have done the same. Do not, on any account, give up an accomplishment in which you are so likely to excel. I hope we shall find that William has not been idle in this respect.

"God bless you, my beloved! Affectionate love to all, with a kiss to the little treasure, your niece.

"Yours, &c.

"W. K."

TO LADY KNIGHTON.

"Windsor Castle,
"25th May, 1830.

"I ARRIVED here last night soon after ten, and found things not better, but worse. This morning —— sent me his publication that I mentioned to you. I have not read it, nor shall I, but put it in the box with the other filth I am favoured with.

"What a miserable and wretched life mine is! God grant it was over!—it is enough to destroy my constitution. I did not sit up last night, but I shall do so to-night: I might as well have done so, for I did not get an hour's sleep.

"I cannot tell you with what an aching

heart I left you and my dear children last night: the peaceful and heavenly tranquillity of our dear home is too delightful to think of. Yours, &c.

"W. K."

TO LADY KNIGHTON.

"Windsor Castle, 27th May.

"Your letter of this morning was a real comfort to me. It is impossible to tell you the efforts that have been employed to make this attack known, and the pains the authors of it have taken that it might not be overlooked by me. The King is particularly affectionate to me. His Majesty is gradually breaking down; but the time required (if it does not happen suddenly) to destroy his original fine constitution, no one can calculate upon: hence it is better to say nothing about the last days of existence until the painful conclusion is put beyond a doubt.

"I had the enclosed letter from dear William yesterday: be so good as to re-

turn it to me. I am sadly unwell; I can hardly hold my pen, my hand is so shaky.

"Yours, &c. W. K."

The period between this and the next letter was passed by Sir William in constant attendance on his suffering sovereign and master, and under all the discomfort and distress which a sensitive mind could experience in circumstances of so melancholy a nature.

For a considerable time previously, Sir William had taken every opportunity of calling his Majesty's attention to religious subjects, and had placed, unordered, a quarto Bible of large type on the King's dressing-table, with which his Majesty was much pleased, and which he frequently read.

In the beginning of June the following prayer was appointed to be used during the indisposition of his Majesty :—

"Almighty and most merciful God, in whose hands are the issues of life and

death, incline thine ear, we beseech thee, to the cry of thy people, and accept our supplications and prayers which we make unto thee on behalf of thy servant, our Sovereign Lord the King.

"Vouchsafe, of thy goodness, O Lord, to assuage his pain, to relieve his infirmity, and to strengthen his soul by the consolations of thy grace, that so, resigning himself with all meekness and patience to thy holy will, and trusting entirely to thy mercy, he may be raised by thy power from the bed of sickness, and long continue to govern thy people, committed to his charge, in peace and righteousness.

"And, finally, grant, O Heavenly Father, that when it shall be thy good pleasure to call him from this world unto thee, he may receive a crown of glory in thy everlasting kingdom, through the merits and mediation of our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ. Amen."

In a letter from the Bishop of Chichester, since translated to the see of Worces-

ter, there is the following mention of the satisfaction with which his Majesty joined in the above admirable prayer:

"With the King's permission, I repeated the above on my knees at his bedside. At the close of it, his Majesty, having listened to it with the utmost attention, three times repeated 'Amen' with the greatest fervour and devotion. He expressed himself highly gratified with it, and desired me to convey his approbation of it to the Archbishop of Canterbury.

"R. J. CHICHESTER."

On the 26th, the intelligence of his Majesty's death was received.

FROM SIR WILLIAM KNIGHTON TO LADY KNIGHTON.

"Windsor Castle, 26th June.

"THE poor dear King breathed his last at a quarter past three this morning. The

whole of yesterday was passed in a state of great exhaustion; but I thought it possible it might go on for two or three days. About twenty minutes before his Majesty's dissolution, the bowels were acted upon: this gave the disposition to the heart to cease its functions. I hardly had time to get from my room, which is in the next tower to that occupied by the King, before his Majesty ceased to breathe: but I was present to witness the last sigh. His Majesty died without any apparent pain or struggle.

"Thus ended the life of George the Fourth, one of the cleverest and most accomplished men in Europe—full of benevolence! There will be many to deplore his loss.

"It is impossible for me to quit this place at present; I have a weight of care before me not to be described. However, I trust in God that I shall get through what remains in a satisfactory manner.

"My health has suffered much, and I am at this moment more dead than alive. Most of the inmates quit the Castle this morning.

"Ever, &c.

"W. K."

FROM HER ROYAL HIGHNESS THE DUCHESS OF GLOUCESTER.

"Gloucester House, June 26th.

"To have been thought of by you at such a moment is deeply impressed on my heart; and I cannot let this opportunity pass without expressing my gratitude for all your attention and kindness to me, and for all your devotion and attachment to your beloved and lamented master. My heart is so full, I can add no more; but pray come and see me after all your sad duties are fulfilled.

"Yours,

"Mary."

FROM SIR DAVID WILKIE.

"Kensington, June 26th, 1830.

"DEAR SIR WILLIAM,

"BEING myself but lately and in so remarkable a manner the object of his Majesty's most gracious munificence, I feel it particularly incumbent upon me to offer to you my respectful condolence upon the great loss which by this eventful day we have all met with

"To express my gratitude to my illustrious benefactor for what he has been graciously pleased to confer upon me in the time of his own extremity, is no longer possible; but to you all my obligation continues, and calls for the more earnest expression of acknowledgment at this time, when you yourself are, by the hand of Providence, deprived of so exalted a friend.

"If there be a consolation to you, sir, who have in so particular a manner en-

joyed the well-merited honour of his late Majesty's favour and friendship, besides the consciousness of having discharged the duties of your important station, it is in the good you have dispensed to others, and in the assurance you may well have in your own mind of the gratitude and service due to you from those whom, in your high trust, you have, as in my own case, in the time of difficulty, in so remarkable a degree benefited.

"With every feeling of respectful duty and gratitude to yourself, allow me also to offer my respectful regards to Lady Knighton, to Mr. Knighton, and to the rest of the family.

"I have the honour to be,

"Dear Sir William,

"Your most devoted

"and faithful servant,

"DAVID WILKIE."

"To Sir William Knighton, Bart. &c."

"Windsor Castle, July 3, 1830.

"I WAS too unwell yesterday to get from my bed till after two,—too late for the post. I am better to-day, but very so-so. My present intention is to leave this on Monday next. The body goes into state on Wednesday and Thursday, and will, I suppose, in the course of Tuesday be removed to the state apartments. I shall return on Thursday for the funeral, and come up again on that night, which makes me take a final leave of Windsor in my present capacity. My movements after this must depend on the progress of my executorship. The instant I can come to you, I shall do so, and feel most happy that I have a home and sincerity and affection to fly to.

"I look forward with comfortable feelings to my future plan of life: this must be a subject of consideration among us. I shall certainly at once part with my house in town, and break up that esta-

blishment. If I should think it useful to have another, I can find one.

"I hope by degrees to pass into a religious old age, remarkable for simplicity of conduct and character, and, if it should please God to spare me for ten years, that this shall be the best part of my life.

"I have endeavoured to do my best for my beloved children: that best has not always succeeded.

"W. K."

CHAPTER XXIV.

Letter from Sir Walter Scott to Sir William Knighton on the King's death; other Letters from the Landgravine of Hesse Homburg, Sir John Nash, &c. upon the same subject. — Sir William's preparations for leaving Windsor. — An easy Journey to Paris recommended for the benefit of his health. — Extracts from his Journal.

Amongst those who had the most sincere cause to lament the death of a sovereign, the patron of genius and the fine arts, was that highly-talented author Sir Walter Scott, author of the Waverley Novels. He was honoured by the personal friendship of George the Fourth, and was most justly appreciated by his Majesty. Sir William Knighton received the following letter from Sir Walter shortly after the demise of the King.

TO SIR W. KNIGHTON, BART.

"Abbotsford, July 14, 1830.

"MY DEAR SIR,

"I HAVE not, though experiencing considerable anxiety for the consequence to your health in the midst of the distressing scenes and great and continued fatigue which you have been lately called upon to undergo, ventured to intrude upon you my inquiries after your valuable health. I have waited, though not without anxiety, till I learned from your and my excellent friend the chief commissioner, that you had health and leisure to let your friends in the North hear from you. As he thinks you are now well enough to endure what must be at all events a painful correspondence, I trouble you with this intrusion to express my deep sorrow for the loss of a sovereign whose gentle and generous disposition, and singular manner and captivating conversation, ren-

dered him as much the darling of private society, as his heartfelt interest in the general welfare of the country, and the constant and steady course of wise measures by which he raised his reign to such a state of triumphal prosperity, made him justly delighted in by his subjects. You will not wonder that one so frequently honoured by his Majesty's notice should desire to state to his mourning confidant and friend the deep interest which he has taken in the mournful course of events which are so painful in recollection.

"I am convinced that the mere removal from so busy and anxious a scene as that which you have occupied for several years, would rather have been a relief than otherwise; but it has been most painfully brought about, through the loss of your friend and benefactor, whose confidence you so long possessed. That you rewarded that confidence with such disinterested and attached zeal as a subject has

seldom shown to a sovereign, and with faithful services of the character which his Majesty had most occasion to value, is now universally acknowledged; and the comfort that the approbation of the world is well deserved must be your best resource and your chief comfort.

"In offering my sincere sympathy, and the assurances of the deep feelings with which your acts of kindness and friendship will always dwell on my mind, I do not mean to hurry you into writing, which cannot just now be very agreeable. But when a moment will permit you to spare me a line, merely to say how you are after months of fatigue, it will be highly valued by,

"Dear Sir William,

"Your truly obliged

"and grateful friend,

"Walter Scott."

FROM THE LANDGRAVINE OF HESSE HOMBURG.

"Hanover, July 2nd, 1830.

"I CANNOT, after the friendship you have so often expressed in the many letters I have received from you, allow of the messenger's returning without a few lines to try and express how deep is the sorrow I am now experiencing. The loss of the beloved, not to say adored brother, whose constant kindness is so thoroughly engraven on my heart, is not to be told. Yet, believe me, that being no egotist, in the midst of my first burst of affliction, I humbly blessed God that he was, dear angel! at peace, and prepared to appear before his Maker, through that Saviour who pleaded for him at the throne of grace; and in Heaven will all his noble and generous deeds be registered; — and who ever did more? To me the loss is dreadful; yet I feel it my duty to go to England, being desirous to see all my family

and friends once more before I bid adieu to the world and all its cares.

"I have had such trials within these two years, that I have a dread of losing this good opportunity of going with dear Adolphus; and William has expressed himself so kindly, that I am sure I ought to go, when I hope to have the pleasure of seeing you, and expressing the gratitude I feel towards you for the constant watchfulness, affection, and zeal, which you have ever shown to him whose loss we must ever deplore.

"I will not take up more of your time than to assure you how truly I am,

"Sir, your friend,

"ELIZABETH."

"To Sir William Knighton, Bart, &c."

FROM THE SAME.

"Brighton, Oct. 11th, 1830.

"You must think me a very ungrateful person, if you can for a moment doubt my

gratitude to you for having remembered my petition, when I really did not think either my spirits or my courage would have brought me to England. I had indeed hoped to see you, and thank you for your very obliging letters, and the two boxes, so very, very valuable to me; but not seeing you in town was a great disappointment, and the extreme hurry I have been in ever since has prevented me recalling myself to you. Besides, though you well know I never ask questions, and never will, you once said to me you never wished to be talked of or named; so, not knowing your direction, I waited; but having heard that the excellent and valuable Bishop of Chichester had the pleasure of seeing you some short time ago, I shall beg of him to forward this to you. Never can I express my thanks to you for my two valuable boxes, which will be taken the greatest care of; and the snuff will never be taken out, so dear is it to me.

"You may conceive what a very severe trial it was to me to find myself in that magnificent castle, and the being I most valued and loved gone; everything which I saw showing his taste, and every spot calculated to please and delight — his own formation. I give you my word, I went about half dead; in short, it literally struck upon my heart without a bell; and still you may believe the wound is far from healed, though I am able to show myself, and appear cheerful in society. At present I have little; for I have managed to sprain my knee, and am completely fixed to my chair, and all thought of my following the King and Queen to London is over, which is very vexatious: yet they assure me that good may come out of evil, and that I may even entirely recover the use of my legs, which I have nearly lost ever since the shock of the Landgrave's death.

"I do hope one of these days we may meet. Believe me, I shall never forget all

your attentions and real marks of friendship towards me; for no one can be more sensible of kindness than

"Your sincere friend,

"ELIZABETH."

During the illness of the King, numerous letters were addressed to Sir William expressive of regard and anxiety for the Sovereign, and containing various remedies for the malady with which he was supposed to be afflicted. The following is a specimen of the feeling excited by his Majesty's sufferings. The amiable writer was herself shortly after removed, in the prime of life, "to where there is no pain and no sorrow."

"DEAR SIR WILLIAM,

"I HOPE your health has not suffered from your present trying situation. We feel a lively interest in the sufferings of the poor King, a sympathy in your feelings also.

"It appears that his Majesty suffers from want of sleep: the following simple remedy I have known to be very efficacious; it is very safe and wholesome, in case you should be disposed to try it: A quarter of an ounce of the best Kentish hops to be infused in a pint of boiling water till cold, then strained through a cloth; a wine-glass to be taken when preparing for sleep, and to be repeated once, if necessary. It composes to sleep; pray try it.

"May it please God to mitigate the King's sufferings, and give him peace in Him! 'Man's extremity is God's opportunity.' So many prayers ascend to the throne of grace and mercy for the Sovereign, that I feel a confident hope that God will have mercy on him, if not in restoring him to health, in taking him to where there is no pain and no sorrow, to a happiness purchased by sufferings greater than his own, and by the precious blood of a Redeemer. In the mean time,

he is blessed perhaps more than many in his station have been, by having so kind a friend near him as yourself.

" Believe me, &c."

The following is from Sir John Nash.

" E. Cowes Castle,
" 6th July, 1830.

" MY DEAR SIR WILLIAM,

" My spirit is quite broken down, and I am very incapable of business. The pain in my head and giddiness continue, and the least exertion of thought, and indeed of bodily exercise, knocks me up; although in every other respect I am in body perfectly well. The necessity of these Palace accounts and estimates being prepared for the Treasury whenever they shall choose to call for them, puts the repose and quiet which I now feel and know to be necessary to my recovery at present out of the question. I have had the clerks down with me, and I hope in two days more I

shall be prepared at all points. One of my first wishes is, that those things which our dear King was the most anxious about should be carried into effect; and my motive for intruding on your present serious occupations is, to request of you to direct the portfolio of the drawings of the Palace, which is in the custody of the page of the King's chamber-door, may be sent me, as I shall be certainly called upon to explain and show what his Majesty had settled upon, and I have no copies of the drawings.

"I also sent for the King's inspection my book of the alterations which I proposed for Windsor. I believe they were in the same custody. Pray preserve them for me.

"I am anxious also not to have to accuse myself of any want of respect which I might have been able to show to his dear memory. I feel that I ought to attend his funeral, and I shall esteem your advice

upon the occasion as a great act of friendship.

" Ever, my dear Sir William,

" Your sincerely faithful friend,

" JOHN NASH."

" To Sir William Knighton, Bart. &c."

TO LADY KNIGHTON.

" Hanover Square, 21st August, 1830.

. . " I AM getting on with my business, but I am not able to say at present whether I shall leave this on Monday night or Tuesday morning. I am again to be with the Duke of Wellington on Monday morning, and on that day at two o'clock I am to attend a Duchy of Cornwall council.

" There is a company of more than a hundred persons dining at Windsor Castle, and the routine of the palace is going on as usual. How strange it all seems ! The poor King has just been entombed a month ! This is a lesson of instruction

for silent contemplation. It naturally leads the mind to various results, and gives a proper estimate of the value that belongs to the transitory affairs of this world. The charities of life, if they exist at all, must be looked for, not in the congregated mass of what is termed society, but in the mutual converse of humble life, where self-love does not so much prevail. It is far from me to say whether such a thing is to be found; but if not, I say live with the dead if you can, and not with the fooleries of the living.

"Kiss my dearest children, always remembering dear little Dorothea.

"Yours, &c.

"W. K."

Sir William's health was long in a most uncomfortable state after the death of the king: the slightest emotion produced violent palpitation of the heart and great nervous agitation. The necessity of a journey to Paris for the conclusion of

some affairs connected with his late situation with his Majesty, (as rapidity and night-travelling were no longer required,) it was hoped, would prove generally beneficial to his bodily health and nervous system, and he was enabled to have the company and attentions of two members of his family.

"From the fragment of a journal are extracted the following remarks.

"Calais, September 4th, 1830.

"We arrived here last night, after a voyage of twelve hours, from the Tower-stairs. Amongst the passengers I observed a young man with a sharp intelligent countenance, but full of desperate and fierce expression. This happened to be the second son of Marshal Ney, of former celebrity.

"I had some conversation with an Irishman, who had been residing for some years at St. Omer. He stated, among other things, that there was little or no religion

in France; that the late government was beyond all description ridiculous; that even on the 25th of July, had Marmont, instead of firing blank cartridges, fired ball, the mob would have been dispersed in a very short time; that the mob was of the lowest rabble; that during the night of the 28th they dug up the pavement, barricaded the streets, and for three days the troops were without a morsel to eat; that even when the troops were driven out of Paris, had they taken their station on Montmartre, they might have bombarded Paris, and laid it in ashes.

"Visited Monsieur H. He talked of the present state of things in France; said the French had no constancy; that they were totally unfit to have a constitution. It is evident to me that these people must not be governed by their own *ipse dixit.* They require a master to rule them with an iron hand, but that master must be of a superior order,—one whose character would flatter their vanity

as a nation. These fanciful people had nothing to complain of in their late monarch. He was devoted to religion, it is true; but did it affect the mass of the population? Certainly not; for the truth is, that they have no Sabbaths and no religion; at least, as they keep not the one, they do not practise the other.

"I can plainly see that in the present state of things it is impossible that this particular mass can be held together without farther excitement; and when a commotion begins, the end cannot be easily foreseen. There is a readiness in Paris for people to congregate together, which gives a facility to discontent, by cultivating, through the medium of perpetual talk, real or fancied ills. It signifies but little what degree of reality there is in the language they pour forth; they talk themselves into the belief of what at first entered into their imaginations only as a faint surmise.

"The French are clever, inconstant,

with much settled thought when bent on a particular purpose; very volatile; externally polite to the greatest as well as the most pleasing degree; seldom unhappy for any length of time; ravenous for the luxuries of the table when they fall in their way, but doing well without them when circumstances call for their absence.

"It is a curious fact, that the lower classes, who seldom or never steal, should have no integrity of mind. How is this? Whilst the English have integrity of mind, they scruple not to thieve whenever a secure opportunity offers. To sum up all, property in France is almost constantly secure from theft; whilst in England, double doors and double locks give you no security.

"Rouen, 14th September, 1830.

"We left Paris at ten last night, and arrived at this place about the middle of the day. We embark this night in a steamer for Havre, where we hope to ar-

rive about nine in the morning. The night was dark and gloomy. My two companions slept the greater part of the way, and I was left to my own thoughts and feelings. I reflected on what I had left in that city of Paris. A greater abomination of sin and wickedness cannot exist on earth. There is a perpetual tumult and scramble, as it were, for some new device to cultivate and develope with earnest zeal all the base and sinful passions that belong to the worst parts of human nature.

" The road from Paris to this place is picturesque in some parts, and very much varied in all.

" In ascending one of the long hills, we were accosted, among other beggars, by a female idiot, rather advanced in life, perhaps between fifty and sixty. Her face was totally devoid of every expression connected with poverty, distress, or evil purpose. When she accosted you for charity,

which seemed to be all the object and business of life, her pleadings always began with a laugh of the most vacant, frightful, and distressing kind, which no words can express. It was something between foolishness and cunning, —something between reality and acting. Whatever was said, she pursued her purpose: the end being obtained, she pocketted her alms with that species of satisfaction that is derived from little or great success. This struck me particularly, and here must be a limited reflection. It is the practice to attribute this defect to some mal-conformation of the structure of the human frame. This may do for the blindness of the anatomist; but it is much more probable that the Almighty has left us these examples to show the truth of those histories recorded in Holy Writ, where the power of our Saviour was manifested in casting out the evil spirit, and restoring the power of the mind to draw

reasonable conclusions according to the different degrees and limitations of the human intellect.

"This is an old city, and is wealthy from its manufactures and commerce; but it abounds in filth and wretchedness."

CHAPTER XXV.

Sir William Knighton's arrangements for giving up his town residence. — Correspondence with his Family. — Extracts from his Diary. — Account of his first introduction to George the Fourth, when Prince of Wales.

Shortly after the death of the King, Sir William disposed of his house in town, and resided chiefly with his family in the country, where he rendered himself much beloved by his readiness in giving on all occasions the benefit of his medical knowledge to the sick poor in his vicinity, as well as to the higher classes, if requested. His health became less frequently interrupted, and the necessity of his occasional visits to town prevented his feeling that natural dullness which the change from a life of great mental and bodily activity to

one of extreme tranquillity might have been expected to produce.

In October, Sir William went to Oxford to see his son. The following is part of a letter from thence.

TO LADY KNIGHTON.

"Christ Church, October 11, 1830.

"I ARRIVED here last evening about five, and found dear William quite well. We are going to Blenheim at one. I shall keep this open till my return.

"We have been much gratified by our visit. Blenheim is indeed altogether truly superb. The interior of the house is in a perfect state of repair, and quite as it should be; but the exterior, as well as the grounds, are far from being equally well kept.

"Connected as this noble place is with historical associations, one cannot but lament that there should exist any cause for its decline from its ancient grandeur.

"I have spent a very happy day, and look with discomfort on leaving my friend to-morrow. Yours, &c.

"W. K."

TO LADY KNIGHTON.

"London, Oct. 28, 1830.

"I HAVE been in my bed an hour and a half, but I can get no sleep; I know not why, for I have been on my legs, I may literally say, the whole day. Under these circumstances, I will give you a hasty sketch of my proceedings and observations during two days in London.

"Oct. 27.—I arose from my bed between seven and eight, and soon after nine went to the Duke of Wellington, for the purpose of transacting business. His Grace was kind as usual: we went through various details in a very agreeable manner.

"The Duke expressed himself very kindly indeed with respect to the state to which I had brought the late King's

affairs, as they were found at his death, and added his testimony to the satisfactory manner in which I had discharged the arduous duties of my office.

"From the Duke I walked to Kensington, to Wilkie, who was very glad to see me; and I found he had been busy on his picture of John Knox. We talked of William's painting. I told him I thought he had the germ of talent within him. Wilkie said that genius was nothing more than a propensity to follow a particular pursuit, —all the rest was the power of applying yourself to the drudgery. This I believe to be partly true; but there is an indescribable something to be combined with this, known under the term of various degrees of capacity.

"At five in the evening I again sallied forth, —— being my companion. I first went to Calkin, and gave an order for several instructive books of art. This being done, we proceeded to the Strand, and on reaching Somerset House we saw

a vast concourse of people flocking into the church opposite. Upon inquiry, we found that a sermon was to be preached, and that this was the case every Wednesday evening. The church was quite filled in a few minutes. This was a curious spectacle, contrasted with the movements of sin, wretchedness, and worldly occupations outside the walls. The streets were quite thronged: it seems to me the population increases every week.

"The sermon, which was extemporaneous, lasted an hour and half. The preacher's voice was pleasing, his manner intelligent. Some parts of his sermon were excellent, and all true. He reminded his congregation that the greatest saints that ever lived were liable to occasional sin. He then gave a catalogue from Abraham downward, quite through the Old Testament, as well as the New. He then exhorted his hearers to have no confidence in their own righteousness; that there was but one security against temp-

tation, faith in Christ: that they must ever be on the watch; in short to watch themselves, and that they would have enough to do, without boasting of themselves or decrying their neighbours.

"I was struck with the patient attention of the congregation. It was evident that this mass of people was accustomed to holy meditations. There was a peculiar tranquillity and resignation expressed in their countenances. They were mostly young and of middle age, and appeared to be, from their external appearance, in a moderate way of livelihood.

"Thus ended my day. I will now return to my bed, and resume my pen in the morning.

"Oct. 28th.—I began my day by walking to Bayswater, to look after dear Mary's picture. It remains in the same state; Linnell has not had time to finish it. I found him, as usual, full of intelligence. He showed me Holbein's original Dance of Death, perhaps the very first

edition. He gave me a sight of Raphael's woodcut engravings of the History of the Bible. He finished by saying that there were parts in these that constantly kept the mind on fire, and withdrew it from the grovelling contemplations of things connected with the common course of art. I consented to his having Dr. Gooch's picture for a print, he seemed so eager about it.

"I then proceeded to the Duchy Office, where I met Mr. Dickie, and having settled some details, went on to the City, and determined to dine at Dolly's Chophouse in St. Paul's Churchyard. It is a dark, dismal place, and you pass through two alleys to get to it. I counted five persons on my entrance, one of whom was ——. We recognised each other by a simple nod of the head, which seemed to imply that we were too important to be there except *incog.* Such are the many varieties of vanity. Vain of what? A lump of clay, that the slightest thing turns into the

most loathsome state, which every living creature, save the worm, would shun.

"Very near me was a plain man in a carefully combed wig. His evident intention was to confine his age to fifty: but it would not do; three score and ten crept through the deception. He directed, on sitting down, three veal-cutlets to be brought in succession, hot and hot, half a pint of sherry, and a pint of porter. All this was uttered in a sonorous voice, and with a degree of self-consequence that developed much of the character of the individual. In short, it was evident that his had been, in a little or great way, a life of self: his own dear self was the great and leading object with him.

"From this place I crossed over to St. Paul's: it was nearly dark, but I paid my twopence, and was admitted. The monuments of the dead bring to one's mind the thoughts of another and a better world: but the question is important, when you inquire, what are the deeds done in the

flesh by these men? I looked round, and found that the history of all I saw was blood and carnage,—in other words, war. The accidental circumstance of being placed in a situation to be killed by a fellow man was the boasted memorial of the perishable marble. When I said, all, there were three that required some skill to find, and who were exceptions to the general rule; Dr. Johnson, Sir Joshua Reynolds, and the great Howard,—he who first taught the world to separate captivity from cruelty—he who entered the loathsome dungeon for the purpose of dividing the weight due to the commission of particular crimes.

"From St. Paul's I paid a visit to Mr. ——, a man clinging to the idolatry of wealth, who has not, as I believe, many months to live.

"I journeyed homewards. This has been a day of events, all of which time prevents my detailing here. Adieu, &c.

"W. K."

Observations taken from a diary, dated Limmer's hotel:

"November 13th, 1830.

"I saw Northcote last night. He seemed very glad to see me. I told him I had been at Blenheim, and that I thought Sir Joshua Reynolds's picture of the Marlborough Family very fine.—'Yes,' said he, 'the execution of the picture is very fine; but I hate fantastic ideas in the composition of family pictures. I am as great an admirer of Sir Joshua as any one on earth; but if Titian had painted that picture, there would have been a solemn, dignified stillness; the sentiment would have all tended to one point, that is, connected with the parents, who ought to be the essence of everything in the picture; there would have been no child's play, which is all very well for a laughable caricaturist, but does not belong to the grand style. Sir Joshua excelled beyond all the painters that ever lived in expressing the feelings of social and domestic sentiment; that

wonderful briskness also, if I may so term it, conveyed by his pencil is quite marvellous: in short, there is something in his pictures which never appeared before.'

"Northcote then referred to that beautiful comparison of Sir Joshua's between a picture of Titian and the same subject by Rubens. He said that some of Rubens's finest pictures were at Blenheim; that Sarah Duchess of Marlborough was fond of pictures, and that presents of pictures were made to the Duke to please her.

"He then spoke of Raphael, his wonderful powers of mind, and that extraordinary capacity for ideal beauty. This he spoke of in reference to Sir Joshua's Holy Family. He said Sir Joshua's Virgin looked like a housemaid; whereas Titian's and Raphael's looked like what they ought to have been, something so dignified and beautiful as to appear supernatural. Nevertheless, Sir Joshua was a rare instance in this island: before him there was comparatively nothing.

"He then mentioned Lord Egremont's visit to him. He said he saw a great difference in his behaviour and in that of others of his order: the distance of aristocracy was quite thrown aside; there was no assumption. I begged to know what he meant by assumption. He said, 'I can hardly define it; but it is a sort of affectation of superiority,—as much as to say, You may come thus far, and no farther. However, in that respect I have been all my life a match for it, returning distance for distance.'

"I waited on the Duke of Wellington, and found his Grace glad to see me, and in good spirits. The ground he took on the subject of the Lord Mayor's dinner was, that he advised the King and Queen not to go, because the probability was that bloodshed would have happened in their presence.

"'In regard to myself,' he said, 'I had no desire to be massacred; which would

have happened. I would have gone, if the law had been equal to protect me; but that was not the case. Fifty dragoons on horseback would have done it; but that was a military force. If firing had begun, who could tell where it was to end? I know what street-firing is: one guilty person would fall, and ten innocent be destroyed. Would this have been wise or humane, for a little bravado, or that the country might not be alarmed for a day or two? It is all over now, and in another week or two will be forgotten.'

"I saw Wilkie. He is proceeding with John Knox. I took him a sketch of the old pulpit, made of stone, remaining in the angle of the court at Magdalene College, Oxford. He did not agree with Northcote's criticism of Sir Joshua's picture at Blenheim: he smiled, and said, 'That will not do.'

"Nov. 9th. — I came to town with Lord Vernon."

The following are extracts from a diary written about this period.

"My acquaintance with his late Majesty George the Fourth began thus:—

"The first interview I had with his Majesty was when he was Prince of Wales, on my return from Spain with Lord Wellesley. This must have been in the year 1811.

"The Prince had a lameness in his hand, arising from an accident in going to Oatlands, then the Duke of York's. Lord Wellesley recommended the Prince to see me. I saw his Royal Highness once; but as he was under the care of Home, Cline, and Sir Walter Farquhar, I had of course no opportunity of recommending anything; and indeed if I had, I should have found myself without a remedy for his complaint.

"When I entered the room, I knelt down and kissed his hand. Sir Thomas Tyrwhitt was in the room, but did not remain a minute.

"It struck me then that the Prince was very intelligent, with a mind easily roused to suspicion, but with a most fascinating complacency of manner. He inquired if I had been in India with Lord Wellesley; to which I replied no. I understood the praise bestowed on me on this occasion by his Royal Highness was, that I was the best-mannered medical man he had ever seen. This was told me by Sir Walter; and, being made known, did me no good, as it excited the jealousy of my medical brethren, who already supposed that my practice was beyond my deserts, and that at any rate it came too rapidly.

"I saw no more of the Prince till I was made his physician in ordinary in the year 1818, when I was presented. The Prince was then civil, spoke to me, and inquired for Lord Wellesley. The second time I went, he said nothing, and his countenance betrayed displeasure. This, I afterwards found, arose from his having been informed that I had spoken offensively of

him in regard to his conduct respecting the Princess of Wales. This was a falsehood, and, of course, carried to him to stop my progress at court."

The following letter is from the Rev. R. W. Jelf, the tutor of the Prince George of Cumberland. The feeling therein expressed is so gratifying to those who regard the memory of the departed, that it is inserted.

"St. James's Palace,
"February 14th, 1831.

"MY DEAR SIR WILLIAM,

"HAVING long wished to write to you, I cannot select a day more acceptable to my own feelings, nor more appropriate as respects you, than that which is the commemoration of that crisis upon which the life of my dearest Prince turned, and which your presence contributed so much to bring to a successful issue. I have always felt that, under Divine Providence,

you were one main instrument of what I cannot but call a miraculous recovery.

"How vividly present to my memory are all those days of uncertainty and suffering! I see you now still pacing your apartment at the Hôtel de Rome with that terrible symptom of agitation and departing hope: I hear your searching questions to the German physicians, which I had to interpret: the despair of the Duchess, the look and voice of the dear little sufferer himself, are all before me. And now, when I look upon his healthy round face, and his upright manly figure, and contrast them with the circumstances of feebleness and pain with which he was visited, how can I feel sufficiently grateful to the Preserver of our being?

"I assure you that I am not the only person in this house occupied with these overpowering recollections. The Duchess has just sent for me; and, after receiving me in the most gratifying manner, on learning that I was about to write to you,

she desired me to add her kindest regards, and her assurance that she never could forget your kindness and attention upon that occasion, nor the comfort which your presence afforded to us all. Prince George also sends you his best love, and his grateful thanks for the many proofs you have shown him of your affection."

CHAPTER XXVI.

Sir William undertakes a fresh Journey to Paris.—Extracts from his Journal.—Anecdote of the Landlady at Canterbury.—State of Paris after the Revolution of 1830.

EARLY in the year 1831 Sir William again went to France. A journal contains the following remarks.

"London, Feb. 28th, 1831.

"I THIS morning left London for Paris with ——. Travelled in the coach with two agreeable ladies, a mother and daughter. In quitting the place from whence the coach sets off, at the Quadrant, Regent-street, the mother shed tears: she appeared about forty, the daughter eighteen, very handsome, and very intelligent.

I found, in the course of the journey, that the mother had travelled much; she had resided at Madrid, she was well acquainted with Italy, knew Nice, and spoke kindly of La Croix. When we arrived at Sittingbourne, she had the comfort of seeing her eldest son, a lad of eighteen, preparing for Oxford with a private tutor. I could not help observing how little the feelings of the young man were excited on quitting his parent, but how eagerly the mother watched his last farewell. Perhaps this is too often the effect of that period of life, where all the passions are alive to present gratifications, and but little calculation is made on future consequences.

"We journeyed on to Dover. The night grew calm, although the day had been full of wind; the stars gave a cheerfulness to the firmament; and that beautiful interchange that we call twilight, in passing from day to night, was very agreeable. I could not help observing to my compa-

nions how often the casual circumstances of life gave minutes or hours of pleasure, when it was in vain to look for it in the usual and ordinary routine of our avocations. I told them of the beautiful thought of Humboldt, who, in looking at the moon in distant regions, felt a pleasure in supposing that those whom he most loved might also at the same moment be viewing the heavenly luminary. We then talked of religion. I mentioned what I had heard Lord —— propound, (but of course not mentioning his name,) that this planet was under the influence of three curses, — the curse of Adam, the curse of the Flood, and the curse of the confusion of tongues at the Tower of Babel—so that no two nations had the power of worshipping their Maker in the same language, the same habits, or the same manners and customs. This and like conversation brought us to Dover, where we separated. I caught a glimpse of them for a moment on the other side of the

water; and thus ended our first, and probably only acquaintance.

"I may as well mention an anecdote of the landlady of the inn at Canterbury. During the late election, a rocket was thrown into the doorway, where she was standing with others. It glanced by the waiter's ear, and then rested on the eye of the unhappy young person, the landlady. The rocket immediately burst, and completely destroyed the eye. She underwent great torture, and, in the hopes of being less disfigured, (for she was very handsome previously to the accident,) she resolved to have a glass eye put in, which she now wears; and the ladies told me, who saw her near, that there appeared nothing disagreeable or unpleasant in the appearance of this substitute. She has very fine black hair, and contrives that the curl shall pass down as a kind of shade, so as to suppress the glare of the composition of which the artificial eye is made.

"March 1.—We crossed the Channel.

the sea was rough; the passage was quick (two hours and a half), but very unpleasant. I was glad to find myself at the Hotel Bourbon.

"March 2nd.—We proceeded at nine in the morning in the coupé of the diligence for Paris; the fare for —— and myself three napoleons. We dined at Boulogne early in the day—one o'clock. The best diligence is that of Lafitte and Co. The one that we went by is called the opposition diligence, and is not so desirable, from the inferior accommodation on the road.

"Arrived at Paris on Thursday night, March 3, at half-past ten. We proceeded to the hotel of the Prince Regent, Rue St. Hyacinthe, St. Honoré. This hotel is kept by an Englishman and his wife, of the name of Piercey. It is tolerably comfortable. We have a sitting-room and two bed-rooms on the first floor, at eight francs per day. I was dreadfully tired, and suffering from a bad headache. Slept

well, and on Friday, March 4, got up refreshed.

"The revolution of July does not appear to have brought many pictures into the market; if they are good for anything, they are immediately bought up.

"Saturday, March 5th.—I paid my visit to Monsieur C——, and delivered Lord T——'s letter. The old gentleman entered into a conversation respecting the revolution of July. It seems evident that Charles the Tenth placed himself so completely under clerical influence, that he came to no decision on any proposition from his government without the advice or the approbation of the priesthood. This influence of the Jesuits extended to the domicile of every family: all their actions were watched through the medium of the female servants, who made their communications to the priest at the hour of confession. This secret agency gave rise to perpetual jealousies and suspicions. The object of the priests was to

get back the influence of days of old; in short that the church might govern the state, and make it subservient to its own purposes of aggrandizement. This Charles the Tenth might not have seen to this extent, or might not have understood the intentions of his church, which was not to serve him, but to serve itself. This machinery, or foolery, brought about the revolution which drove him from the throne.

"At present the change has produced nothing but poverty and starvation. The prosperity of the country is completely suspended; every man inquires what is to happen next, and no man can tell you. Mistrust and suspicion pervade every breast, and there is not one among the sober-minded citizens who does not desire to have things as they were previously to July, and regrets the experiment they have made.

"This present King is a good man, but, as I am told, is too good for a King. If

he had, in place of one of Buonaparte's fists, only the knuckle of his little finger, they say things would go on better. They mentioned an anecdote of him. One criminal only has suffered death since he has been elected King, and that was for the foul crime of having murdered his father and mother. The law of France requires, before such a criminal is put to death, that his hand should be struck off. The King of France always signs the death-warrant: but to do this, even for such a foul crime, the King was so affected that he almost went into fits; and when he did sign it, the compromise was, that the part of the sentence which related to the striking off the hand was not to be carried into execution.

"This certainly shows a feeling of high humanity, and a great tenderness of sensibility intimately blended with the best affections of the heart; but those qualities are not fitted to govern the revolutionary spirits of France. They say the son of

Louis Philip is very superior; that at his present age of twenty-one he seems to possess the understanding of forty. He attends the council constantly, and his observations are always sensible, and guided by sound judgment.

"If the French go to war, it is supposed they will begin by invading Italy. If that happens, there can be no doubt that the Allies will again reach Paris; but if the Allies interfere by invading France, then they will no doubt be expelled, and retire with half their numbers. The loss of the allied army in the late struggle was remarkably singular. I am told that there was scarcely a village in which they were quartered that twenty or thirty men were not privately made away with. The Allies also did not like the constant preaching of liberty that was infused into the minds of the officers and men by the French. In short, the state of the world is most awful, and the dispensations of the Almighty may be expected to assume a

new and terrible form. Men talk and reason as if what was proceeding arose from their own doings, and not from the intervention of a supernatural power, to punish that wickedness which so constantly pervades the earth, generation after generation. The tender mercies of God are no sooner bestowed than they are not only forgotten, but turned into derision for new purposes of wickedness.

"The French have, for the last century perhaps, been entirely without religion. At some periods during that interval they have avowed it, and got rid even of the external forms. At this moment they believe in nothing; but they are quite ready to adopt as a religion the Protestant faith, if the King will take the lead. This may be the road to the overturning of that idolatry so denounced from one end of the records of Scripture to the other.

"We dined each day at Very's. In looking round at the various counte-

nances, habits, and customs of those who enter at this particular hour to supply the demands of the body with food, one can almost, by a careful observance, become as it were acquainted with the characters and dispositions of the several individuals.

"An old man, thin, feeble, and altogether debilitated, almost worn out with previous care or present troubles, or his constitution subdued and overcome by a long life of sensuality, is now obliged to look over the bill of fare with scrupulous exactness, that he may be watchful not to give his stomach that which may embarrass or destroy the few remaining months of life.

"The gay coxcomb, on the other hand, enters with that *sang froid* which marks the absence of all reflection, save what applies to his thick head of hair, through which his fingers are perpetually passing, whilst the mustachio undergoes a twirl implying great satisfaction with himself. All that is taken to supply the wants

of his frame is used under the same vain influence, and everything bespeaks a mind entirely separated from everything but that which relates to self.

"There is a third kind of person to be found in middle age, who looks to his hour of dinner as the great recreation of life. He eyes the bill of fare with that delight which belongs to transient joy and pleasure. He falls to with avidity, enjoys the momentary sensations of taste, fills his glass, looks at the grateful liquor with an eye that marks his abundant satisfaction, and, when all is finished, seems sorry that the beginning should ever have an end.

"Another sort of individual is to be found in this strange repository of eating and drinking. I mean the young gentleman and his youthful bride, or the beloved object of his attentions; terms that signify pretty much the same thing. You here see the sensibilities of the best part of our nature. A tenderness is observed

towards each other which makes them forget everything by which they are surrounded. The greatest delicacies of food are never thought of; they select what first occurs, and only think of each other, and not of the repast.

"I will describe another character I have observed under the circumstances I have just been mentioning, and that is one who, having seen better days, comes here for a supply of food. Such a being selects the cheapest morsel that will give him the necessary supply for the day, and with a quiet, melancholy air takes his departure, neither heated with food nor charmed with the solace of his necessary meal.

"Sunday, March 6th. — I passed Mr. Lewis Way's chapel and his hotel Marbœuf. People were entering the church; and against the door was announced the publication of a little tract called 'The Pharisee and Publican,' and a printed paper advertising the appearance of a pe-

riodical publication on the 1st of April, called 'The Watchman.'

"It seldom happens that the pursuits of life can continue long prosperous where the excitement of any particular fancy is carried to such an excess as to give it the character and consequences of an extreme point. It is an old adage, but a true one, that all extremes are bad. This may be best understood by observing the result of a sober straight-forward pursuit in any object that you may desire to attain. Under such circumstances, your conduct is not carried away by any of the extravagances of knowledge, or any attempt to destroy the sober reason of your understanding by those refinements that can have no reality, and only rest in an imagination that seems to be without the power of controlling itself.

"In the evening of this day we had a sufficient opportunity of observing how much more effectual the quiet, (and if you please so to term it,) cold religion

of the Protestant is in conducting the thoughts and actions of men through the proper contemplation of the Sabbath, compared with the superficial worship of the Roman Catholic church.

"Monday, 7th March.—I this day began by calling on Monsieur Henry, whom I found labouring under a severe lumbago. We had this morning the opportunity of seeing Erard's collection of pictures, which are for sale in the month of May. Some of them are magnificent, and all indeed may be considered of the higher class of art of the different masters. We this day dined a second time at the Trois Freres. This place is very inferior to Very's.

"March 8th.—We visited the Chamber of Deputies. This is effected by purchasing of some fellow about the door a ticket of admission: we gave five francs for two; the man first demanded six. It is a large hall, with galleries all around, lighted from above, and hung round with green cloth. The president sits at a sort of

high desk in the centre of the right as you enter, and when he calls the house to order, which is almost every ten minutes, it is by ringing a hand-bell, which much resembles that of a common crier used in the country towns of England. Upon the whole, in point of decency of appearance, the mass of Deputies exceeded my expectations. When any man wishes to address the house, he mounts the tribune, a sort of clergyman's reading-desk, placed almost below the president. Every man is uncovered, and the whole in appearance has a much more decent aspect than the English House of Commons. When the Deputies assent, they all rise in a body.

"We remained an hour after the proceedings began; but after we left the house, some member announced the failure of the Poles in the battle fought against the Russians. This has produced in Paris a very melancholy impression; because they consider that the Poles are

fighting, as it were, for the sake of France. Such is the enthusiasm used respecting the unmeaning word liberty; — a word that they now adopt in conjunction with the memory of Napoleon, when nothing but arbitrary power enabled him to govern and keep the mass of the French people quiet. In short, what the French annually require is excitement, applied through the medium of their unceasing vanity. What I understand the sober part dread is, war with the continental powers; for then they apprehend every species of intrigue and internal convulsion among themselves. I must confess that I myself had calculated upon the direct reverse of this proposition.

" Wednesday, March 9th. — We yesterday passed into several shops containing pictures, and there we could trace the danger that ignorant Englishmen must be exposed to in buying pictures. It requires great practice and much intuitive knowledge, as it were, to become intimately

acquainted with the true touch of the old masters.

"Thursday, March 10th. — We began this day by going to the French Police-office for our passport, and from thence we proceeded to a flower-shop, for the purpose of getting a few flower-seeds, for which we paid seven francs. We were engaged to be with Monsieur Henry at twelve o'clock; and, in traversing the narrow streets that lead to the Porte St. Martin, we could not help observing the immense population crowded together, ready for any mischief, their countenances denoting a savage barbarity, with the absence of all that retiring expression so strongly marking a restraint of conduct, founded upon those principles which answer to conscience and religion. It was some feast connected with, I believe, the washerwomen and butchers. It is impossible to describe the fiend-like hilarity of those dressed up on this occasion, without shud-

dering with horror at what would happen if the power of controlling such lawless crowds was to be lost only for a week.

"To come to more delightful contemplations, we arrived at Monsieur Henry's, and had the delight of seeing my sketch by Rubens in a frame. It is a beautiful composition, and shows how exquisite the first touches of this powerful master were when carefully made. The tone of colouring throughout is so displayed by various folds of drapery, that nothing can exceed it. We proceeded again with Monsieur Henry to the Bois de Boulogne, to the gallery of Erard.

"Monsieur Henry's knowledge yesterday quite surprised me as to the detection of the different points in which the pictures were either not true or had been re-touched. I am satisfied that this power can only be acquired by great application, and almost daily experience, and added to this a gift, or what may perhaps be more

properly termed a decided propensity towards this particular contemplation of art. We saw, after our return, a beautiful picture exquisitely painted, called a Raphael, but which Monsieur Henry says is by François, who was a contemporary of Raphael. After one's mind was directed to this, it was easy to trace in one's imagination the difference of the two masters. It was not Raphael, but nearly so. This distinction is very evident to the highly-cultivated mind in pictures, but not so to those who have yet to acquire the exquisite perception to which I allude. In short, there is no language by which these beautiful distinctions are to be made out. There is a copy from Rubens that is called Rubens', in Erard's gallery. Monsieur Henry pointed out to me the servile and laboured touch of the copier, that marked it was not the original of the master. All was labour and littleness; and that touch which Richardson calls a happiness, and not care, was nowhere to be found.

"The contemplation of a fine picture conveys to my mind a degree of holy feeling, as it were, that I cannot define; and, as I live in the society and domestic familiarity with the picture, all that the painter intended to convey gradually grows upon me. It is a sort of daily conversation with the painter, who has slept in his grave perhaps for centuries, by which the great man's mind is unfolded, until at length it seems to me that I have the power of thinking as he thought, and deriving intellectual resources of a new and high description. The ideal beauty of Raphael does not depend on a beautifully-painted face: you must look for that almost supernatural thought conveyed through the medium of what is termed expression.

"We returned home late at night. The French people seemed angry throughout the day that the Poles had been beaten; and, with that readiness for excitement to which they are so prone, were glad to

make a tumult in the evening, which they did by breaking the Russian ambassador's windows.

"Friday, 11th March.—We had this day the satisfaction of seeing Monsieur Valdo's pictures on the Boulevards. He is a stock-broker. He has a very fine but small collection of the Dutch school, several Teniers of the most magnificent description, and, above all, he has Sir Joshua's picture of Samuel kneeling. This exquisite painting, for tone of colouring, for the expression of mind, is almost supernatural: it looked magnificently. He had a beautiful Paul Potter, and several other exquisite specimens, amongst which was the original of my copy of the Magdalene, or, in other words, a female kneeling in the attitude of prayer, several Berghems, beautiful, and a Carl du Jardin. In short, every picture in his small collection is of the first description.

"After leaving this, I could not help reflecting how little the Dutch school

gave you the opportunity of carrying away in your 'mind's eye.' When you view the exquisite touches of those masters as you stand before their pictures, you are overpowered with delight; you had been surprised with the power of Paul Potter in transferring his cattle to the canvass; you are filled with admiration in observing the delightful transparency in the colouring of Berghem; you are overcome with enchantment at the rich, indescribable touch of Carl du Jardin, and equally so with Adrien Vandervelde; but contemplate the pictures of Titian, the Caracci, Leonardo da Vinci, Correggio, Raphael, and masters of that class,—with what particular feelings do those inspire the educated mind—I mean the mind educated to the true feeling of contemplating works of art,—that nicety of perception which tells you what the powers of the painter's mind were,—that almost supernatural thought which instructs you, under that movement of

the imagination which separates you, as it were, from the grovelling habits of this planetary system, by which, for the most part, all your pursuits and actions are influenced.

"This day was wet, cold, and gloomy. In the evening we made a few insignificant purchases, and then retired to our inn.

"Saturday, March 12th.—I went to the prefect of the police myself for the purpose of observing the details used in obtaining the passport. You walk through a long room, in which fifty persons perhaps, miserable objects, are waiting for passports to go from one part of the country to the other. Having presented my passport at the head of the room, the clerk wrote the number only; it was then passed to the next desk, when another man wrote all the details, such as my rank, and that the passport had been viewed by the English ambassador. I was then ordered to hand it to a man who seemed to be the head

of the department, who put his name to what the last man had written. Fourthly and lastly, I took it to another desk, where it was stamped. By this process four persons are witnesses to the examining of a passport, which is, I suppose, intended as a security against fraud.

"In observing the French character, there sometimes appears to be a greater degree of mutual honesty betwixt man and man than belongs to the English character. The failure of the French is vanity, which removes all solidity of judgment, and separates the mind entirely from that which is real, and leaves it to indulge in that which is visionary. But they are clever, intelligent, quick, and ingenious. As soldiers, they are lively, active, and regardless of danger. They have the power of detecting the capacity of their leader; and if he has their confidence, he may rely on their fidelity.

"We visited several of the courts of justice. There is less of dignity observed

than in ours, but not less of formality. The client sits by the advocate who argues his case.

" We passed through the flower-market, which is beautiful. How delightful did this pure and beautiful emblem of Nature look, in comparing it with the mass of filth with which the streets of Paris are crowded! The soil of France seems very favourable to the beautiful colours of nature. I could not help observing that the common primrose had more of beauty in its colours than ours.

" Sunday, March 14th. — In walking through the different streets of Paris this day, we remarked that the crowd was immense. It seemed as if the whole of Paris had come out of the houses. The varied countenances were animated, and free from the expression of restraint. The shops were open; all religion, and even the ceremonies, have vanished: there is nothing left to remind them of their God. It was the whole day the same. We went into

one church—it was desolate. A few old women entered to say their prayers, which lasted but a few minutes.

"In passing through the Tuileries this morning, a little before twelve, the place was crowded. There was a grand parade of troops that had arrived in the course of the morning from Vincennes, where Prince Polignac and others had lately been confined. The distance is five miles, and they must have left early for the purpose of this parade. The Duke de Chartres, we were told, was present; but I felt no interest, and walked on the other side of the Seine, for the purpose of changing the glass of my spectacles, which I now find necessary, so rapidly does my sight fail. I trust the Almighty will give renewed strength to my mind, by means of grace of his holy spirit, as this earthly tabernacle falls to decay. They say the glass of Germany, whence the opticians get their glass, is better than is prepared in other countries. This may be true, as it

depends on the laboured care of grinding the glass, which is more likely to be done properly by the careful, laborious, and industrious German.

"We dined this day at Grignon's: it is by far the best place. There are three coffee-rooms. They were all full. We were amused by the insolent pretensions of a young coxcomb who entered to dine. Two very dignified superior old Frenchmen sat next to us. Each moment bespoke the long-continued habits of the old school, whilst the new pretender carried nothing but disgust to the mind, not only from what he did, but, as might be conjectured from his countenance, evidently from what he thought. He had a 'decoration' (if decoration that can be called, which ought to imply something connected with merit). He was constantly passing his fingers through his hair, in order that it might lose nothing of the brilliance of its quality, and the self-satisfied air, after the aforesaid operation, gave the

distinguishing characteristic expression of this poor wretch's mind. Added to this, he hawked and spat every five minutes, to the disgust and contempt of all around."

CHAPTER XXVII.

Sir William invited to dine with the Knights of the Guelphic Order.—Undertakes a fresh Journey to Paris —Diary of the Journey, and Observations on the state of Paris.—Return.—Conversation with Sir Walter Scott.

Sir William was present in March, 1831, at the dinner given by William the Fourth to the Knights of the Guelphic Order. It was the first time he had had the honour of personally meeting many of the distinguished characters with whom, from the important situation in which Sir William was placed with the late King, he had had frequent and confidential communication; and he had as much reason to be as fully gratified as his just appreciation and experience of the value of

such attentions would allow. He was particularly noticed by his Majesty, received the most friendly greeting from the noble guests, and what he dwelt on with peculiar satisfaction was, the extreme respect and attention of the servants at the dinner; to use his own words, "they seemed to vie with each other who should bring me the most acceptable delicacies. It was so remarkable, that it did not escape the observation of those who were near me."

Early in September, it will be seen from the subjoined remarks, Sir William went again to Paris; and the journeying at his leisure, with the comfort of being accompanied by an attached relative, and with a mind free from care and anxiety, had apparently a beneficial effect on his constitution; the nervous system was strengthened, and there were times of such renovated health, as revived the hope in his family and friends that the symptoms of a disease which he himself so fully believed was of the heart, arose from de-

rangement of the digestive organs, or from some other less dangerous cause.

"Sept. 14th, 1831.

"—— and myself left the Tower-stairs at five in the morning for Calais. There was but little sea; but the sensation produced by the paddles made me very uncomfortable. We reached Calais in eleven hours.

"A young person of twenty-nine was placed under my care by her brother, who begged the favour of me to lend her any assistance she might require, having no friend on board. It is curious to observe how particular situations establish a confidence by momentary impulse, as it were, which, in other circumstances, would not for a moment be thought of. Had this young woman been in the street, and had the brother been called from her by any particular business, he would not for a moment have thought of addressing a stranger to take care of his sister, nor

would she have had the courage to accept it. She was intelligent, but not handsome. The object of her expedition to France was to visit a schoolfellow at St. Omer, with whom she had constantly corresponded since the year 1818. Her friend was married, and they had never met since they had parted from their school.

" The passengers on board were all of a decent description. One young man was very interesting. He had been a short time in India, and was obliged to return on account of health. He was now about to visit the south of France, principally for the purpose of acquiring the language and living cheaply. There was a degree of despondency in his countenance and manner, that gave one a certain assurance of much underthought, and contemplation of ultimate results. There was also a country esquire on board, wearing the insignia of his order on his button, that of a hunter in full speed. He was on his travels with his wife and three daughters,

not yet grown up, but very elegant children; and the wife sensible, intelligent, and with an interesting cast of countenance, without being handsome—quite a gentlewoman; and I could see that the whole intellectual part of the family management rested upon her, without its appearing to the husband that she ever interfered.

"Arrived at Paris in the evening.

"Saturday, 17th.—This day opened with some confusion, in consequence of crowds of people assembling in the principal streets, more especially in the Rue de la Paix, Place Vendome, the Boulevards, and Palais Royal.

"In the Rue de la Paix, the mob, with not more than thirty leaders, made Casimir Perier and Sebastiani alight from their carriages and explain why the brave Poles had not been assisted; for this is now the pretext under which the Jacobinical brawl is raised. The ministers, after an harangue, were permitted to re-enter their

carriages ; but, on getting away from the mob, they called out the troops. The streets in the Palais Royal were filled with the National Guards and troops of the line, and regiments of horse patrolled the streets up to a late hour in the night. There was no firing, and up to this time the affair has ended with a sabre cut or two.

" It was impossible not to observe, from this day, how easily the Parisians appear to be quieted by the presence of troops. They shut up their shops in peaceful submission, and to us seem to care no farther about the concern. It was vain to inquire what this meant ; the only answer was a shrug of the shoulders, and that they believed it was about the Polonaise. The truth is, the mobs of Paris, which are always led on by thirty or forty young men, principally students, or speculators in the Stock Exchange, require a schoolmaster at their heels. The by-word is, that the people require this or that ; whereas the

mass of the population neither care nor know anything about the matter.

"France can never be governed without military power; and whoever has fairly possession of the army will always govern the country. This kingdom is only fitted for an absolute monarchy, and that of course, through the agency of military power. It should have no other freedom, because it tends only to unsettle, by their tumults, the peace of other states throughout Europe. It is particularly unfortunate for England, because, by our contiguity, we are almost, as it were, one family, and the interests of both are so intimately joined, that what one thinks and does, the other will do, and thus is the infection of discontent generated. We English copy all their fashions, all their habits, and all their fooleries; and every boarding-school miss, from the baker's daughter upwards, must now know the French language, and the boarding-schools, from one end of France to the other, are full of English

girls and boys for the purpose of education.

"The Parisians are always delighted with any movement that begets idleness. This was observable yesterday: in the evening every one appeared in the street, and every one was gay, without knowing why or wherefore, for they had nothing before them to produce either pleasure at the moment, or that could give assurance as to the future.

"Sunday, 18th. — This day has again been one of riot and confusion. I do not know what the mobs usually are at Paris, but this did not appear to me to be very formidable; a small detachment of soldiers seemed to drive numbers before them. It is difficult to understand what they wish or require: war, idleness, and confusion, seem to be their momentary objects. Many hot-headed young men, in reading the history of times past, desire to become heroes in their turn, and to derive this benefit from the effect of re-

volution. The women seemed to be foremost in the mob yesterday, and to derive great pleasure from the excitement.

"We dined at Grignon's, and were well pleased with our dinner, both for comfort and cheapness.

"Monday, 19th. — This city has again been in great confusion; large detachments of military are to be seen in all directions, and dense assemblages of people are collected. From what I observed, however, in the evening, I suspect that the present day will see the termination of this state of agitation. These disorders must produce want and beggary in this capital. It is curious to observe how little the contemplation of the future affects the generality of people.

"Tuesday, 20th. — Dined at Grignon's, one of the best restaurateurs in Paris; the company good. Near us was a deaf gentleman, about sixty, and apparently a newly-married wife of about forty. It was curious to see how the habits of their past

lives appeared to be engrafted upon all their movements and thoughts. The old bachelor visible in him, the old maid exemplified in her; each of them most disagreeably attentive to the other, whilst a man of observation could perceive they were only thinking of themselves. This arises from their having no offspring: there is something produced by Providence in the tender parental feeling and sympathy, which obliterates that extreme selfishness. 'My dear,' said the old bachelor, 'won't you take a glass of the liqueur?' 'No, indeed, my dear, I cannot; and I will tell you why another time.' 'You must,' (he drinking quietly all the time.) 'I cannot,' (stuffing something at the same moment into her mouth.) The intonations of her naturally shrill voice were much increased by the want of modulation occasioned by the husband's deafness.

"It is very remarkable, in dining at a place of this kind, to observe how very

superior the manners of the French women are to those, generally, of English women. The grace with which they take their seat, and their gentle mode of addressing their companions, are particularly striking.

"Friday, 23rd.—Left Paris on our return to town."

There are not many letters about this period which would excite any interest, as Sir William was very little absent from his family. The following one is to his son.

"Blendworth.

"I MADE my journey safely, and found all well, particularly dearest M. It seems weeks, instead of days, since we parted, so much do I miss you; but my comfort is that you are most carefully employed in your present avocation. There can be no doubt that any man who can arrive at excellence in this or any other branch of art, so as to chain and rivet the attention of his fellow men, places himself, as this

world is concerned, in a high and commanding station. Great application, added to the desire of a virtuous and prudent life, will overcome most difficulties. This is a great comfort to contemplate, when difficulties of real magnitude appear before you.

"I heard Paganini: he is marvellous. You are right in saying that he is a Michael Angelo in his way.

"Ever yours, &c.

"W. K."

"October 3rd, 1831. — I this morning paid a visit to Sir Walter Scott, at his son-in-law's, Mr. Lockhart's, Sussex Place, Regent's Park. Sir Walter was come to town to proceed to Italy for the benefit of his health, the detail of which I shall give. Some months since, the daughter of a Scotch clergyman called upon him to receive his opinion on a work that she was desirous of publishing. He was obliged to tell her the

truth, that the work was unworthy of being printed; but he found, on conversing with the young lady, that, instead of expressing what he intended to say, he uttered nothing but nonsense. Sir Walter was conscious of this, and immediately went to his daughter to make known his situation. His medical attendant immediately had him cupped, with all other remedies usually resorted to for seizures of the head. The query is when this mischief of the brain occurred: was it during this conversation, or from some previous seizure, of which he was unconscious? I say unconscious, because it might not have been evident to himself or his family, for it might have happened in his sleep. Since that time, however, he has had two or three distinct seizures, which produced an unconsciousness of four or five months, during which period the intellectual faculty was quite suspended.

"I observed him much changed. He was considerably thinner; his countenance

expressed doubt and dejection. By doubt, I mean a consciousness of his decay of intellect, and which was evidently accompanied by a mistrust of his own powers even in conversational intercourse. When he laughed it was excessive: I cannot say whether this was his natural habit.

"He talked to me of George the Fourth, of whom he was very fond. He spoke of his intellectual faculty, which he considered of a high order. He said his exalted and good breeding bespoke nothing but kindness and benevolence: but he also observed, that when he was roused every inch of him was a King. He said that, when he went to his Majesty's levee, when he came up to him he was about to kneel, which, on account of his infirmity of lameness, was inconvenient. The King immediately said, 'My dear Walter, don't kneel; I am delighted to see you without that inconvenience.' Sir Walter saw that Lord ——— was to follow to present some address, and he was

curious to observe the change of manner which followed; and he said everything was expressed by the body being drawn up quite erect, by which, and the turn of the head, everything was conveyed that could imply kingly contempt. He then said that Lord —— observed, 'I deserved this, for I ought not to have placed myself in such a situation.'

"Sir Walter said that a good account of George the Fourth's political reign would be very useful and amusing; but it must be engrafted on some previous account of what happened in the reign of George the Third. He then said, in a sort of ejaculation, 'The world is a sad wilderness!' He told me that he expected much amusement from Malta, and seemed to enjoy the thoughts of some chivalrous tales relating to the ancient order of the Knights of Malta. He said, moreover, he should meet Lady Northampton at Naples, who was originally a ward of his. He mentioned with delight

the following anecdote, as an instance of her playful cleverness. 'When she was about to be married,' said he, 'I thought it necessary to write to her on the subject of pecuniary matters, and as to what settlement was to be made for the benefit of younger children, &c.; upon which she answered me by reminding me of a story that I had told her many years before:— A poor man in Scotland was about to be executed, and when the procession reached the gallows, those about him said, 'Now we will sing any hymn or psalm that you may have a fancy to.' Upon which he replied, 'Sing what you please; I shall not meddle in those matters.' Sir Walter laughed heartily at the conclusion of his story.

"He related also that Lord Melville told him, in allusion to Sir William Grant's taciturnity, that Mr. Pitt and himself once decided, in order to make Grant talk, to remain quite silent, and only to pass the bottle quickly. This had the effect; their

silence, with the assistance of the bottle, made him talk freely.

"Sir Walter is fond of a few glasses of wine: his favourite wine is Champagne. He thanked me much for coming to see him. I took leave of him with regret, and never expect to see him again."

CHAPTER XXVIII.

Letters from Sir William to Lady Knighton.—Sir William undertakes a fresh Journey to Paris.—The old Gentleman and the French Courier.—Extracts from Family Letters.

THE following letter relates to the death of a very amiable person, who committed suicide when under the influence of insanity, and which (as is too often the case) was most ignorantly attributed to religion.

"I thank you for your kind and interesting letter. It never entered into my head to believe that the afflicting malady which destroyed poor —— had its origin either in the exercise of religious duties or in religious contemplations.

"He was born, unhappily, with a constitution which gave him the hereditary materials, whatever they may be, and which fitted him at any moment for that which ultimately happened.

"I hope his poor wife's confinement will be safe; miserable it must be; but that belongs to this world.

"Believe me,

"Yours, &c.

"W. K."

TO LADY KNIGHTON.

"London, Oct. 14, 1832.

"Dear William, as I mentioned yesterday, left me at two o'clock for Oxford. You may suppose how dreary I feel without him. I imagine his stay at Ch: Ch: will be about six weeks. I shall be glad to see you all again after this long absence. This town, although quiet and tranquil at present, is in a curious state; every shop is shut as if it were Sunday,

and in some instances perhaps more scrupulously. I believe there is scarcely a tradesman, journeyman mechanic, or a labourer in any of the warehouses that has not this day left his home and employment.

"It requires very little knowledge and foresight to tell that this cannot mean reform; that is, to have the power of voting for a representative to be returned to Parliament. No; it means riot and revolution: because the necessary consequence would be to give them an easy chance of getting (as they suppose) something in the confusion; whereas the other concern would be worse than nothing. This they well know; for the blessings of too much education have placed them quite beyond their once happy sphere of life. The Duke of Newcastle's castle at Nottingham was burnt down yesterday, and several other important places in Derbyshire. Such is the present state of this once happy country."

In November, Sir William went to visit his friend the Bishop of ——, who was dangerously ill, and remained until his Lordship was recovering. His last letter from thence says,

"Thank God I am enabled to give an improved account of the dear good Bishop. The night has been passed with much refreshing sleep, &c., and everything looks favourable. As soon as I can leave him with comfort to his feelings and my own, I shall do so. This has been a very painful anxiety; but to observe the movements of a family swayed and awed only by religious feelings is truly refreshing, and puts, with scarcely an effort, all the fooleries of the world in the background.

"This is a very agreeable residence; for although it has the breadth of a castle, yet there is no room that you cannot live in with comfort. The view from the castle is singular, and in some respects reminds

me of Osnaburgh, where I slept with the King in our way to Hanover, and whence I saw from my bed-room the Westphalian mountains.

"I was delighted to see dear W. Every time I see him he brings to my view some new improvement of mind and conduct. God grant him health and peace in this life, and a happy eternity when the awful hour arrives!

"Ever yours, &c.

"W. K."

Occasional travelling was thought likely to be beneficial to Sir William's health, and in January he again went to Paris, accompanied by his son. There was nothing unusual in the journey, except the acquisition of a hint to the sufferers from sea-sickness, which is thus related.

"We had not many passengers, but among them below stairs, opposite to me, was an old gentleman with his courier,

dressed out in new gold lace, who came down to see how he was. 'How you do, sare?' he inquired.—'My head is too low.' —'Here is my trouser, which I will poke under your head, sare.—Be so good as not lie on left side, sare.'—'Why?'—'Because, Monsieur, your heart is on left side, and you more ready to vomit.'—'Poh, poh!'—'It is quite true, sare, I do assure you. I can speak from former times, from my own experience.' This being settled, Monsieur le Courier began to make himself comfortable by arranging himself on the opposite couch."

Extracts from family letters

TO LADY KNIGHTON.

"Paris, 12th January, 1832.

"I SHOULD have written sooner, but I was anxious to settle dear William in his studio. He commences to-morrow. . . .

"I propose to remain ten days, and then proceed homewards. Paris looks desolate: there are no nobility here, and you scarcely see a splendid equipage. So much for revolutions! I wish we may take a lesson from the folly of these Parisians.

"We have been every day at the Louvre, which William has enjoyed much. The weather is damp and mild: we hear nothing here of the cholera: the French seem to have forgotten it. There are no books, nor any information on the subject."

"Paris, 20th January, 1832.

"I MUST begin by wishing you many happy returns of this day, it being our dear William's birthday. He sets off early every morning for his studio.... I at present propose leaving this on Tuesday morning next; and if so, I shall cross either to Dover, or at once to London, on Thursday morning. It is very painful to

me quitting dear William; but I hope he will be protected and preserved to us. He is indefatigable in his application. He meets me at the Louvre this afternoon, for the purpose of seeing the part appropriated to the Italian school, which has been shut up since our arrival, in consequence of a large ball given by the King.

"Mrs. —— has gone on well since her confinement. We continue very comfortably with ——. We attend their prayers every night. Mr. ——, the clergyman and tutor, always reads a chapter, and expounds. I have no objection to this; quite the contrary; such habits are useful in keeping one's thoughts above the dross of the world.

"I saw the French King walking in the streets yesterday. The people seemed scarcely to recognize him as he passed. He looked worn, and I think older than he ought for his years.

"Give my best affections to my beloved children, not forgetting our dearest little

grandchild, and kindest regards to all around you.

"Ever yours, &c.

"W. K."

"Paris, 24th Jan. 1832.

"I WROTE to you on Friday, stating that I proposed, God permitting, to quit Paris on this day; but on Friday night I was suddenly seized with a violent cold. On Saturday and Sunday I was indeed very ill; but yesterday I grew better, and to-day I left the Hotel de Londres, and came with dear William to his little lodgings, the woman of the house having provided me with a bed, so that I do not intend leaving this for a day or two yet to come.

"We had the comfort of receiving your letter yesterday. The fogs in Paris during the last week have been much worse than what are witnessed in London at this season of the year. They are by no means favourable to health. I thank God dear

William is well, and proceeding most favourably in his studies.

"—— and Mrs. —— are quite well. Little William, the King's godson, is very beautiful, and, our William says, has a very remarkable head. The cholera has not appeared here: and the French seem to have no dread of it; in short, they think but little.

"I am inclined to think that poverty begins to pinch the tradespeople wofully. In short, as I said in a former letter, Paris seems quite an altered place when once you analyze it and look closely into it. The world is unquestionably in a strange state; and depend upon it the next few years will show 'a tide in the affairs of mankind' that the inhabitants of this planet have never before witnessed.

"William gives the following account of his studio. 'It consists of very polite republican blackguards, who made me an apology for any abuse I might hear of England and the English, saying, that

though as a nation they were not generally liked by the French, yet the individuals among the English were generally amiable enough. I thanked them for their politeness, and assured them that no abuse of the English which came from them would have the slightest effect on me. They are, however, on acquaintance, good sort of barbarians enough, and perfectly obliging in giving their advice with respect to one's drawing, which is useful, as many are competent to assist.' "

"Paris, Jan. 26, 1832.

"I WRITE, in the name of dear William, to thank you all with his best and warmest love for your kind and affectionate letter written on Friday last, which we had the pleasure of receiving this morning. I do assure you that our hearts were with you on that day, and we often wished many things in talking about you. My cold is now nearly well, and I am moving about as usual, although I feel as

weak as if I had been confined to my bed a month.

"I propose to leave this on Monday next; but I shall look forward soon to return, I hope accompanied by you. This delay has given me the comfort of seeing dear William happily settled in his new habitation.

"I will transcribe from my journal my thoughts on entering this abode, that you may understand it. January 24th. — I have this morning entered the little lodging with dear William, and feel truly happy to have left the large rooms of the Hotel de Londres, where one pays the utmost for everything. In this little place one knows that the wants of the day are supplied at a moderate rate, and everything teaches humility, and that contentment which implies the peace of God, which is something very different to the happiness so usually expected to be derived from the world. My little chamber is clean; the floor is laid with red tiles

well waxed, so that it has a glassy surface, and gives one the consequent disposition every now and then to a feeling of unsafe footing. But that is nothing. It reminds one, indeed, of the dangerous footsteps attendant on this life, and how often we lose our balance, and even fall, where the ground we tread upon seems quite secure, and free from that ruggedness which might give warning of an uncertain and insecure path.

"My bed is in the midst of this little room, looking clean, and having the appearance of comfort. What more can I desire? The lady of the house is kind and obliging, very glad to have us here, because it is her little all—her livelihood. She is, I suppose, a widow, about fifty, very intelligent, and apparently industrious.

"I have since Friday been very ill. On Saturday and Sunday I had much fever; to-day, I thank God, I am better. I feel aged both in mind and body, although I

have only completed my fifty-fifth year on the 5th of this month. I well know that the age of man will prematurely fall upon me; I must therefore endeavour to strengthen myself in grace, and pray for the influence of the Holy Spirit, that my repentance may be made acceptable to God, through the merits of Jesus Christ our Saviour, before the hour of the death-bed arrives. God grant that I may be assisted by his grace, which enables the Christian to pray in spirit and in truth. I hope now to live with God. The vacuity of time which should be occupied in this life it is difficult to fill satisfactorily.

"It seems to me dear William has fixed on an occupation at once innocent and intellectual. It does no harm, if properly employed, to the morals of human nature; it elevates and offers a solace to those whose affections are pure, and free from that malicious tendency which only seems to produce unhappiness within their own bosoms, and to afflict and wound others.

"Wednesday, 25th.—This little lodging, with which I am still very content, serves to show how little is required to sustain one 'in a calm, modest, comfortable independence.' And, after all, this is the most desirable station to hold in this weary pilgrimage of life. A man, by his own exertions, (for merit surely belongs to no one,) may have the power of forcing himself into wealth, and hence the means of living luxuriously. But what does it bring him beyond cares, and even the dissatisfaction of his neighbours? Let him return to the place of his birth, and if there be any yet alive who formerly knew him, they bestow on him no admiration, no feelings of friendship. They silently mutter, 'a fortunate man,' in a tone evidently implying that they consider themselves much more worthy of the worldly prosperity that he now enjoys.

"I have been reading some account of Richardson, Fielding, Le Sage, De Foe, Smollett, Sterne, Goldsmith, &c. I con-

sider De Foe the most extraordinary amongst the whole list, as possessing greater originality of thought, with a surprising force of understanding. On the approach of age, the decay of the finer powers of observation, as well as of expression, begins to show the hand of time. It is supposed, in the melancholy days of bodily decline from age, that the atmosphere has a great effect on the then feeble intellectual faculty; that at noon, and when the sun shines the brightest, the mind is evidently influenced by this heavenly luminary; that when the sun declines, the light of the intellect seems to go down with it. This was certainly the case with Le Sage.

"Friday, 27th.—In passing a church this morning, being hung with black, I went in for the purpose of being present at a funeral dirge, or mass for the dead. The coffin was placed in the choir, close to the altar. They were singing when I entered. The whole of this ceremony seems so inconsis-

tent with that religious influence connected with the heart of man, that it is impossible to imagine how it can be received as an atonement for a sinful life.

"Madame de Staël lived, and may be said to have died, in the belief that revolutions were effected, and countries governed, by a succession of clever pamphlets. This is very near the truth. The powerful newspapers of the day, with what is called the leading article, are nothing more than a succession of clever pamphlets. It is said that three newspapers in France effected the revolution of July 1830.

"It is curious to observe, under some circumstances, how ready and willing the mind is to reason from false premises; it passes by all natural causes, and seems to dwell only, if one may so express it, upon the most improbable consequences. On returning from viewing the carpet manufactory this morning, we desired dear William to precede us for the purpose of

ordering breakfast. We missed our way, but at length found our hotel; no William had arrived, however. It was full twenty minutes before he came. During this interval, such was the state of my nerves, that I could not persuade myself I should ever see him again. There was no horror I did not imagine, and no evil I did not anticipate. There are certain feelings and certain things one can only intimate, not write."

CHAPTER XXIX.

Sir William's great interest in his Son's progress in painting.—Letters to his Family.—His trip to Paris prevented by the appearance of the cholera in that capital.

THE interest which Sir William took in his son's progress in the pictorial art will be evidenced in the following extracts from letters addressed to him.

"I HAD the comfort of your letter this morning, which, as usual, gave me the greatest pleasure. You tell me you are obliged to cudgel your brains to give a different turn to your letters, as one week is so exactly like another, that you have nothing new connected with the arts to communicate.

"This might be obviated, if you would only give five minutes (quite enough) from

day to day, and put down every thought, feeling, or occurrence, for every little bit is interesting to me. But your letters are always interesting to me, and I only mention this suggestion to prevent you from feeling that it is a penalty to write once a week. Alas! my dear William, time passes with such rapid strides, that we shall soon, too soon, be separated from this mutual enjoyment.

"I must begin by telling you that your dear mother is much better. She doats on your exertions in the progress of the arts, and feels a great satisfaction in believing that you have derived this delightful propensity from her.

"Du Fresnoy says, 'There was a time when only they who were of noble blood were permitted to exercise this art (painting), because it is to be presumed that the ingredients of a good painter are not ordinarily found in men of vulgar birth.' He says this in relation to that which debases painting, in the great multitude of

painters who have neither faculty nor any talent for the art, not even so much as sense; and hence it descends to the vilest and most despicable kind of trade. I mention this in reference to some observations in your letter, most just and applicable to the persons whom you see attempting this sublime and exquisite art. Du Fresnoy gives some necessary heads, which I will quote, that you may judge of his thoughts.

"'A convenient fortune,—that he may give his whole time to study, and may work cheerfully, without being haunted with the dreadful image of poverty ever present to his mind.

"'Labour,—because the speculation is nothing without the practice.

"'A good judgment,—that they may do nothing against reason and verisimilitude.

"'Health,—to resist the dissipation of spirits which are apt to be consumed by pains-taking.

"'Youth,—because painting requires a great experience and a long practice.'

"I could go on quoting to you; but it is evident that they who have lived before us have passed through all these difficulties to arrive at that perfection which we discover in their works.

"It is a curious fact, if you trace it, that the birth of individuals of gentle blood seems to have had an influence in the superiority of their exercise of the art. I will only give you the names of a few of the successful side that answer to this; because comparisons are odious: Raphael, Leonardo, Michael Angelo, Rubens, Vandyke, Reynolds. You see I have taken but few names, because these are enough. I might have mentioned Julio Romano, and many others.

"I find no observations relating to the arts in Northcote's mention of David. He only says that he spent many long summer days with him in the Vatican Palace in the pursuit of their studies. He says that all David's conversations were then tinctured with blasphemy. This perhaps led

to conduct in after times, in the cruel days of Robespierre.

" Friday, Horndean, March 16th.

" We last week got your welcome letter, and agreed to have our eyes open by seven on Friday and this morning, in the hope that we might have the same comfort of receiving one to-day; but it did not arrive, and we now look forward to to-morrow, and trust we may not be disappointed.

" I begin my letter to-day, because I am obliged to go up to town to-morrow, after an absence of a month, which has been very agreeable to me.

" I look over, regard, and read what I can respecting the arts, in the hope that I may collect many bits that may be useful to you. It is stated that Zeuxis, who lived three hundred and ninety-five years before Christ, and who was famous for being the most excellent colourist of all the ancients, could have used only four

colours, as four then were only known, white, yellow, red, and black."

TO HIS SON.

"Blendworth, April 1st.

"I HAD the happiness and comfort of receiving your letter of the 27th on Friday, and on the same day one from dear John, announcing his safe arrival in London; and last evening we had the pleasure of seeing him, accompanied by your portfolio. You may judge of our delight in hearing all about you, and so late as Tuesday last. Indeed, the bliss of the real feeling of true affection is only known to those who by purity of sentiment or desire are able to estimate and enjoy it.

"I have decided, God permitting, on going over by the way of Havre on Tuesday the 17th. You may therefore kindly have my room ready for me. I hope you will also see your dear mother in the course

of this month, April. But I do not wish the rooms to be retained for me at the Hôtel de Londres. If they should be vacant on my arrival, well and good; but we shall want more than the rooms contained in the suite, because darling —— and little —— will also be of the party. In short, your dear mother said she should be miserable without them; and I have no choice but to yield to her wishes. We will be as happy as we can.

"All that you state of and draw from Sir Joshua as conclusions in regard to genius is true. You have put it before me in a new and very striking shape. It is perfectly intelligible; and the power of mind which enables you to bring forth such thoughts will, depend upon it, make you a painter.

"I cannot tell you how much I contemplate peace and happiness with you, to clean your pallet, look after your gallery, and to find fit subjects to sit to you when you are engaged in historical composition.

Perhaps all this may be a dream or vision; but should it be so, it at the moment produces a certain happiness to the mind. God bless you!

"Ever yours,

"W. K."

TO MRS. SEYMOUR.

"Limmer's Hotel.

"I BEGIN my day by writing to you. I was very much hurried when I wrote two lines to you the day before yesterday: I had quite forgotten the magnesia water.

"I went last night to hear Mr. Blunt. It was the anniversary of the consecration of the chapel. The church was quite full, the discourse excellent. I should say it was rather an exhortation to his own parishioners, than a sermon, in the true meaning of the word. He was very strong in warning them against what he termed 'tempting God;' by which he meant the

danger of those who joined different classes of society, where they heard improper conversation, or witnessed habits of pleasure that inevitably deteriorated the mind, and withdrew it from its duties to God.

"I shall be delighted to see the little darling again. We shall, I trust, in August have the comfort of her picture by Stewart, who will finish it in three days, by having two or three sittings every day.

"I am afraid, my beloved Dora, that I have no news to amuse you with. London is full; but it seems dull notwithstanding: in short, I have no relish for it. Pray, my dearest, can I bring you anything from town?

"Ever yours, &c.

"W. K."

The sudden breaking out of the cholera at Paris prevented Sir William and his family from making their intended visit, and caused them the greatest anxiety re-

specting Mr. Knighton. He wrote, however, that he was perfectly well, and free from all apprehension respecting it; but, knowing the alarm which would be excited amongst his friends, he had decided on immediately returning home. His relations and many of the English had already left Paris, the deaths were increasing so alarmingly.

The idea of cholera had been laughed at by the Parisians; it had been a subject of joke and ridicule amongst the young men in the studio; but their mirth was soon completely checked by its appearance. The rich forsook the city, trade and commerce were at a stand, and the terror was universal. There was no support from religion, and no control over panic and apprehension. The anxiety and agony which followed even the slightest attack, by aggravating the malady, caused a fearful mortality. The hospitals sent out their dead by cart-loads. In the Hôtel Dieu it was said there were thir-

teen physicians employed; and they appear, by all accounts, to have had no settled plan for cure: therefore the unfortunate persons that were carried there were subject to much experimental treatment. Before Mr. Knighton left Paris, two persons had died in the house he inhabited. Various were the schemes suggested to disinfect the air. Some proposed the firing of cannon, others the manufacture of quantities of chloride of lime: there seemed to be no remembrance of that Power which could stay "the noisome pestilence," and deliver them from "the pestilence that walketh in darkness, and the sickness that destroyeth in the noonday."

EXTRACTS FROM LETTERS TO LADY K.

"May 18th, Limmer's.

"I HAVE picked up Law's delightful old book, called 'A Practical Treatise upon Christian Perfection.' It is very quaint. He says, "There is no more happiness lost

by not being great and rich, as those amongst whom we live, than by not being dressed and adorned as they are who live in China or Japan.' Again: 'You do not think yourself imposed upon or talked out of any real happiness, when you are persuaded not to be as vain and ambitious as Alexander: can you think that you are imposed upon or drawn from any real good, by being persuaded to be as meek and lowly as the holy Jesus? There is as much sober judgment as sound sense in conforming to the fulness of Christ's humility, as in avoiding the height and extravagance of Alexander's vanity!'

"Nothing can be more conclusive or instructive than the religious application of God's word put in this way. How happy it would be if our young clergymen would look into works of this description, and learn what the true way of communicating instruction and giving advice from the pulpit really is! Proper words in proper places is the true style."

"8th May. Limmer's Hotel.

"I WENT with Mr. J. Seguir to have a private view of Lord Mulgrave's pictures. There are some useful studies for dear William, which I hope we may get. I can well understand how much you miss our beloved son; but he must come down for a day or two once a month, at least. There is a prodigious opening for his talents in the arts, should he succeed.

"I heard poor old Rowland Hill's last sermon, on Sunday morning. It was very affecting, when he used the painful word Farewell! He reminded all those who were the true followers of Christ that their separation was but temporary,—that they should all meet again in heaven. The sobs in the church could then be heard, and they were very general.

"There was a magnificent sermon in the evening, in allusion to the last sermon of their venerable pastor in the morning. The text very applicable; our Saviour's words to the Apostles when he was about

to quit this earth, 'I will not leave you comfortless.'

"The good old man used this remarkable sentence in the morning:—'I do think,' said he, 'a young idle clergyman to be numbered among the most wicked upon earth: and, to tell you the truth, I should have been ashamed to have lived so long (eighty-eight years) if I had not worked hard, and done my utmost, and used all my strength in God's service. I am now in the valley; but, in all my travels, I could never see the top of the mountains until I got into the valley.'

"I am more and more satisfied, that to live a holy life is to be as much as you can in retirement, and constantly to contemplate that awful change that sooner or later must come upon us.

"My friend old Law says, 'The fall of man consists very much in the fall of the soul into the dominion and power of the body; whose joy, and health, and

strength, often causes the slavery, weakness, and infirmity of the soul.' I believe there can be no statement more true than this: whenever the body is weakened, if there be any holy desire within us, the soul seems to be set at liberty, and to gain strength!"

"Sunday, 13th May, 1832.

"I RECEIVED your letter too late for the post of yesterday; but had it been otherwise, I could have done no good by writing. If this erysipelas depends upon the tumour, it will, I fear, prove fatal; but if it arises from a cause independent of this, our poor dear friend may get over it. The absence of delirium is favourable; and as they write, she is 'quite herself,' I take for granted that such is the case. The complaint runs its course so rapidly, that her recovery, if it should please the Almighty to grant this mercy, will be decided by this time. I do not know why I

began my letter to-day; it is, I think, to relieve my mind: I thought of her all night, and so have I done all day.

"I have heard Mr. Blunt this morning. His sermon was very applicable to one's state of mind at this moment. He described the mournful words of our Saviour, 'the little while.' God knows, our earthly separation from each other comes so like lightning upon us, that in looking back, we seem scarcely to have lived at all. It appears but yesterday that we went to Combe Royal on our marriage; and yet, alas! how much has happened to us since that period of time!

"Dear William is quite well; he has also been to hear Mr. Blunt with John: but I went alone, as I had to call on the Duke of Wellington by the way.

"We were tolerably lucky about the pictures. They sold very unequally, some cheap and some dear. Wilkie's Rent-day fetched seven hundred and fifty guineas, and all his sketches in proportion. When

his picture was put up, the room was quite full, and the company simultaneously cheered the picture by clapping their hands.

"I trust I shall see you in the course of the week, but I am unable to say when. There is a good deal of movement to-day, but no excitement likely to end in riot, although the agitators are doing all they can to produce tumult and dismay. I shall be delighted when I can turn my back upon this, to me, comfortless place.

"I hope Mistress Pat does not forget me. She must have a little rake made against the hay-harvest, or something to tumble about the hay, as I suppose her assistance will be required. Tell the darling that I bought her this morning twelve little Kitties (dolls), and also a steamboat, as she had been lately on the water, the cost of which was three shillings and sixpence; and when I observed to the young person that it was throwing money

away, she said, 'Do not say so, sir; by buying these things you are giving bread to the poor.' So I had not another word to say. Love, &c.

"W. K."

CHAPTER XXX.

Sir William Knighton's Visit to his native place.—Account of his Journey.—Death of Friends since his previous Visit.

As Sir William's health still appeared to derive benefit from occasional travelling, he was persuaded to visit his native place in September of this year. The following is an account of the journey, and some observations.

"September 15th, 1832.

"I GOT into the mail at Cosham, for the purpose of proceeding to Salisbury. In the coach, as I soon found, was the son of Lord ——. He was just returned from India, after an absence of three years and

a half, and was returning home. He spoke with horror of the climate of India.

"The mail reached Salisbury at half-past one in the morning; and the down mail from London to Exeter does not come in till half-past four. I sat quietly by the fire in the common dirty room appropriated to coach passengers. For twenty minutes I had a companion who had just disengaged himself from an irritable rencontre with the coachman of the mail. He had waited from two in the afternoon to go on by that conveyance to Bristol; but when the time arrived, he quarrelled with the aforesaid Whip about whether he should pay nine shillings or twelve, the gentleman insisting upon nine, the whip twelve; upon which the gemman declined going, returned to the coach-room, and ordered his bed. 'I hope the sheets and bed are well aired?' 'Very well, sir; a gentleman has just turned out.' Very refreshing! thinks I. 'You have put in fresh sheets, I suppose?' 'I

will do so directly,' said the maid. In the interval of the bed-making, I ventured to say, 'Would not the three shillings extra, if you please, have been cheaper?' 'Yes; but not to my feelings,—I hate being imposed upon; besides, by daylight I shall see the country.' 'But have you not sat up all night, at least until two in the morning, for the purpose of going by this coach?' 'Yes; but the fact is, I thought the fellow would not stand out; so, to be plain, we have both been taken in. Good night, sir.' And so away went my irritable companion to his bed, and I was left to my reflections again. My first thoughts were on the unhappiness of an admission to that excitement which leads to the uncontrolled influence of violent passions. This before us is a proof how all the reasonable part of our nature is put aside by such indulgences. The coachman drives all night without his money; the tradesman (for such no doubt he was) lost his engagement the following day, and spent

his money into the bargain, by his delay at the inn.

"Recollecting where I was, my thoughts were naturally directed to the excellent bishop of this diocese, with whom I had formerly been engaged in some correspondence. As a due reward of his learning and piety, he was translated from the see of St. David's, and, I have reason to think, was gratified at the additional dignity thus conferred on him. But the situation of his residence proved to be so damp, that it is with difficulty the family contrive to live here. Such is often the unsatisfactory result of the attainment of human wishes, and the insufficiency of earthly objects of desire to confer any permanent happiness.

"The hour of half-past four arrived; the mail was empty, and I had the comfort of travelling with as much pleasure as if it had been a private carriage of my own. We stopped at Yeovil, where the landlady presided, and gave me a most comfortable breakfast; a beefsteak of the

most delicious kind, such as dear Dora will recognise when I say it was like the one we had at Halle, in Prussia, for breakfast.

"There is a good deal of ready wit among the attendants upon these coaches. This dialogue occurred between the Whip and the ostler. 'Jim, how is Joe?' 'Coming fast to his end.' 'Why, is he going to die?' 'They say that 's to be the end of it.' 'That 's bad; five children, is it, there?' 'Six: some work for our precious overseer!' 'What 's the matter with him?' 'Blow him up, that 's all I says.' I observed at Yeovil that the mail passed through Chudleigh, but I had paid my fare only to Exeter: I inquired of the guard what more I should have to pay. 'Four shillings, is 't, Charley?' 'Why, no; a crown, to be sure; it 's all royal.'

"I arrived at Exeter at half-past two. This is said to be a radical place. I believe it is generally much the same in all places. The character of the people is changed:

the simplicity and modesty of demeanour is gone. Is it possible to suppose that any reasonable set of men, who knew anything of human nature, would for temporary motives give encouragement to excitement already so predominant?

"The mail started again for Chudleigh, after waiting twenty-five minutes. Here a new scene opened. Sir L. P. drove us: he took the place of the coachman. Such are the vagaries that pull down the aristocracy, and place all on a level! A sharp, intelligent young man was my companion. He explained to me that a good many of the thinking part of the county were anti-reformers; that they began to see they should get nothing immediate, whatever they might do hereafter, by the Reform Bill.

"I arrived at the Clifford Arms. Western, the landlord, whom I long remembered as a most respectable man, was buried a week since. The dreadful fire which had been so destructive in this place is sup-

posed to have originated with an old man, who had contrived to build two houses, which he insured; and, in order to get the insurance, he was thought to have set fire to these. The man is sent to gaol; but many believe he is innocent of the crime. Twelve houses were altogether destroyed.

"I slept well, and proceeded on Wednesday the 17th in a post-chaise for Newton Bushell. In this melancholy town I spent upwards of four years at a school—I am sorry to say, without much benefit. It gave me pleasure, however, to walk over the ground that I so well remembered as a boy. Every tree seemed familiar to me; even the lanes and hedge-rows had to my mind undergone no change. Not so with the town itself: there all was changed; old houses pulled down, new ones built up. There was a striking alteration also in the impression produced on my mind by this place, compared with that existing in early memory; everything now seemed

so small and meagre. It was market-day. I remembered many faces that I saw, though now under the countenance of age. One man I quite recognised. I had left him in the beauty of manhood: he now wore a little old curled wig, and his aged face for a moment made me stare with wonder, until I recollected the change that had taken place in myself.

"In making a visit to the churchyard of Highwick, I wandered among the grave-stones and read the sad details of many whose names I remembered in my boyish days. I had been looking down into the valley upon the house where I recollected a boy of the name of Segur lived: he was, if not my bedfellow, one of the same bedroom. In a few minutes my eyes rested on an iron railing, within which was his tomb and that of his wife. He seemed to have lost his wife first; but it did not say in what year he died. Can anything bring more forcibly before one the truly wretched and

vain pursuits of this life, and insignificant avocations in which we are engaged? It made me melancholy. There are moments when eternity and its consequences press upon the mind with a prophetic force, and give rise to reflections that make the heart ill at ease. I wandered everywhere; I had a full dose of melancholy musing, and I cannot say that it was gladdened with one satisfactory impulse of feeling. I had, it is true, a particular thankfulness to God for all his mercies; but no settled conviction that I deserved the most trifling blessing I now enjoy.

"The subscription coach passed about half-past three: I got into it, and proceeded to Devonport. In the coach I found two Portuguese officers about to proceed to Oporto. We had but little conversation, as one only spoke imperfect English, the other no language but Portuguese. I considered one of them a nobleman: he looked worn, and spoke of Miguel as an unhappy tyrant.

"Twenty-nine years had elapsed since I last visited Devonport. There appeared to me but little change in its appearance, —that is, in the principal streets. I went up in the dusk for the purpose of having a glance at the house I once occupied, and was naturally carried back to the various and early anxieties I had suffered in the beginning of my life at this place. I contemplated with wonder all I had gone through since I left it. The mixture of pleasure and pain that this called forth cannot be easily described; nor was there the enjoyment of any real satisfaction at the change produced in my relative situation now and then: but yet, strange as it seems, notwithstanding, after having stated what I have, I felt a horror at the thoughts of what I then was. Alas! alas! it is impossible to explain this strange contrariety of feeling.

"Thursday, 18th.—At an early hour in the morning I proceeded by water to Hole's Hill. The last time I passed up

the river was with my beloved Dora and William, who were then children, and were for the first time introduced to my dear mother. As I proceeded up the river, the various spots that had been so familiar to me in my days of boyhood were welcome to the eye, and with an intensity of remembrance as to the events of those days that quite surprised me. The morning was wet and gloomy: the fishermen were in the Tamer trying for salmon, but had caught none. After ascending the hill, I looked down upon Lockeridge, once the residence of my beloved mother, where I had spent the first years after my infancy, which was passed in an abode of a very superior description. Lockeridge is now no longer what it was: time and the hand of the mason have given it a character that no longer suits with the recollections of the past. In a few minutes I was in my sister's house.

"Friday, 19th. — I awakened not refreshed, for I had slept but little. I swal-

lowed my breakfast hastily, and felt it a relief to begin a walk to visit the grave of my dear mother. This may appear a strange relief; but nevertheless it was so. The church of Beer Ferris is more than three miles from my sister's residence, close to an arm of the sea and the mouth of the river Tavy. Every step I took seemed to be bringing me to the first and dearest friend of my early years. How quickly time passes! I was surprised that twelve years had nearly elapsed since the remains of this pure spirit were deposited in the grave. May my end be like hers, and may I be so prepared to meet my final judgment at the throne of my Redeemer!

"In wandering over the churchyard, how many of the companions of my boyish days did I find numbered with the dead in this melancholy place! The tombstone of poor P. S. is almost obliterated. She was an only child, and died in the prime of life. Her parents long survived her, but

never ceased to lament her. She has now been in her grave since 1795.—The clerk of the parish, Thomas Wells, whom I remembered as a boy, was buried only the year before last at an advanced age.—There is a person buried in this churchyard who, in taking sketches of some remains of antiquity within the church, fell from the scaffold and was killed on the spot. The widow planted a yew-tree to his memory, and continues to cultivate the autumnal rose over his remains: there were two blooming in great perfection. I ought to mention that she has since married the Rev. G. B. They are both talented persons.

"In the evening of this day we returned to Devonport by water; and, on Saturday the 20th, started, soon after nine, in the subscription coach. On our way to Plymouth we took up a respectable woman. She was accompanied to the coach by three or four daughters: they were all in tears. It struck me there was an anguish

in the whole party beyond the distress of separation : so it proved. She, poor woman ! told me she was proceeding to Exeter for the purpose of delivering herself up to the commissioners, as the law required her committal to prison. I inquired if it was for debt. She said, no ; it was a suit she was advised to prosecute relative to a mining concern. She was cast, and the joint expenses of the lawyers on each side amounted to nearly four hundred pounds. She was a widow, and had only thirty-two pounds a-year to live on : she could not pay it, and therefore was obliged to go to prison. By the time we had arrived thus far in our conversation, we reached Plymouth : she was then to get on the outside of the coach, and, poor woman ! I saw no more of her.

" What a wretched concern is what is called law ! How iniquitous are most of the details ! It is, in truth, a machinery of warfare of the most painful description. Generally speaking, all the bad passions

are kept alive in its progress by all that artifice of invention which invariably usurps the place of just principle.

"At Totness I had a companion of a different description, who was journeying as far as Newton Bushell by way of a frolic. This was no other than Mr. J.'s cook. She soon gave me the whole history of the family. She was a mild, sensible person. The family had been in London whilst the house was painting; the house was not ready. They were afraid to stay at Exeter on their return, on account of the cholera, so that they are all now at Kingsbridge. They were terribly frightened there. 'I said it was nonsense; and I told master, who is a good sort of queer man, that running away from the cholera was like running away from the French. I suppose you know Dr. M.? I lived three years with him at Chatham. I hate to be long in one place, so I move about. I am not a professed cook; I please moderate people, and that 's all I pretend to. To

be sure, sixteen pounds a-year is no great wages; but it is very well for a country place. The W—ds wanted me: I tried it—'twould not do: company three times a-week, and away to market in the morning: I fainted from fatigue several times, so I cut and ran. We are fifteen in number; breakfast at nine, lunch at one, dine at five. Master sadly wants a boy: two girls running; the first is dead; but for this last they have got a wet-nurse. I tell master to persevere, and he will have a son at last: he laughs at my sayings.'

"On our arrival at Newton, my friend bolted out of the carriage, and I saw no more of her. She had a male companion on the top of the coach.

"In this place I waited for John's arrival. I had the satisfaction at eight o'clock to hear the curfew ring, a custom still preserved in this town. It must have been forty years since I heard it; and so perfect was the memory as to the tone of the bell, that it appeared as if

I had heard it every night during this long lapse of years. How indescribable are the intellectual powers of man!

"I ate my solitary dinner, and in the dusk of the evening wandered to the churchyard of ——. It was getting dark, but the evening was beautiful in the extreme. After wandering among the graves for some time, twilight commenced. All was stillness, when I distinctly heard the sound of a human voice within the church, and every now and then a thumping noise. I was determined not to be frightened; I tried to open the three doors belonging to the church on different sides, and I knocked gently with my umbrella: there was no answer, and all was still. I waited and listened; the sound was renewed. I got up on one of the tomb-stones, and looking in at the window, beheld a young female. She saw me, and at first was startled with fright. She opened the door, and I found the little damsel and her sister had been overtaken with dark-

ness before they had accomplished their task of lining a pew with green baize. Such is often the foundation of ghost stories; and certainly all the first principles were established in what I have related, had I not gained admittance into the church.

"At half-past nine my friend arrived in the coach. We went on to Chudleigh and slept. Here everything was clean and comfortable.

"Sunday morning we made our journey to Exeter in the mail, where we were obliged to pass an unprofitable day. Went early to bed, and at five in the morning proceeded in the fast Telegraph Coach to London, which we accomplished in seventeen hours,—one hundred and seventy miles. Fare inside, three pounds ten shillings; four coachmen to pay, one guard; breakfast at Ilminster, and dine at Andover. The French may well say the English are always in a hurry, for nothing can exceed the speed with which

everything is done. In this respect the breakfast and dinner are quite ridiculous —every man trying as quickly as possible to satisfy the cravings of his appetite. The slow attentions of the waiting-maids and the waiter who presides, form a striking contrast to the excitement of those who are placed in very different circumstances.

"We were quite full, four inside and three out. Our inside company consisted of a country gentleman, a young merchant, an old man in some line of business connected with horses and agriculture, and myself. The old man was, I should think, turned of seventy; he seemed very shrewd in his observations, speaking but seldom; but his eye was expressive of cunning and delight when we talked of the mischief likely to happen to the country from the predominating influence of political unions and mob control."

CHAPTER XXXI.

Letters from Sir William Knighton to his Family and Friends.

The following letter to a friend is supposed to have been written about the year 1826.

"MY DEAR FRIEND,

"You are mistaken if you think me an unbeliever, or even sceptical. I am neither the one nor the other. Remember these words, 'Prove all things; hold fast that which is good.' We are here enjoined by the Apostle to exercise our rational faculties on subjects of religious belief, and not to admit, on vague and uncertain evi-

dence, the unauthorized assertions of men. But having once ascertained that a truth is divinely revealed, we should hold it fast with all steadfastness.

"I shall now tell you what I think concerning the Resurrection. The sense in which we are to believe that the body will rise again is sublimely conveyed to us by the great Apostle as a mystery! 'This mortal must put on immortality!'—words as strongly implying as words can do the mysterious fact, that the very body we now inhabit, and which constitutes, in conjunction with the soul, one man, shall meet again in union with that divine principle from which it has been separated for a time, and shall form with it the very same intelligent and conscious being as before, though in a purer and higher state of existence. Some men will say, 'How are the dead raised up, and with what body do they come?' St. Paul returns a similitude in answer, which for cogency and application to his subject could not

be surpassed by the most renowned efforts of philosophical reasoning: 'That which thou sowest is not quickened, except it die. Thou sowest not that body that shall be, but only grain; God giveth it a body, and to every seed his own body.' No illustration could more accurately convey or explain all we should aspire to know of the miraculous transformation which is implied in the notion of the resurrection of the body. It expresses that important point, a certain and fixed identity between the risen body and the body dead. It depicts the boundless possibilities of superior excellence in which the vivified substance may surpass its previous condition, just as the splendour of the oak in its highest glory infinitely surpasses that of the parent acorn, or the very same tree in its death-like garb of winter.

"Upon the duties which our newly-constructed bodies will be qualified to discharge it is not possible for us to pronounce. It is, however, obvious to remark,

that no intimations given in Scripture on the subject interfere with our notion of a corporeal existence in the future world. 'In the resurrection they neither marry nor are given in marriage, but are like the angels of God.' But for this the reason is immediately given: 'Neither shall they die any more.' The first end of marriage, the renewal of our species, being thus abolished, we are not to expect a revival of those personal and domestic ties necessary here for that purpose. But, on the other hand, in the delineations of our future state, the use of our several corporeal senses is so distinctly alluded to, that if these are not restored at the resurrection, we cannot help at least expecting something greatly analogous to their exercise. We are to '*hear* the voice of the archangel and the trump of God.' We are to '*see*, eye to eye, when the Lord shall bring again Zion.' The future scenes will give us the savour of the tree of life, and its reviving fragrance. The identity of our

future with our present bodily habitation will doubtless be confined within such limitations as will admit of the Christian's hope respecting a state of perfect happiness, purity, and absolute immortality.

"It is pleasing to think that the soul that looks through eyes upon objects that please us here, will look through the same identical eyes in another world, and will produce the same feelings, 'though purified.'

"I send you the book I mentioned, which you will be so good as to keep as your own.

"Ever yours, &c.

"W. K."

In the beginning of the month of April, Sir William, after having spent some time with his family, paid a visit to his friend Lord V. at Sudbury, whence the next letters are dated.

TO HIS SON.

"Sudbury, Derby, April 9th, 1832.

"I HAD the comfort of receiving your letter this morning, which gave me very sincere pleasure. Lord V. was very kind in wishing you to come here; but although I should have liked it much, yet I did not encourage it, because I thought it would be inconvenient to you, as interfering with all your plans. I am as to health tolerably well. I saw a fine old man yesterday, upwards of ninety, who was shot through the body at the battle of Bunker's Hill, during the American war, which must now be seventy years ago. He would have made a fine picture.

"I am glad that the pictures at B—— looked so comforting. I quite agree with you, that when the hour arrives for your present studies to meet their reward, then indeed the tranquillity and peace of

your home at B—— will be truly delightful. I may be dead, which is most likely, and in my grave, before that period arrives; yet to me it is a source of great happiness that this will be your comfort when I am gone, and also, should it please God to spare me, whilst I am living; for everything relating to us is, God be praised! mutual.

"In passing to Paynton, our road lay through Ashbourne; and there I saw the meadow where Dr. Johnson used to walk with his friend Dr. Taylor. This is now mentioned with great veneration by those who contemplate the spot.

"Such is the power of genius! It is quite delightful to look at that species of distinction, compared with empty titles alone, and their concomitant fooleries.

"God bless you, &c.

"W. K."

TO MISS KNIGHTON.

"Sudbury, April 11th.

"I was much grieved to find by dear mother's letter how very much you have been indisposed; but I trust in God you are now rapidly recovering your usual health.

"What can it all have been? One is disposed to fancy that you must all have managed badly; but I have heard it said that it is objectionable to remove into the country, after residing in London, before the month of May, from the great change there is in the temperature of the atmosphere.

"I went over to Derby the day before yesterday, and visited the spar shop, where I bought a specimen made into a useful article for your own little room. On my return, I shall have the comfort of bringing it to you.

"This is a very interesting country;

and Needwood Forest, which is contiguous to this, is renowned for many interesting and strange stories. All this at an early period belonged to John of Gaunt; and the people say that to this day he occasionally appears in the forest.

"Not long since, a waggoner was driving his team through the forest in the middle of the night; it was beautiful moonlight; suddenly the large trees appeared as if on fire, accompanied by a howling noise, when an immense figure dressed in armour appeared in the front of the horses. The poor carter who drove the team attempted to run away; but he could not get far before he dropped, and continued in a trance until daylight, when the whole team and waggon were gone, and never since have been heard of.

"There is a large oak in Lord V.'s park, which has, it is said, this remarkable feature: whenever one of the family is about to die, a large limb falls, without any apparent reason. I was told that the

late Lord V. went to visit this tree, and whilst he was near it a large limb suddenly fell. Soon after this his Lordship died!

"Not long ago, a poor female lunatic escaped from an asylum in Staffordshire, who lived some time without being taken. She took with her a white sheet belonging to her bed; she used to sleep and conceal herself by day, and at night wandered forth wrapped up in the sheet, and frightened the whole country, for no one could believe but that it was something supernatural.

"Since I have been here, I have visited the coal-mines, and had an opportunity of seeing the coals we use dug from the bowels of the earth. The coal usually runs in strata of four feet in depth, and is, no doubt, of vegetable origin. I saw a large piece of cane, which nothing we have now resembles, petrified. This was dug up three or four hundred yards below the surface of the earth. Such are

the wonders of this globe, that there is no end to the extraordinary details which might be collected.

"I go up to town, God permitting, to-morrow morning. Lord V. accompanies me. We start at six. It will take us fifteen hours. Our dinner, in the form of a potato pasty, we take with us, to avoid the delay of stopping on the road.

"Ever yours,

"W. K."

Soon after Sir William's return he was attacked by what was then considered the epidemic influenza, which was very general. On the 30th of April he thus speaks of his indisposition.

TO HIS SON.

"I AM progressively, I hope, recovering; but it is quite extraordinary how slow my return to health is. I am still hoarse and

deaf; I look ill, and feel altogether out of health: but I trust in God it will not last much longer. I go out a little every day.

"We have been expecting dear John for several days past. I am uneasy, fearing he should also be attacked with this epidemic.

"May 1st.—John's appearance was very agreeable to us, not only in regard to one's knowing that he had escaped this unpleasant influenza, but that you were better, although still inconvenienced by your cough and cold.

"May 5th.—I have the pleasure to acknowledge your letter. Although I hope to have the comfort of seeing you on Tuesday evening, yet I cannot refrain from writing to you by post. I wish that you could more rapidly get over the first rudiments of the art: but that, I apprehend, is impossible. I draw my inferences from what I have read. Sir Joshua went to Hudson when he was seventeen; with

him he remained till he was twenty. They quarrelled; and he returned home, and did comparatively nothing for three years. He then began to paint a little; and among his sitters was Captain Keppel, who offered to take him abroad, which he accepted, and at the age of twenty-six, sailed from Plymouth. He was absent three years, when he again made his appearance in London, and painted heads at twelve guineas. We all know that Sir Joshua's productions were at this period hard and uninteresting, except to those who valued the likeness. This continued for four or five years, until, by constant exercise and contemplation, the blaze burst forth which gave us those treasures that we now contemplate with such pride and delight.

"In one of his fragments which Malone has published, Sir Joshua acknowledges that when he went to Rome, he knew nothing of art. It was long before he could communicate to his mind and feel-

ings the beauties of Raphael. At length new perceptions and new taste began to dawn upon him. Upon this Sir Joshua comes to this conclusion—that a relish for the higher excellences of art is an acquired taste, which no man ever possesses without cultivation, great labour, and attention. Sir Joshua says we are not to be ashamed at our seeming dulness, for our minds are not like tinder, instantly to catch fire, and produce those sparks of power and excellence either in the execution or composition of what we undertake.

"In another fragment, Sir Joshua says, 'Not having had the advantage of an early academical education, I never had the facility of drawing the naked figure which an artist ought to have. It appeared to me too late when I went to Italy, and began to feel my own deficiencies, to endeavour to acquire that readiness of invention which I observed others to possess. I consoled myself,

however, by remarking that those ready inventors are extremely apt to acquiesce in imperfections, &c.'

"As you have the power of application, I have no doubt of your success.

"Yours, &c.

"W. K."

TO HIS SON.

"Horndean, May 21.

"I look forward with great delight to the pleasure of seeing you and John on Sunday morning. Go to bed on your arrival, and have a comfortable sleep.

"I do not wonder at —— being annoyed at the impudence of criticism; but it is what all the great artists in times gone by have been exposed to. It will have no influence on his present prosperity, nor on his fame in times to come. There is nothing, however, so wretched as the ignorance of criticism.

"I am now reading the Life of Benve-

nuto Cellini. He mentions an anecdote of Bagiardini, who was a very diligent artist, and left many elegant works behind him both at Bologna and Florence. Michael Angelo, who was fond of being in his company, used to call him "the happy man;" because, when he had bestowed his utmost pains upon his labours, he appeared perfectly satisfied with the result; whilst he (Michael Angelo) was never known to be contented with anything that he did.

"We are enjoying the luxury of May. I have ridden to-day for two hours, my little pony carrying me very comfortably.

"Ever yours, &c.

"W. K."

CHAPTER XXXII.

Sir William Knighton undertakes a journey into Wales.—Extracts from his own account of it.

Sir William was about this time with his family in the country, and, at times, in such apparent health and good spirits as to moderate the uneasiness which the occasional embarrassment in his breathing, and his own assurances of the existence of organic disease, were calculated to excite in the minds of his friends. In June some business required his presence in Wales, and, accompanied by his friend Mr. D., he set out to repair thither. The following little detail of the journey has been found amongst his papers:—

"June 8th, 1833.

"LEFT town this morning at seven o'clock for Bath, accompanied by Mr. D. We arrived at five. Our fellow-travellers in the coach were two ladies—the elder, about fifty, a widow, proceeding to Bath for the purpose of visiting her daughter. She talked of her little grandchild. Mr. D. knew her: her husband had been an affluent merchant; but before his death, bankruptcy and poverty had overtaken him.

9th.—We this morning attended Mr. J—'s chapel. He had been visited, as he stated, with a domestic affliction during the previous night: it was supposed to be the illness of Mrs. J—. He preached from the 119th Psalm, 22nd verse—'I will run the way of thy commandments, when thou shalt enlarge my heart.'

"He said, this saying by David comprehended three things—a complaint, a dependance, and a resolution. He propounded, in a very beautiful manner, the

usefulness of knowledge in Divine things, and stated that there was a qualification not sufficiently preached, but without which we could do nothing, we could not even make a beginning — 'Faith in Christ.' His illustrations were beautiful: I wish that I could remember them sufficiently to write them down. He praised the Liturgy of the Church, and said it was to be lamented that the doctrines of the reading-desk were not always preached in the pulpit; and observed, that they (meaning himself and his congregation) did not deserve to be called Dissenters, for they did not dissent from the doctrines of this beautiful Litany, — but that they were called Methodists, enthusiasts, and fanatics, for preaching them.

"The chapel was quite full, and, seemingly, with well-dressed people.

"We went in the evening again to hear Mr. J—, and were disappointed to find he was not to officiate; but Mr. J——, who

preached, completely satisfied us. I never heard a more delightful discourse. His text was from the first chapter of the Hebrews, 9th verse—'There remaineth, therefore, a rest to the people of God.'

"He drew a most affecting picture of the miseries of this probationary life, and the joys that await the true and holy Christian; for in heaven there is a day of rest. There was no sorrow, no calamity, no adversity, no deep affliction in this life, that he did not bring home to one's understanding and feelings.

"He brought many of them before one with a heart-rending eloquence, as if the sources were drawn from his own bosom. 'The loss of a child, perhaps an only child'—here he paused, and I fancied I saw his lip quiver as the tongue gave utterance to the sentence.

"When he called upon his Christian hearers to look to that day of rest where corruption would cease, and the joys of heaven supersede all the woes connected

with our present earthly tabernacle, his manner of conducting the subject was delightful. He said that he had no doubt, deducing his authority from Scripture, that saints and Christians would know each other in a future state; that the child taken from the disconsolate parent in early life, would welcome the pious and holy Christian parent to heaven. This earthly separation, therefore, as being only for a season, bears marks of Divine love, and not the dispensation which, in our sorrow, we feel as an overwhelming calamity.

"I underwent great emotion as he proceeded, and so did Mr. D., and never felt my heart more under the holy influence of religion. I am sure poor Mr. J— must have felt the prayer and the whole discourse: I fancy he was in the chapel. Mrs. J— is alive; but she was struck with paralysis the preceding night.

"This has been a very interesting day, and one I shall not readily forget. The

city of Bath is very beautiful; the streets are diversified, the houses well built, and the surrounding hills display a luxuriant verdure. There is an air of refreshment and romance that makes one look upon it as fairy-land; and, moreover, when you couple with it that here is the depository of those springs that give renewed health to the subdued and debilitated constitution, it makes one look with emotions of gratitude to the God of all mercy for his infinite goodness towards us.

"Monday, 10th.—We left Bath at half-past six, by the branch mail that runs between Portsmouth and Bristol. We passed on for some five or six miles by the banks of the Avon: and such is the state of ornamental cultivation all around, that it appeared to be almost a continued garden.

"We by-and-by came to Fox's habitation — an asylum for the unhappy lunatic. This, externally, has the appear-

ance of a splendid mansion. The approach to it is by a handsome lodge. This lodge and its little garden were covered with a profusion of roses; and everything, to the eye, seemed to imply gaiety, gladness, and tranquil happiness. But, alas! I could imagine a different tale within this melancholy abode. Here, no doubt, might be found that wretched entailment of misery, only to be put down to sin. Insanity seems to me to be unquestionably Satanic influence: this horror falls alike on the rich and the poor, but this habitation is for persons of noble or gentle blood. Great prosperity seems to be the striking external feature of the establishment: the grounds appear extensive. Dr. Fox is, I believe, of the sect denominated Quakers. I have heard the arrangements of the asylum, medical and otherwise, very highly spoken of.

"We reached Bristol about half-past nine. This city bears a remarkable con-

trast to Bath. Here is dirt, activity, and trade; in Bath, cleanliness, tranquillity, and refinement.

"We breakfasted at the Bush Inn, and then continued our journey by the Milford mail. We took up an intelligent man, who had been, till lately, an innkeeper. He gave us some account of the Bristol riots, and more particularly of Davis, a man who had moved very respectably in life as a waggon-office keeper, and who was much beloved by all who knew him. He had a wife, but no family. This person said, that, in the course of a very short time after he was taken, his anxiety and painful state of mind brought upon him such an appearance of age, although not past the middle life, that those who had known him could not recognise him. A schoolfellow who saw him previously to his execution found the change so complete, that there was no one point by which to identify him. It is said of Marie Antoinette, Queen

of France, that in one night, during the perils of the frightful revolution, her hair turned grey.

"The influence of the mind on the structure of the frame is very remarkable, and serves to show the principle that God has given to us for purposes so very different from those ordinarily required by the natural man: for who can help being struck with the power and grace of God, and that Divine influence of the Holy Spirit, when he contemplates the lives of those martyrs who were led to the burning stake? No change was observed in them in regard to the external man, whilst the power of spiritual holiness gave them strength and grace to die unflinchingly in the cause of their God and Redeemer. Such is the difference of living in the flesh, and dying unto the Lord.

"We reached the New Passage, where the Severn is crossed. Here everything is

taken out of the mail, as another coach awaits your arrival on the opposite side. The distance is three miles: it took us an hour to get over. The day was fine, and the sea tranquil; but the guard told us that it was often so rough, that they were frequently four hours crossing. The guard was an intelligent man, and had been twelve years on that station. We reached Cardiff about three: here we dined.

"The resting-place of our journey was to be the Pyle Inn, which we reached about six. We had been led to expect much of this, but were disappointed in our expectations. The inn, a single house, is fast falling into decay, as, alas! is the proprietor, who has been in declining health during the last four years, and is at this moment confined to his bed.

"Towards twilight we visited the parish churchyard, which is close at hand; and here we recognised the tombstone of the

wife of our poor innkeeper, who had died the very day two years previously to our arrival.

"They have here a very innocent, as well as consolatory custom — that of cultivating the daisy, rosemary, box, and some wild flowers that are familiar to one, on the grave of their friend and relative. We observed this custom most affectingly attended to in this little churchyard. The gate was locked, and you had no mode of entering but by mounting up stone steps, and crossing a stile placed on the summit of the wall. All was order and decency; no animal grazing, as is frequently the disgusting practice in England.

"Our attention was caught by the grave of a young man, aged twenty-seven, who had been shipwrecked and drowned on a part of the coast called the Mumbles, about two years since. The tombstone marked the feelings of the disconsolate widow with her little child: the grave

was blooming with wild flowers. The recent attention of the mourners had evidently been bestowed on it, for everything was fresh.

"I believe the tear passed down my cheek when I thought that I should like to be buried in this spot, and to have a similar demonstration of feeling from the hands of those children I so much love. 'Perhaps little Dora and Ina,' thought I in my reverie, 'would contribute.' Thus I mused long enough to make me feel that such emotion is painful to the heart. May God, in His mercy, preserve them and me, and spare me as yet from that awful separation!

"Friday, 11th.—The morning opened upon us with a lowering aspect; the surrounding hills and mountains were overshadowed with large masses of clouds. Every now and then the general hue and tint reminded me of the colouring of Poussin's picture of the Deluge. There was an awful grandeur in the appearance,

and everything foretold an approaching storm of wind and rain. But as we had now reached the point where our business (the object of our journey) was to commence, we proceeded upon Welsh ponies, accompanied by our guide, a sensible, intelligent person, who, it seems, had been bred an attorney, and now, with his wife and four children, had buried himself in this secluded spot to work for himself a small coal concern, and by degrees is looking forwards to the prospect of amassing wealth, or, as the phrase is, to gain an independence. His countenance bespeaks past, if not present, struggles with the world. The necessaries of life, he told us, were remarkably cheap.

"We had not proceeded far up toward the mountain before the hurricane began, and the rain came down in torrents.

"We took shelter in a farmhouse. The exterior of the farmhouses have the look of cottages; they are beautifully white-washed, and, generally speaking, their

little gardens are well cropped. I wished for Wilkie's pencil to make a memorandum of the interior of this farmhouse. Fuel here is cheap, from the easy supply. There was a blazing, cheerful fire, with a very neat grate, over which the crock was suspended, and a young woman, the mistress of the farm, was engaged in making oatmeal stirabout. Her brother, a lad of thirteen or fourteen, was reposing on a wooden settle, appearing to be under the influence of hectic fever. She received us with the good breeding of a gentlewoman, and placed chairs before the fire for us. We expressed a hope that we might not interrupt her: she said, by no means, and continued her domestic avocations. She spoke English fluently, and said she had learnt it at school. She was very good-looking; but her manner, so different from the English yeoman's wife, struck me very forcibly. The Welsh, I am told, consider themselves still a conquered nation, and amongst themselves call the English by

the old name of Saxons. The kitchen was well stored with hams and bacon.

"The weather cleared up as to rain, but the wind blew with increased fury from the south-west. Our course lay to the coast of the Bristol Channel. We arrived at Port Cawl. This little port, at present in its infancy, is situated between Newport and Swansea.

"When we arrived, a sloop was in great distress. She had trusted to her anchors for some time; two pilots had gone off to her; she had endeavoured to get into the basin, but could not succeed; and presently she stood out to sea, bearing away for some more favourable port on the Devonshire coast, to take shelter during the severity of the gale.

"In the evening we visited the spot where Mr. Talbot is erecting a Gothic castle: Mr. Hopper is the architect. What delighted us much were the remains of the old chapel, which are admirably preserved under the taste of the present pos-

sessor. The Chapter-house is very beautiful; and this spot, so completely secluded and shut out by the richly-wooded hills which surround it, affords a feeling of delight to those who love to dwell in contemplations that separate the mind from that which is present, and fix it on that which is to come. The ground upon which the abbey formerly stood is now a rich garden of American and other choice plants. The lawn is beautifully kept; and around the remains of the abbey is a tombstone here and there, denoting the spot where some of the old monks were once interred. There is a fine orangery, and in a large room adjoining are some beautiful specimens of antique sculpture. It was dark before we returned to our inn.

"Wednesday. — Our inn gets a little more comfortable; and although I went to bed nervous and dejected, yet, thanks be to God, I slept very tolerably. How many and how various are the calamities of life! How few individuals escape the

wretchedness of affliction in a greater or less degree! I this morning learnt more of the history of those who superintend the management of this inn. The proprietor is almost bedridden, sufficiently wealthy, and preserves the two best rooms in the house for himself. There are two sons; one active and industrious; the other drinks, is indolent and unsteady in the extreme. The one who regulates himself by proper principle and conduct takes care of the farms, for they occupy two, and, for these parts, of considerable extent; the other does nothing, and when not in drink, passes his time in listless idleness.

"But now comes another tale. The house is managed by a niece; and her mother has been labouring for some years under mental derangement. Her father, from great losses on his farm, is reduced to the necessity of becoming a coachman to one of the coaches on the road. The poor mother's delusion is, that she is only

on a visit where she now resides, and she expects every day to return to her own home. There is something very melancholy in this delusive hope; but, alas! is not all hope delusive? Who of us ever finds his expectation realised?

"There is a very melancholy expression in the young woman's countenance, as of depressing thought.

"This has been an active day. The wind still continues. The mail was three hours crossing the Severn.

"We were conducted over the mountains by William David, a Welsh bard, a man highly esteemed and respected for his great intelligence and delightful simplicity of manner. He gathered me a beautiful wild flower, which in this country they call Adam and Eve, because the flower has double roots: it sends forth a rich perfume.

"David is now (1833) fifty-four years of age. He married about seven years since, and has two little girls. He did not in-

tend marrying; but, falling desperately in love, he could not avoid it. His farm costs him twenty-five pounds a-year. He keeps five cows, and these yield him fifteen pounds per annum. He knows all the property and all the traditions of the country, and is a valuable man.

"Thursday, 13th.—The weather was unfavourable in the early part of the morning. We proceeded by the mail to the Black Rock, and thence in a post-chaise to Chepstow. We breakfasted at Cardiff.

"Our only companion was an Irish lady, an officer's wife, on her way to London. She was an outside passenger; but she said, by giving the guard a shilling or two, she had coaxed him to let her get inside, as it was wet. She added, 'Soldiers' wives with families are obliged to be economical.' It was curious to see how necessity made this poor lady equal to every difficulty.

"We learnt at Cardiff that a small brig

had foundered during the hurricane at the mouth of the harbour at Newport, and that three men on board, brothers, perished. A poor man also had lost his little sloop, laden with limestone, his all. Such is the local misery that in a few hours is produced, of which the world knows nothing, and, alas! if it did, would care nothing.

"The situation of Chepstow is romantic in the greatest degree, and the wild points of nature beautiful in the extreme. We dined at five, and after dinner wandered down to the Wye.

"As we passed the church, a poor widow was about to be buried. She belonged to a female club, and all the members attended, walking two and two, and preceding the corpse. They were in some numbers, and all appeared to be beyond the middle age of life. The instant the corpse was deposited in the grave and the funeral service ended, the bell tolled, and this continued until the gravedigger

had finished filling the grave. This custom was new to me.

"This town was in a bustle from showmen and others coming in, as a wool-fair was to be held on Saturday.

"Friday, 14th.—As Mr. D. had never seen Tintern Abbey, we hired a fly and proceeded thither. The scenery is quite enchanting, particularly from what they call the Wind Cliff. Every one knows what has been said of this abbey. It exhibits the finest relic of Gothic architecture we know; and the proportions, breadth, and delicacy of combination, we can now only imitate, not surpass. This abbey was founded in the time of Henry the First, now above seven hundred years ago; and but for the devastation which took place in Cromwell's time, it is probable we should still have viewed it in a state of almost perfect preservation.

"We proceeded in the afternoon by the coach to Bristol by the old passage, which is much shorter than the new; and thence

we again visited, and were glad to have the comfort of, our old rooms at the York Hotel at Bath.

"Saturday, 15th. — We are more and more delighted with Bath. As a place of residence it must be very agreeable. The markets are excellent, the air clear and thin, the people obliging and civil, and, in short, all the necessaries and luxuries of life are to be had on easy terms. From November to May is the time they consider their season; but the bookseller from whom we purchased some books told us that they had more resident strangers than usual.

"We attended the morning service at the Abbey Church. It is delightfully neat and comfortable; but there were not more than perhaps from fifteen to twenty persons who attended prayers: they were principally wretched cripples. I could not help lamenting that out of forty or fifty thousand persons, which I suppose Bath contains, so limited a number only could

be found to perform their morning devotions. Alas! in what light must this neglect of our church services and religion appear in the sight of God!

"Sunday, 16th. — We hailed this morning with great pleasure, because we had the satisfactory prospect of again hearing Mr. J—; and we were not disappointed. He preached from Psalm cxix. ver. 18—'Open thou mine eyes, that I may behold wondrous things out of thy law.' He began by explaining what was meant by the law. It was nothing more nor less than the commands of God. David saw the gospel in the law. It is in vain to go to this book with any opinions of your own; you must take it as it is; the law of God cannot be changed. If your conscience, when awakened under the terrors of the law, has found comfort under the gospel, you may hope that you are in the right road. But let me tell you, he said, that religion and the knowledge of this book are not of sudden growth. This I would not only address

to the infidel and unbeliever, but also to the fanatic and enthusiast. The one adapts everything to his own presumptuous notions and opinions; the other mystifies and confuses revelation from heaven with things not yet revealed. That such states are both dangerous, may be well understood, when David, who knew so much, calls out, not in the self-sufficient language of our times, but in the words of the text, 'Open thou mine eyes, that I may behold wondrous things out of thy law.'

"Mr. J— adverted to the wonders of the universe; he referred to the chapter he had read before the sermon, in which the miracle is related of our Lord's restoring the blind to sight, and stated, that spiritual blindness was quite as perceptible as corporeal blindness. The man corporeally blind could not, indeed, deceive you; the loss of the sense was apparent: but the spiritual blindness was also evident to the true Christian. The soul must receive a Divine influence (not miraculous, for there is no

such thing now-a-days), but a sense of its own unworthiness; then follow penitence and prayer, an earnest desire for the Saviour's image to be implanted in the heart, a life in the ways of godliness according to the law and the gospel. Cicero, the greatest philosopher and the wisest among those of his day, was accustomed to say, that we lived by the power of the gods—but that to live well, and not wickedly, was by our own power. Seneca said, that those men who lived in the rules of virtue were in merit above the gods, because the very nature of their existence did not admit of their being otherwise. Here you have the reasoning of the wisdom of this world. Truly, when you come to contemplate the establishment of Christianity, it strikes you with awe and wonder, that a few unlettered fishermen, without learning, or what we call education, should be sent forth to preach the redemption of mankind to the uttermost corners of the earth.

"In the evening, Mr. J—'s discourse was from the 9th chapter of Job, verse 4,—'He is wise in heart and mighty in strength: who hath hardened himself against Him and hath prospered?' He began by giving the character of God most beautifully; and then he drew the picture of the hardened sinner. I only wish that every sinner could have heard him. In giving the catalogue of sins that belong to the sinful man, he said, it was wonderful with what a degree of complacency words were found to palliate all the vile passions of wickedness. Covetousness, was a sense of prudence to oneself and family; revenge, a just sense of what was due to oneself on the score of honour; a departure from truth, a necessary observance of the ways of the world; and so on. He mentioned, that Lord Bacon had said that 'Knowledge is power;' and this saying had been put forth as Lord Bacon's: but Solomon had said, long before Lord Bacon was cradled, that 'Wisdom is a defence,' and so it is;

it gives a power that wealth cannot often give, although Solomon says that 'wealth buyeth all things.' There seemed no end to the beautiful and appropriate truths put forth in this discourse."

CHAPTER XXXIII.

Sir William Knighton undertakes another journey to the Continent.—Letters to his Son descriptive of his tour.

Early in October, Sir William made a little tour, travelling leisurely, principally with a view to health; and he was again accompanied by his friend Mr. D. The subjoined letter gives some account of their movements.

"Rotterdam, 5th October, 1833.

"We arrived at this place, thanks be to God, safe and well, at twelve o'clock. It is impossible to tell you how interesting this country appears to me. The weather is excessively hot; the heat is by far greater than in the hottest day in summer in England. I must tell you, that the

first thing I did on landing, was to buy some flower-roots mentioned in your list. We dine to-day at the *table d'hôte* at four o'clock, and proceed by boat, at five, to the Hague.

"Write a line to William, to tell him of my arrival."

The following letters were written, instead of a journal, to his son :—

"I have great pleasure in acceding to your wishes, by writing to you in the progress of this journey, and communicating such thoughts and incidents as may occur in an excursion like the present. I shall be glad if I can amuse; to give instruction, I do not expect ; but my letters will, at any rate, I have no doubt, afford you and those most dear to us some degree of happy feeling.

"It every now and then happens that one is more vexed at particular moments with trifling things than at other times with

those of greater magnitude. Having risen from our beds at five in the morning, for the purpose of being at the Tower-stairs punctually at seven, as the steamer carrying the mails to Holland would start exactly at that hour, judge of our annoyance, upon our arrival, at finding the Thames enveloped in a thick fog, resembling very much, to my mind, the darkness produced by smoke. The captain gave us to understand, it was not safe to move until the sun had scorched up, as he termed it, the fog. He could not pretend to say when that might be; but until the atmosphere cleared, it would not be safe to attempt going down the river. We saw, however, other vessels moving, and began to suspect there might be some underscheme. Many crowded about the captain, to whom he gave short answers; but his seeming sulkiness prevented him from being exposed to much importunity. The captain, I have no doubt, was right, as we presently heard that the steam-vessel bound

to Hamburgh, which had attempted to go down the river some hours previously, had been exposed to an accident by running foul of a pier.

"At length, about ten o'clock the sun began to have its influence; and at half-past ten we made our way down the river. There is something very cheering and delightful in a bright, beautiful day; and this was our happiness in less than an hour after we left the Tower-stairs; the most lovely sky and atmosphere were given to us in place of fog and smoke. The Thames was crowded with shipping; the wind and tide were favourable for them, and I am satisfied we passed more than a thousand sail in the short space of four hours.

"As the night advanced, we passed the North Foreland; after which, we soon saw the light of Ramsgate in the distance. I remained on deck rather late, and thought much of those whom I had left behind. It was a beautiful night; the moon and the

stars shone forth most brilliantly. I retired after midnight for a few hours; I slept but little, and my attention was at length attracted by the sudden ceasing of the paddles: I of course immediately fancied some misfortune, but on getting on the deck I found the man taking soundings. On such occasions, I understood it was necessary to suspend the use of the paddles.

"It was five o'clock, and the day had dawned. Two little birds had pitched on the deck; they appeared to be chaffinches. We saw no land, nor did we for some time afterwards. When the wind sets strong from the land, these little birds, the sailors told me, are whirled off to sea, and they often see small flocks of them.

"The captain had some doubts as to our being in time for the tide, so as to enable us to pass the bar. It seems there was but just water enough; but as the sea was quite smooth, the light wind and tide both being from the shore, the captain deter-

mined to attempt it. We were all desired to move forward to the bow of the vessel, and there we waited in anxious expectation. It was an affair of six or eight minutes, when the captain pronounced we had passed the bar. This was hailed with great satisfaction, and for the first time I soon began to witness the swamps of Holland, and, at the same time, to admire the virtue of practical industry belonging to this most praiseworthy nation.

"We reached Rotterdam at twelve o'clock, after a delightful voyage of six-and-twenty hours. Rotterdam is a most striking town; and to those who have never seen a Dutch town, it is impossible to convey in words the surprise conveyed to the mind at the first view of this sea-port. Every street has its large canal, and vessels of different sizes are seen passing and repassing through the streets. Added to this, the extreme cleanliness of the houses, the agreeable demeanour of the people, the active industry of every class — are

particularly striking, and much to be admired.

"I must not omit to mention the method, adopted at the Custom-house. The head of the establishment, or the office, with all the politeness of a perfect gentleman, upon being assured that you have nothing to declare, takes your word and gives no further trouble either in opening bags or trunks. You pay five shilling—the expense of landing, and there is an end of the affair."

"Amsterdam, Saturday, 5th Oct.

"I FORGOT to mention to you in my last letter that we had the satisfaction of looking at the statue of Erasmus at Rotterdam, which is beautifully executed, and gives (as one can easily imagine) a most happy representation of that learned and pious man. In point of likeness it entirely corresponds with the portrait of him by Holbein, but in dignity of thought and silent contemplation certainly sur-

passes the delineations of that ingenious artist.

" After having passed a comfortable night at the Hague, we began our day by visiting the Palace-in-the-Wood, or, as I believe it is familiarly called, the House-in-the-Wood. The only interest we derived from this visit, was the examination of one room painted in compartments by Rubens, and his scholars Van Dyck, Van Toll, and Jordaens. The subjects are allegorical, and all relate to the feelings of the day connected with royalty; but, in looking at the different productions as works of art, you will be surprised to learn that my opinion is, that in colour and effect, Van Toll's performance surpasses that of his master, Rubens. But the truth is, I suspect, that Rubens left the principal part of this work to his scholars; for the execution of it seems to have taken place after his having performed his office of ambassador to the court of Madrid. He himself is painted as a herald in one of the

panels: for, as the old gentlewoman who showed the palace told us, Rubens was not only an artist, but a great man; in which she meant to imply, poor woman, that his having been an ambassador to Spain, and not his immortal works of art,—without which transcendent performances we should in all probability have never heard of Rubens's diplomatic qualities,—constituted his greatness. The parts executed by Van Dyck must have been performed at a very early period of his art; for there are scarcely any traces to be found of that master-hand which in after-time gave such a distinguished power to his works. Such parts as are said to be executed by Rubens are faded in colour, and are equally deficient in strength of pencil.

"We made our way back from the Palace to the Museum. Here we found numbers of students employed in carefully copying works by the great masters; but, with the exception of two or three, the young men were of no apparent promise.

In truth, I strongly suspect, from the juvenile appearance of the students, that they were all beginning at the wrong end; and that, instead of painting what they could not be sufficiently advanced to understand, they should have been passing their time in the studio, drawing correct outlines from casts, and getting a facility in that part of the art which may be termed its grammar, and without which it is impossible to obtain that correct language from the pencil, which alone imparts all that is excellent.

"There was great civility and attention in the old men (for they were all old) who showed us into the different rooms. We regretted much that a King who gave so much countenance to the fine arts, should have had his attention withdrawn from them by the painful occurrences of an infamous revolution.

"The Hague is a very interesting town, dull in point of movement, but clean and

beautiful in appearance. The King was residing there at the time we were present, as were also the Prince and Princess Frederick.

"The feelings of the Dutch towards the English nation were always those of friends and brothers; but, alas! they cannot now understand the conduct pursued towards them. We are, if not the abettors, the protectors of revolution; and every discontented firebrand claims the privilege of being upheld by the English Liberals. Hence it is that the English nation is no longer thought well of by those who have no desire for civil war and civil discord. Individually we love to wander; and the scrutinizing care that now attends our passports on the Continent, sufficiently demonstrates that wherever we go, we are suspected, and that our object may be mischief. In Belgium, there was no pretence whatever for revolution; everything flourished—every town and city was gay and happy—the King

universally beloved; and it is hardly to be believed, that a few factious individuals, aided by the press and the Roman Catholic priests, should have had the power of disturbing the peace and tranquillity of that once happy people.

"We left the Hague at two o'clock in the afternoon by the diligence, and passed through Leyden on our way to Haerlem, where we slept for the night. Adieu.

"W. K."

TO HIS SON.

"Coblentz, 8th October 1833.

"The business of letter-writing on a long and rapid journey is difficult, and not always practicable; but I shall endeavour to accomplish the intention I had the pleasure of proposing when we parted.

"As I told you in my last, we left the Hague at two o'clock. We regretted much the shortness of our stay.

"Leyden is a place celebrated for its university. It was here that the great

Boerhaave taught, and here the learned physician (in times long gone by) Dr. Huxham, received his education.

"Haerlem is famous for the beauty of its flowers. The landlady of the inn told us that, in former times, whole fortunes were spent by the Dutch in this agreeable amusement. As much as four hundred pounds have been given for a single tulip-root, because there was no other specimen to be found resembling in the peculiarity of its beauty this unique flower. She gave us an account of the colour which made it so extraordinary; and I think she described it as almost black.

"We found the people here complaining much of the heavy penalties imposed upon them by taxation. 'But,' say they, 'we have our King; we only wish to know when and how it is to end. We have had in a very limited number of years three revolutions, and for what? Napoleon was our tyrant and our curse. The Belgians are now our curse; we have no desire for

them, and only wish to be well rid of them: but we do not like to contribute to the payment of their debts; they are nothing to us.'

"There is a magnificent organ in this church; but although large, the one at Rotterdam is said to exceed it by one hundred and fifty pipes. The organist here is a German, and good musician. The practice of playing to travellers for money seems of doubtful propriety: however, worse things are done!

"We passed on early in the morning to Amsterdam: there we were more and more astonished at the industry of this extraordinary people.

"As you may suppose, we were particularly solicitous to give much of our time to an examination of those celebrated works of art to be found in the museum of this place. I cannot tell you my ecstasy on looking at Rembrandt's picture of the 'Garde de Nuit,' so well known and so justly appreciated by all the lovers of

art. In point of colour nothing can go beyond it; and the management of the light and the breadth of the shadows produce an indescribable and (if I may so say) a mysterious texture, as it were, and a power of effect, not to be imagined. The picture also of the Regents fully answered my expectations: but that is an affair of portraits sitting at a table, and each in a momentary action of some particular thought. It is just the subject for our Wilkie; and I cannot help thinking that a masterpiece of this kind might be produced by his pencil.

"There are some fine pictures in the palace of the King, which was, I believe, fitted up by Louis Bonaparte, the memory of whom is still much respected and beloved by the Dutch.

"We dined this day at the *table d'hôte* of the inn. We were much amused by the peculiarity of the manners of our company, who were merchants and others from the Exchange. They talked much,

laughed loud, and ate heartily; and if such demonstrations be an indication of happiness, one would pronounce them to be thoroughly happy. There were certainly not any of the cares of money-getting marked on their countenances, though there can be no doubt that the individual history of Amsterdam may be said to be the love of getting money. The people exist for no other purpose: from morning till night they are in the pursuit of this single object. It must, however, be said that many of them, after having acquired their purpose in the possession of large fortunes, spend vast sums in collecting works of art, which are principally of the old Flemish and Dutch masters; and the most exquisite treasures have come before the public in different sales that have taken place, which might otherwise in early times have been lost or destroyed. For example, how much do we owe to the burgomaster Sex for the encouragement and patronage which he gave to Rem-

brandt! It is just possible that without these Rembrandt would never have produced those exquisite specimens of art in the form of etchings. I am truly happy to say that the name of Sex still belongs to a person in Amsterdam, who is possessed of a very fine collection. An artist told me that he had an etching of the burgomaster by Rembrandt, uncut, and that no sum of money would tempt him to part with it.

"We left Amsterdam at an early hour the following morning, and proceeded through Utrecht to Nimeguen. The road was beautiful. On either side it was studded with respectable country-houses, the lawns adorned with the most luxuriant flowers and shrubs; in short, it appeared like one continued garden, and every instant we could not but exclaim, 'What delightful feelings does human industry induce!' Holland has been well described as one large marsh, which has been rendered what it is by draining. It is indeed

just so; and hence results the variety of pleasurable feeling on passing through this country, and the regret that the inhabitants should be disturbed by the ignorant and the indolent.

"In the early part of the day we crossed the Waal: the diligence drove at once into the boat, and we were conveniently moved across by the aid of a rope attached to boats in the centre of the river. The practice, I believe, is as old as the time of Julius Cæsar.

"At dusk we crossed the Rhine, and entered Nimeguen, the frontier town of Holland. Here was a very rigorous examination of the passports. We were marched to the guard-house by a soldier under arms, and then taken by another soldier with his musket to the police-office; so necessarily strict are they obliged to be at this particular time.

"I must now take my leave of you for the present. Adieu.

"W. K."

CHAPTER XXXIV.

Sir William's continental tour continued.—Cléves—Cologne. Coblentz.—Mayence.—Duke of Reichstadt.—Disordered state of Germany.—Frankfort.—Manheim.—Carlsruhe.—Basle, &c.

"October 10th, 1833.

"We proceeded at once by the diligence carrying the mail to Cleves, the frontier town in Prussia, or, as it is termed, Rhenish Prussia. It was quite dark when we entered the diligence, and consequently we had no personal knowledge of our companions; but we were six in number, and closely packed. One gentleman, who spoke English rather imperfectly, turned out to be an Amsterdam merchant, on his way to Frankfort; he talked with much affection of the King of Holland,

but with great bitterness at the conduct pursued by the different powers towards Holland.

"Upon our arrival at Cleves, another process with respect to the passports took place, and we determined, for the purpose of saving time, to pursue our journey onwards to Cologne. The practice in this country is, that when the diligence is full, other conveyances are hired to take on the overplus of passengers. This was the case on the present occasion, and we were put into a wretched caleche, not of an ordinary, but of the worst description.

"We arrived at Cologne about four o'clock, and had the satisfaction of seeing by daylight Rubens's celebrated picture of the Crucifixion of St. Peter. This fine production of art is placed in the church dedicated to St. Peter, which is remarkable for still retaining the ancient font from which Rubens received the sacred ordinance of baptism. It is said that this picture was the last production of his pen-

cil, and that he died before it was quite executed. This may be true; for the time must arrive, sooner or later, when the word *last* is to be pronounced. As Dr. Johnson most truly says, there is something always melancholy in pronouncing the word *last;* and, under this impression, I could not view this beautiful specimen of Rubens's last efforts without strong feelings of silent emotion. Sir Joshua Reynolds has given his detailed opinion of this picture, and it therefore would ill become me to add anything to the opinions of that great master and high judge of art.

"From the church we passed to a narrow street in which stands the house where Rubens was born. A copy of his portrait has been painted by some one upon the walls just above the doorway, and around the portrait is written 'Peter Paul Rubens.' Such is the veneration paid to this distinguished man, and such is the attention paid by the city of Cologne,

which has the honour of claiming the place of his birth.

"We passed on early the next morning to Coblentz, where we arrived soon after it grew dark. We put up at the hotel of 'The Three Swiss Brothers,' close to the Rhine, for the purpose of being at hand to embark in the steam-boat early the following morning for Mayence. At six o'clock in the morning we were on board, and for a second time we were involved in an impenetrable fog. It was odd enough, and gave rise to some fanciful feelings, that the first among those whom we met on board were faces that were familiar to us when we took our departure from the Thames. The expression of disappointment was not so great as on the former occasion; and after two hours' patient waiting, we moved off, still in the darkness of fog.

"About ten the sun began to have its influence; at eleven all was bright and clear, and we then had the comfort of

viewing the banks of the Rhine in all their splendour and exquisite beauty. No words can convey the impression this romantic voyage has upon the feelings. I know not how to describe it. The language that we hold when we talk of fairy-land seems to be the most applicable. It was a lovely day. Every castle brought to one's mind chivalrous thoughts; and the tales of past times, when the chiefs who occupied them were in constant warfare with each other, gave full scope to one's reflections in passing those rugged rocks which must have been so often stained with blood in their ferocious contests. Now all is peace and tranquillity! the angry battlements are mouldering into decay, and the cheering vineyards everywhere appear to excite and gladden human existence.

"It was quite dark before we reached Mayence. We landed, and passed the night at the Hôtel du Rhin. Adieu.

"W. K."

"11th Oct. 1833.

"MAYENCE was the favourite centre where Bonaparte assembled his armies when engaged in his Continental wars. In looking back to that mighty name, one is reminded how limited is the power of man, whatever his momentary success may be, when contrasted with the decrees of the Almighty!

"I have collected from some intelligent individuals who had an opportunity of knowing and witnessing the character of the son of Bonaparte, the Duke of Reichstadt, lately dead, that he was a youth of great intellectual promise. His education had been very much narrowed in the first years of his growing up. The name of his father was never mentioned: no resemblance of him hung in his rooms: all books containing his campaigns and his history were studiously kept from the youth. This plan was continued for some time, when a change took place, the reverse of that which in

his earlier years was adopted. The result was, that his father became the object of his absolute idolatry. His actions, his looks, his thoughts, were all fashioned in imitation of his father. He thought it beneath him to attend balls, except upon very great occasions, lest it should bring him into too close a contact with the general mass of society. Upon the same principle, he had no intimacies with women, although those of rank and fashion endeavoured to attract his notice. He had collected knowledge which, from the course of his education, no one knew how he had acquired: he was intimately acquainted with French literature, and, upon occasions, proved how thoroughly he was versed in its beauties, by the most apt and ready quotations. He disliked all those whom he considered as accessory to the downfall of Napoleon, and his confinement at St. Helena.

"When the French minister was accredited to the court of Vienna from the new dynasty of Louis-Philippe, there was a

discussion whether the Duke de Reichstadt was, in conjunction with all the people of rank and station, to pay his compliments to the new French minister. The Emperor said, 'Let him do as he likes.' 'Then,' said the young Duke, 'I shall not go: for this Louis-Philippe is but a thing like myself, and I have no desire to pay my court to him through his representative.'

"The upper part of his face, it seems, was like Bonaparte; the lower part resembled the Austrian family. The Emperor was very fond of him, and there was a general grief throughout the palace when his death took place. He suffered much, but was never heard to utter a complaint: he was only known to say to an obscure servant, 'They little know how much I suffer; but I think it beneath me to make those sufferings known by lamentations.' He died of consumption, which commenced about a year before it destroyed him. It is supposed

that, being in the habit of rising at a very early hour to drill his battalion, and imprudently bathing after the execution of this duty, when under the influence of a full perspiration, his chest became affected, which terminated in death. It appears to have been one of his notions that no care should be taken of the body, and that it was unmanly not to run all risks, or to beware of this or that. In short, had he lived, ambition was his ruling passion; and it is not very difficult to foresee what that might have led to at no very distant period.

"Early in the morning we pursued our journey to Frankfort, where we arrived soon after ten. We were delayed the whole day from new difficulties respecting passports. The Austrians have a horror at letting the English into their country; for they cannot divest themselves of the belief that few or any of our nation move about at present without some political object, that object being mischief.

"The whole of Germany seems to be in a disordered state. The late French Revolution, the Reformed Parliament in England, and the liberal opinions so eagerly propounded by the press, have unsettled the minds of the people. The great object of those monarchs whose governments are considered what is termed absolute, seems to be to prevent that general confusion which must always arise from the disorganisation of society. None can judge of those horrors but those who have lived long enough to witness them. The truth is, the great mass of the German people are thoroughly happy, and do not complain. The excitement is produced by a few firebrands, whose only object is plunder and change of circumstances for themselves. Others there are, philosophers and men of that stamp, who live upon the excitement of words, without ever calculating upon consequences that will follow if their theory should be carried into practice. Look, for instance, at the effects of

that much-vaunted liberty and equality during the baneful period of the first French Revolution.

"The trade and commerce of Prussia are now rapidly improving: in the towns, dilapidated houses are restored, streets improved, and everything wears the appearance of prosperity.

"The Austrians are proverbially a happy nation. They love their king, and there are no complaints.

"The Italian States are restless, and are fallen into decay by their own sensuality. No example will set the people right, because they have not God in their hearts.

"We were glad to quit Frankfort. We visited the collection of pictures, which is very limited in point of excellence; but the pains taken to make it better, and the encouragement given to the arts, does the Republic much honour. But one can easily see that the love of art is as yet in its infancy. Not so with the neighbouring kingdom, Bavaria; for Mu-

nich is making rapid strides, and will soon become an emporium within itself.

"It is a practical fact which scarce need be mentioned, how much the arts tend to true civilisation, and how gradually the mind becomes enlarged under their influence. They soften and, next to religious contemplations, promote, to a certain extent, the cultivation of those social virtues which adorn and dignify human nature. I am not overcharging this matter, because it is the result of general observation.

"From Frankfort we proceeded to Manheim. In the middle of the day we stopped at Darmstadt, and dined at a *table d'hôte*, in very good company, at the trifling expense of two shillings each, including a pint of very wholesome Rhenish wine. This is a neat town, and provisions and all the articles of life must be very cheap.

"Adieu for the present.

"W. K."

"13th October 1833.

"MANHEIM is a large town. Perhaps the most extensive printsellers in Germany are to be found in this place—Artaria and Fortana: they have also a few pictures, but the prices demanded for them were all beyond their worth. The King of Bavaria gives great encouragement to the arts in Germany, and hence the extreme value, and beyond it, is given for every specimen that passes into the hands of the dealers.

"Artaria spoke of Wilkie's picture of the 'Reading of the Will,' in the Munich gallery, as quite superb. This gentleman appears to have great communications with England. I found many of the prints from Wilkie's works hung round his shop. There never was a modern artist held in such estimation as our Wilkie is on the Continent.

"In passing up the Rhine, a German gentleman mentioned that a certain count, whose name at the present moment escapes

me, had a very good collection of modern works of art, 'and, among others,' said he, 'has a celebrated picture by Wilkie—your Scotch Teniers.'

"From Manheim we went to Carlsruhe, where we arrived late in the evening. Carlsruhe is, I believe, the capital of the Grand Duchy of Baden. It was this principality or sovereignty that Bonaparte so outrageously insulted, by seizing on the person of the Duc d'Enghien, and having him conveyed to Paris, and there shot—or, more properly speaking, murdered, by night. It is a crime so atrocious, that no apology can be offered in justification. There can be no doubt that Bonaparte had but one feeling on the subject, and that was regret, which only ended with his life. The whole of Europe rang with this despotic murder, and the public and private mischief it did this extraordinary man's character is not to be told. It is a great mistake to suppose that any man, however great and powerful, can withstand the cen-

sure of public opinion when acts of enormity are committed by him; then it is that the voice of justice is heard in opposition to cruelty. It is remarkable, upon such occasions, what correct sentiments are formed by a large proportion of the community, till at length the nation speaks, as it were, with one voice.

"Ten thousand men were to assemble in the course of the week for the purpose of review. We found one part of the nation full of discontent on the subject of some old taxation in the form of tithes. We did not quite understand the nature of the dissatisfaction; everything appeared cheap, and all to us was flourishing.

"We got into the diligence in the middle of the day, and travelled the whole of the night. As daylight appeared, we were most truly delighted with the scenery as we approached Basle. We put up at the Three Kings, which is situated on the river. This house and the *table d'hôte* are admirably conducted. We visited the Bi-

bliothèque, and were much disappointed at the collection of Holbein's pictures there. There is a picture of Erasmus, one of himself in the middle period of his life, and one of his wife and two children, whom he has painted as poor and miserable — the mother in tears. This was an interesting production; and although an early picture, and very inferior in point of execution to those of later date, yet there was a sentiment connected with it one could not help feeling. This was Holbein's native place; but he died in England, and was buried at Oxford.

"We here visited the tomb of Erasmus, who was interred in the principal church — 'under the ground,' said the man who showed us the church, 'upon which you stand, and, probably, nothing remains of him but a few solitary bones.' This truism brought home to one's mind the littleness of our earthly existence here. 'Alas! alas!' as Shakspeare

has it, ' to this complexion must we come at last !'

" We left Basle and proceeded to the canton of Berne. On our journey we learnt some particulars of the fight that had lately taken place between the country people and the town. Four hundred lives were lost in the conflict. It was some squabble about the payment of duties and the rights of citizenship. The country people bear a bad name, as idle and worthless. The wretchedness of the villages that we passed bore ample testimony to the laziness of their character; and, moreover, a more ill-looking race we never saw.

" This appearance of ugliness was not mended upon our entering the canton of Berne; but, nevertheless, wealth and prosperity were everywhere apparent. It was market-day when we arrived at Berne, and the streets were literally thronged. Our stay was short, and we proceeded to Lausanne.

" Before I attempt to describe to you the beauties of the scenery that we witnessed in this romantic country, let me give you some account of a supper that a traveller encounters in travelling by the diligence in this country. Imagine to yourself your arrival at a house, the entrance of which is not unlike an English barn: you pass through a long dreary passage, and then ascend to the room set apart for the entertainment of the passengers, adjoining to which is a room containing an assemblage of people like banditti, smoking, talking loud, and drinking; the boy in attendance upon us wearing a red cap; the master of the house at a separate table, helping the soup and cutting up different joints, which are then handed round the table in succession. Then imagine to yourself the various travellers who filled the diligence, usually amounting to twelve or fourteen in number. In our company, I will first mention an optician; and I made the discovery that such was his trade, by his

going to a weather-glass at one end of the room, and inquiring in broken English, if I liked things of that sort, as he could supply me. I bowed civilly, and said 'no.' He then betook himself to his station at the table, waiting the arrival of the supper. Next to him was a young man having the appearance of an adventurer,—poor, but, I should think, very clever. I introduce him for the purpose of describing his next neighbour, who sat near the head of the table; an old French Swiss, between seventy and eighty. He was described as a counsellor of state of one of the cantons: in his outward bearing, he seemed very polite, but was evidently a selfish character. He wiped his knife and rubbed his plate with the napkin; then tasted the wine, which he pronounced to be abominable; then called for other wine, which he pronounced to be equally bad; hurried out of the room, to the dismay of the poor landlord, who supposed he had lost him, and his benefit of the supper. The

old gentleman, however, returned with his little flask, which we suppose he took from his bag in the diligence. The soup was handed to him; 'I never eat soup at night,' was his answer. 'It 's really very good,' said the young man next to him. 'It may be for your stomach, not for mine.' Next came two excellent boiled fish of the country; of these he ate heartily; then potatoes, then mutton, then pigeons, then chickens, then plum-cake, then pears, and intermixed with this his little flask (I suppose) of claret and water. By the time he had thus filled himself, his good-humour began to return; but his fidgets, his great pretensions, his personal invectives against the poor man of the house, and his determination not to be satisfied, amused us not a little. But it was all quieted by the effect of the different things with which his stomach had been filled.

"I mused upon this as we travelled on in the night, and bethought me what a

wretched thing was man when under only corporeal influence. It was evident that this unfortunate gentleman thought only of that which was most agreeable to his taste, and hence satisfied himself that all the indulgences of life belonged to him, and to him only. There was so striking a lesson against selfishness in his manner and conduct, that it would be well if I had the power of giving a faithful portrait of this disgusting character. We counted five or six others in our company, most of them young, but all contented and comfortable, enjoying without fastidiousness the wholesome fare put before them.

"Now let me speak to you of the scenery about Lausanne. It is magnificent, and almost beyond description. Scarcely anything can exceed the beauty of the Lake of Geneva.

"October 21st, 1833.

"The town of Geneva has nothing to recommend it: the streets are dirty and badly paved, the houses old and wretched. The Hôtel **** is filthy, extravagant, and badly conducted. There are others much superior in comfort:—the Hôtel du Nord, the Hôtel d'Angleterre, and the Hôtel des Etrangers. All these hotels are out of the town, and very superior to that I have just spoken of, which seems to be left entirely to waiters of the worst description. Their *table d'hôte* was charged six francs a-head to us, and nothing could be worse.

"We were happy to quit this uncomfortable house; and we warn our countrymen against it. It is supposed to be inconvenient to take up your abode at the hotels out of the town; but it is not so.

"We left Geneva on Monday by the diligence for Lyons at half-past nine in

the morning, and reached the latter place at half-past ten on the following morning. This is the second city in France; it is full of movement, with all the concomitants of wealth. They have a theatre, I believe, not long since rebuilt. The French think much of their *spectacle*. When they are at their work or their business, they attend most assiduously to their avocation; but the work done, they then think only of amusing themselves. Pleasure is their object; they never cast a thought on the past or the future. Their consummate vanity renders them always satisfied with themselves.

"The country from Geneva to Lyons is beautiful and picturesque in the extreme. We followed constantly the course of the Rhône; on either side we were encompassed by lofty mountains, and every now and then the rich and cultivated ground below them gave a variety in the beauty of the scenery not easily imagined. The night was fine; the moon gave us her

greatest beauty. We passed several lakes, and every now and then the sound of the rushing waters down the rocks gave additional delight to the mind fond of the beauties of nature.

"Our company in the diligence was good; but the French have an unusual dread of much air, and would rather almost suffocate themselves by inhaling again and again their own corrupt atmosphere than admit the pure air, which is so essential to life, much more to health.

"We put up at the Hôtel de Milan, which, though not good, answered our purpose for the time. Our usual plan was to dine at the *table d'hôte* of the inn. Here we saw a variety of character,—the young, the coxcomb, the inexperienced, the cautious, the selfish, the soldier, the man of business, and the man of pleasure—each busy after his own manner—sensible or insipid, filthy or the contrary, pretending or the direct opposite. The most

useful seemed to us to be the man of business, and one whose peculiarities interfered the least with the moral observances of our nature: he satisfied his wants with as little loss of time as possible, and away instantly to his vocation. The military man, with his paraphernalia of orders, we observed, always conducted his expenditure with economy, and with an indication that he expected attention from the domestics: whenever he sounded his wants, it was always in the form of command, and with a demonstration of consequence.

"We had a short night, for we rose from our beds at three in the morning to proceed by the steam-boat, 'The Hirondelle,' to Chalons-sur-Saône. The morning was dark; we left the hotel at half-past three; a lighted lantern preceded us. Four or five other travellers from the hotel, were bound to the same destination. It was fifteen or twenty minutes' walk to the place of embarkation. Here a new

and very extraordinary scene presented itself."—

There is no further detail of this little tour.

CHAPTER XXXV.

Sir William's readiness to give professional advice.—Letters to his Friends.—Account of his interview with Andrew Dickie, Esq. on his death-bed.—Delicate state of his own health.—Letters to his Son.—Death of Sir Michael Seymour

In consequence of Sir William's known ability and long experience in his former profession, many applications were frequently made to him; and he was ever willing to answer the call for his advice, and to give his assistance to any friend or acquaintance who sought it. He was always equally ready to help the poor in his neighbourhood, where many benefited by his superior medical knowledge. From the following letter it will be seen that Sir William would have kindly complied with the request of a friend, even to make a journey to the Continent, in the hope that

his presence might be of service to an invalid, had not his state of health at the time prevented it.

LETTER TO A FRIEND AT PARIS.

"Limmer's, Jan. 30th, 1834.

"I AM more grieved than I can well express at the contents of your letter, and I cannot tell you what it costs me to be obliged to say that at this moment I am unable to go to you.

"I left Horndean on Monday last; your letter was sent up to me, and I received it after the post-hour. I have been much indisposed for the last six weeks; but by severe discipline, under the blessing of God, I think I am getting better. Under these circumstances, I will put down from your representation, as well as I can understand it, what dear Mrs. ****, it appears to me, had better do.

"I shall be most anxious to hear from you again. Have the kindness to direct your letters to Limmer's Hotel.

"That the Almighty may give you grace in a particular manner to support you under this trying affliction, is my most fervent prayer.

"Ever your affectionate and
sincere friend,
"W. K."

TO LADY KNIGHTON.

"31st January 1834.

"Alas! poor Mrs. ****! I should be afraid, from ——'s representation, that she is probably dead by this time. I have written a long letter to him to-day, and desired he would send for Dr. M. and read my letter to him. If she is under the influence of inflammation, nothing will be of use; if otherwise, there may be a chance.

I think my discipline is beginning to answer: I am better, thank God.

"W. is quite well; and the moment I have finished this, we are about to call on Mr. Stewart.

"We have made our visit to Mr. S. and seen dear Georgiana's picture. It seems to me a beautiful work of art: I wish Michael had it safely in his possession.

"I feel better to-night than I have done for some time. I think by walking, drinking only toast and water, and taking little food, I am bringing my digestion right again. This affair has given me a great insight into digestive organ complaints.

"W. has nearly brought his drawing to a conclusion, and with great industry has again begun the study of Laocoon. He told me yesterday that he thought he had chosen a happy occupation for himself; and if he thinks so now when all the drudgery of the grammar of the art is going on, how much more delightful will it be hereafter! God grant him health, as well as His grace, to keep him in the same purity of principle that is so interwoven with him at present!

"Ever your's, &c.

"W. K."

The following postcript to a letter bearing date Feb. 7th 1834, mentions the result of those apprehensions entertained and expressed by Sir William in a former letter.

" Since I finished my letter, the death of poor dear Mrs. **** has been announced to me; it took place on Monday last. The account gives us the most consolatory information that she was truly resigned and sensible to the last. She is to be buried at Montmartre; and Mr. ——, whose brother is interred there undertakes every thing connected with the funeral. Alas! poor dear! She was very amiable, very affectionate, very liberal, and a real Christian. I little thought when I took the sacrament with her in November last, that I should never see her more!

" God bless you! Adieu!"

Sir William had a mind very sensitively alive to public opinion respecting the

manner in which he discharged his services to his Royal Master. It will not therefore be a matter of surprise that he should have felt peculiar pleasure in hearing and recording the testimony given by one who was well qualified to form an accurate judgment on the subject. A memorandum to the following effect has been found, which was evidently designed for the satisfaction of his own family. It is dated March 7th, 1834.

"Some account of my interview with Andrew Dickie, Esq. at Clapham, upon his deathbed.

"I this morning went to Clapham, accompanied by Sir G—— H——, who was unable to get out of the carriage, for the purpose of seeing my friend Mr. Dickie. On my entering the house, I introduced myself to his brother. From him I learned that Mr. Dickie was delighted at the thought of seeing me, saying

there was no man he respected so much as he did Sir William Knighton. In the dining-room I saw my print hanging up, also that of his late Majesty George the Fourth.

"In a few minutes I was desired to walk up into Mr. Dickie's bedroom. He seemed exceedingly pleased to see me, and was evidently much affected. He looked very pale, his countenance considerably pinched, but his expressive eye still possessing its usual force, his mind clear and comprehensive as in the days of his best health. He took my hand, and held it the whole time that I remained with him. He then said, 'I have seen Sir * * * * here two or three times, full of civility from the present King, in the form of inquiry, and so on,' &c.

"Mr. Dickie then continued, 'It is useful sometimes for a man on his deathbed to speak out. I thought it right to say to Sir * * * *, that no monarch, nor any man, had ever such a friend as Sir Wil-

liam Knighton was to George the Fourth. He managed and guarded his pecuniary concerns with an indefatigable care, and such a peculiar understanding, that had I not myself been a witness, I could scarcely have credited it. There were times when Sir William thought that he was getting over difficulties, when large accounts came in of which he was not aware, like thunder-claps. He has more than once on such occasions, in my presence, most respectfully but firmly remonstrated with his Majesty upon the impossibility of managing his affairs with any satisfaction, or indeed propriety of conduct, if such unforseen expenditure occurred. Sir William's words, tone, and manner acted like magic upon the King. His Majesty, like a sensible man, seemed obliged from his heart; his whole demeanour showed it; and I myself at such a novel scene was struck with astonishment. From such circumstances, therefore, Sir ****, the name of Knighton is very dear to me.

I think it right to inform you of all this; and I say it on my deathbed, and will repeat, that no monarch had ever such a friend as George the Fourth had in your person.'*

"Mr. Dickie then entered on matters of business relating to the affairs of the late and present King. He afterwards spoke with great kindness of Sir G—— H———; said he was a good man, and most useful man of business. He stated that he had signed the executors' account of his late Majesty, and added, that no accounts were ever more carefully or more

* Mr. Dickie had been for many years a highly confidential clerk in the banking-house of Messrs. Coutts and Co., and was latterly a partner in that extensive establishment. He was a man of the highest principles, and, from his position in the banking-house, had become known to several members of the Royal Family. King George the Fourth duly respected his character; and Mr. Dickie's connexion with the accounts of his Majesty's Privy Purse afforded him many opportunities of witnessing the indefatigable exertions and faithful services of the subject of this memoir. The sentiments expressed at the interview above related were a confirmation only of that opinion of Sir William Knighton which Mr. Dickie had on many occasions been heard to utter to his friends.

scrupulously kept than those of his late Majesty's Privy Purse. He then went on to state that he was at peace with all the world. He wept once whilst talking to me, and bade me farewell with the most sincere emphasis of affection."

TO HIS SON.

"Horndean, 30th April 1834.

"The country is looking beautiful, much benefited by the rain, which with us still continues, and hence gloom and chilliness.

"I paid a visit to ——, and saw Mrs. ——. She seems a lively, sensible, interesting person, in good spirits, looks a little jaded, but with no expression of settled anxiety on her countenance. She has no doubt of her husband's ultimate recovery. The last thing he did was to paint his own picture for her, in which, she says, he succeeded entirely. He after that

attempted to paint her with the baby: he sketched it very well in his usual manner, and went on with it very properly for a day or two, when he introduced all sorts of strange things, and his mental faculty ceased to be under the control of reason. Poor —— is very musical, and his constant amusement now is to sing to his guitar. This is an accomplishment, I understand, in which his poor wife also excels. The child is very interesting, with a remarkably clear transparent eye. —— supposes himself to possess supernatural and mysterious powers! By all accounts, he seems very happy. Alas! what is happiness? The full occupation of time, filled up in rational or useful pursuits, all under the control of the gospel dispensation as revealed to us by holy writ.

"You had better have a look, if you have time, at the Giorgione before I come up. I can decide nothing without you. I thought you would be enraptured with the Correggios. Rembrandt and Correggio

seem to me to possess everything in art. I wish we may ever be able to get a morsel of Correggio.

"I feel truly happy at the prospect you have in art. Go on, do not spare yourself, and all will be as you wish.

"Ever yours,

"W. K."

Sir William's health became more frequently interrupted, and occasional attacks of illness during his visits to town proved the necessity of having a residence there. He therefore purchased a house for his son, calculated also to receive and accommodate his whole family; and in July he thus writes:

"12th July 1834.

"I HAVE paid for my house, and settled that matter; but I am afraid that I shall not be able to leave town on Monday, or until this business of the government is settled; because if I do, should there be a

new Chancellor of the Duchy, I must necessarily come up again immediately. Under these circumstances, I think it better to wait, disagreeable as it is; but I hope I may look forward to the middle of the next week.

"I must beg you to continue the Paris correspondence. Say that I am well; tell them of the affair of the house, and that I will write as soon as I get William's letter about the pictures. The more difficulties dear Mary encounters, the better: it will make perfect still more the delights of home, &c. I am glad that your mother seems so well; and if it pleases God she should return safe and sound, she will be much the better for the excursion, and look back with delight when her seeds become flowers next year.

"The weather is intolerably hot. I go to Lord Holland's to-day between four and five. I had a message from Lord Brougham, to beg me to call and see Lady B. This I must endeavour to do.

"W. K."

TO HIS SON.

"Horndean, 5th August 1834.

"I PROPOSE, D. V., to come up to town on Friday; and if you will come to Renaud's, I shall be delighted to see you. If Mr. Wilkie should be disengaged on Sunday between the churches, I would gladly go out and see him, as that may be the only opportunity I may have during my short stay in town. Afterwards you can return with me, that we may dine together at Renaud's.

"I can well understand the despondency of feeling connected with the drudgery of the studio; but unhappily there is no high attainment to be acquired without this great labour; and the more important the attainment, the more intense must be the application. It will, however, come, and great will be the acquisition.

"I consider this year amongst the most eventful of your life, as it will be fitting you for your farther acquirements upon

leaving this country for Rome. It will be comfortable to talk matters over during the winter months, when we are settled comfortably in our house in town. I hope to spend a great part of the year with you, if it please God to spare me. I trust Mr. G. will succeed in making your studio to your wishes.

"A letter has been received from Sir Michael Seymour from Rio Janeiro, dated June 21st. He is still on shore, but says nothing of his health; therefore we hope it has been improving since the last account.

"Love, &c. "W. K."

"Horndean, 28th August.

"Your uncle has given me so many instances of the cramp overtaking good swimmers, that both your mother and myself feel uneasy at your swimming out of your depth, and at such a distance. A wherry could not avail you under such

circumstances; and it would be a heart-rending way of losing a life! You are, I think, occasionally subject to cramp; and in the present state of the atmosphere, every one is more or less susceptible.

"I have had a violent attack of illness; but by keeping in my bed the whole of Wednesday, I am now, thank God, tolerable. On Wednesday night we were visited by a severe shock of an earthquake.* Every one in the house was alarmed and frightened, and all left their rooms more or less terrified. Independently of the house and furniture shaking, it was accompanied with such a noise, that it was supposed something must have happened in the large drawing-room. It was, I believe,

* The shock of the earthquake here alluded to was the most severe one of several which about that time were experienced on the line of coast from Portsmouth to Chichester. In this latter city the shock here particularly specified was a very unusual one for this country, and caused considerable alarm to the inhabitants. It was thus described in the public prints at the time:—"On the morning of January 23rd, 1834, at twenty minutes before three o'clock, the inhabitants of this city were suddenly aroused from their

still more formidable at Emsworth, and was felt all round the neighbourhood.

"Yours, &c.

"W. K."

The tranquillity of Sir William's country life, the comfort derived from the society of his family, and the continual amusement afforded by his two little grandchildren, of whom he was excessively fond, tended considerably to keep the nervous system in a quiet state. There was no evidence of disease; the countenance bore the character of health, and in the occasional interruptions that occurred there did not appear any very serious cause for apprehension.

It may be mentioned here that his

sleep by an extraordinary noise. At once their beds began to shake under them, the furniture in their rooms to move, and the bells in their houses to ring. All were alarmed and dismayed, numbers left their habitations and collected in the streets, where they soon understood the cause of their alarm." The terror, however, occasioned by this sudden earthquake remained upon their minds for a considerable time afterwards.

dear and excellent friend and brother-in-law, Sir Michael Seymour, had some time previously been appointed Commissioner of his Majesty's Dock-yard at Portsmouth. Such situations had always been considered permanent; but by a new regulation of the Government, Sir Michael was under the necessity of relinquishing it. He was afterwards appointed to hoist his flag as Rear Admiral, with the command of the South American station; and about the same time Capt. Michael Seymour, Sir William's son-in-law, received the command of a frigate to be employed on the same station, under his father.

In May, the following letters were received from Sir Michael. He had been alarmingly ill, but spoke of returning health. Sir William, being under much uneasiness about him, wrote immediately, with a cheering account of his family, and with ample directions for the management of himself. Several weeks passed without further intelligence from South America,

when, early in September, Sir William was called from the dinner-table to receive a severe shock by the intelligence of his friend's death. Sir William returned to his family, pale, and dreadfully agitated. He had been on terms of the greatest friendship with Sir Michael between thirty and forty years, and the sudden communication of his loss had a most prejudicial influence on his constitution. Hopes were at first entertained of the inaccuracy of the information: these were, however, immediately dissipated on the reception of the subjoined letter.

FROM MR. KNIGHTON TO SIR WILLIAM.

"London, Sept. 7th, 1834.

"It has pleased God to visit us with a most heavy affliction: * * * * arrived in town this morning from Rio, bringing the heart-rending intelligence that my dearest uncle Seymour has been taken from us.

"I need not attempt to tell you what we feel. My uncle wished me to make this communication to you in person; but I thought that my arrival at Blendworth might be the means of breaking it too suddenly to those around you, and that you will do this with as much gentleness as so heavy a blow will admit of.

"Any advice that you can give with regard to the means of communicating this event to my dear aunt S——, before it reaches her in the public papers, will, I doubt not, be acceptable. We think that * * * would do well to set off for the Continent to her, without losing time. There is a letter for you, I understand, at the Admiralty, giving the particulars of the case.

"My poor dear uncle was aware of his situation, and met his death with that resignation and firmness which belonged to his life. On the Sunday previous, he said he thought that Tuesday would finish his life; which proved to be the case. What-

ever consolation affection can suggest, I would offer; but, alas! what can heal such a wound as this! He alone who in his wisdom thought right to inflict the blow, can temper it in his mercy to them on whom it falls.

"Believe me ever, &c.

"W. W. K."

CHAPTER XXXVI.

Character of Sir Michael Seymour.—Letter from Sir Herbert Taylor, conveying the King's condolence to Sir William's family upon Sir Michael's death.—Sir William's alarming illness in consequence, &c.

The late Sir Michael Seymour was so well known as an officer for his active and distinguished services during the war,—was so much esteemed in every station to which his official duty called him, and so beloved in all the relations of private life, that the reader will, it is hoped, pardon the affectionate feelings which induce the Editor to dwell, perhaps at an uncalled-for length, on his memory.

It appears, by all accounts, that the climate of Rio Janeiro had an unfavourable influence on Sir Michael's health; and his

high sense of professional duty disposed him to withstand the urgent recommendations of his captain to go to sea. There were some circumstances connected with the Slave-trade, the suppression of which he earnestly desired, which appeared to him to render his presence at Rio important; and this was sufficient to induce Sir Michael to forego all personal considerations, although at the commencement of his illness he was strongly advised to try the effect of sea-air.

In a letter received after his death, dated from the house of the Consul, Mr. Hesketh, he speaks most gratefully of the extreme kindness and attention of that gentleman, and that he had his friends and servants and every comfort about him; "But still," he added, "it is not like home."

His captain (Captain Tait), in communicating his death to Sir William, writes thus:—

"That good and excellent man closed his brilliant and exemplary career in the morning of the 9th instant, at half-past five. When I consider the deep affliction into which his family and friends will be thrown by this inscrutable dispensation of Providence, I will not give vent to the feelings of sympathy and sorrow so keenly felt by Captain Crouch and myself; but I may be permitted to say, that in him I have lost a most kind friend, to whom I was warmly attached and devoted, and who ever treated me as a son, and also one to whom I looked up as the pattern of an officer and a man.

"My lamented Admiral was interred yesterday in the English cemetery, near the city, with all the honours due to his rank. The procession from the 'Spartiate,' formed by all the boats of his own squadron and those of the French, American, and Brazilian navies, were joined, on landing near the cemetery, by the Brazilian ministers, all the foreign

ambassadors and diplomatic agents, and British and foreign merchants; and so much was Sir Michael esteemed and respected, that even those who had not the honour of his acquaintance attended from respect to his memory, and all the foreign warehouses and shops in the city were closed."

The following letter on the above event was addressed by Sir Herbert Taylor to Sir William :—

"Windsor Castle, September 11, 1834.

"MY DEAR SIR WILLIAM,

"I HAVE not delayed to submit your letter of the 8th instant to the King, who had already received, with very serious concern, from Lord Auckland, or rather from Mr. Barrow, the melancholy intelligence of the death of poor Sir Michael Seymour, upon which he orders me to

assure you and every member of Sir Michael's family that he sincerely condoles with you.

"His Majesty had frequently mentioned him to me in terms of the highest regard; and these were feelingly repeated, with expressions of regret for his loss, when the report reached him. His Majesty directed me to say that you do justice to his sentiments towards Sir Michael Seymour; that he respected him as an excellent man, and had the highest opinion of his professional character and services; and that he should ever entertain the same kind disposition to which you advert as having been evinced by him towards Sir Michael Seymour when his Majesty held the situation of Lord High Admiral: nor has he omitted to express such opinion in his acknowledgment of the official report. His Majesty also expressed very kindly his sympathy in the affliction of the family of this valuable man, under so heavy a dispensation of Providence.

"I am certain, my dear Sir William, that you will give me credit for sharing sincerely those sentiments which I am called upon to express for his Majesty, and that you will feel assured that no person can enter more cordially than I do into whatever affects the happiness and comfort of yourself and those connected with you.

"Ever with the truest regard,

"My dear Sir William,

"Your very sincere and affectionate,

"H. TAYLOR."

"To Sir William Knighton, Bart. G.C.H. &c."

Sir William had a short but alarming illness soon after the death of Sir Michael, and his nervous system was again very easily excited. Occasionally he appeared in comfortable health, but never would acknowledge that he felt so, and any indisposition in his family caused him more than usual anxiety. Speaking in one of his letters of his eldest grand-

child, who had had an attack of fever, he says, "Had I known that this darling had been so ill, I should have gone down instantly: my affection for this beloved child is too great! I am not at all in health, and feel strongly the slightest emotion. I hope the Almighty will raise this little sufferer again."

In the beginning of 1835 is the following account of his health, in a letter to his son:—

"Blandford, Jan. 20th.

"I HAD the pleasure of receiving your letter this morning, and am rejoiced to find you had reached town in safety. Your dear mother, your sisters, and all join in wishing you many happy returns of this day; and you may believe that I am not backward, amidst the number, in hoping that you will be blessed not only with length of life, but all that can be given you under the wise and merciful dispensations of the Almighty.

"My own account of myself is not good. From some cause or other, my circulation has undergone a manifold change: upon feeling my pulse some days since, I found the intermission quite complete; formerly, I used to fancy there was every now and then a hesitation only. I suppose this disease of the heart has been helped on by the great emotion I felt on Sir Michael's death, and moreover by that sad cold and asthmatic attack which so embarrassed me for weeks in London. Now you will naturally inquire whether this change means any thing serious; to which I answer that I do not know. My own notion is, that it will prove the forerunner of sudden death. I shall therefore look to life from month to month, and endeavour to suit myself to this state of things, both spiritually and temporally. I must manage my body as an invalid, and have nothing to do, as far as I can avoid it, with the promiscuous accidents of life; no dining out; and I must

escape, as far as I am able, the excitements of emotion."

"Ever yours, &c. W. K."

In consequence of an accident from the bursting of a gun which occurred about this time to one of the servants in the country, the following was addressed to a friend.

"I AM sorry for poor B——'s accident. I do not understand what business he had with William's gun: the guns of gentlemen are generally considered as not to be used without permission or some specific order.

"This affair, however, I consider to come under the head of a particular Providence, for dear William might have used the gun next year, and the most disastrous results might have arisen. God be praised, and make me duly sensible of His great and continual mercies!

"I have been lately reading carefully

through Whitfield's remarkable journal of his ministerial career in the year 1739. This was before he was driven from the church, and it is quite remarkable how complete an evidence it gives that the sanctifying grace of God was spread abroad in the hearts of the tens of thousands who heard him. It did not signify where or in what country it was, but the effects of his preaching, if it reached the hearts of those to whom he preached, were always the same. Nor did education, or the want of it, produce any difference: whether his audience consisted of unlettered coal-miners or refined women of rank, there it was to be observed exactly the same in its operation; the sanctifying grace of God producing a thorough conviction of sin, and the ways of the world at once forsaken.

"Speaking of this working of Providence, he says, as well as I can remember, that our philosophers and Christians, falsely so called, laugh at the notion of particular

Providence: but to suppose a general, without a particular Providence, is as absurd as to imagine there can be a chain without being composed of links. He referred to the passage of scripture that not a sparrow can fall to the ground, &c. in confirmation of his position."

The following letter was written about this time: the beginning relates to the furnishing and preparing the house in Stratford Place preparatory to his family coming up to town.

"When we parted, my dear, I think I said I would write to you; but I did not say when I should do so, because to write without hurry one must seize upon convenient moments. I have been the whole week in a bustle:—smoky chimneys to be remedied, numerous articles from the kitchen to the attic to be procured; a visit to the Duke of Wellington-—to his Royal Highness the Duke of Cumberland—to

the Pantechnicon with dear Mary, where there is a learned goose to be seen, such as was never seen before. I have jumbled all these things together, to show the ordinary avocations of life, and how truly their importance might be estimated by that contemplation which leads to higher and to better things.

"Well, you were quite right; we had a most excellent sermon in the morning from Mr. R—, on the Conversion of St. Paul. He began by stating, that the conversion of St. Paul was one among the many benefits that had been conferred upon mankind, inasmuch as his conversion was similar in a certain sense to every conversion that took place in the present day in the case of all those who, having been dead in trespasses and sins, were brought to the light of the gospel and made alive unto righteousness. He said, that there were now no apparent miraculous conversions; 'but the truth is, the silent working of God's grace, in sanctify-

ing and purifying the heart, is little short of miraculous, when the natural heart is compared with what it becomes under the Divine influence. This is not fiction; there are those who hear me, to whom I can confidently appeal for the truth of what I state.'

"He then gave a most beautiful biographical sketch of St. Paul, of which the Scripture affords such an abundant opportunity. He said, St. Paul was much too clever a man for the infidel to say of him that he did not know what he was about: moreover, he was born of gentle, if not noble parents; had the highest education —even the name of his tutor is recorded. He went on to state, that one should have expected that his conversion would have taken place in some temple or some particular place; but no, it was by the roadside on his way to Damascus; as much as to say, 'Thus far shalt thou go, and no farther.' Upon his conversion he left everything; palaces for dungeons, civilization and lux-

uries for the barren and burning deserts. He particularly noticed that even Athens could not keep him,—the then emporium of everything that adorned and contributed to the highest state of refinement; where the arts flourished beyond what was ever before or ever since known; where the marble seemed to breathe under the sculptor's hand; where the fresh and living pictures of those that were now no more awakened the most tender emotions; where the architecture of temples and monumental trophies caused amazement in the minds of those who beheld them! Not so with St. Paul: he quitted all, and only thought of the glory of his heavenly master.

"Mr. R. finished by the application of the gospel truths found in the life of St. Paul, to those whom he addressed. In short, it was very edifying. But in the evening his sermon was still better, from the third chapter of Genesis, part of the nineteenth verse: 'In the sweat of thy

face shalt thou eat bread, till thou return unto the ground.' I think his exemplification of the curse, and the manner in which it had been fulfilled, was the most striking discourse I ever heard. He said there was no condition of life exempt from it: the rich and the poor, the wise and the ignorant, all were fully and equally involved in it. The poor might labour from morning to night, and be weary and sad; but what was that compared to mental labour? and what was either compared to the contrivances of those vile wretched idlers, men of pleasure, or of the world, as they are termed?

"On Wednesday evening, we heard him from the First Epistle General of Peter, second chapter, twenty-first and four following verses. 'For even hereunto were ye called: because Christ also suffered for us, leaving us an example, that ye should follow his steps: who did no sin, neither was guile found in his mouth: who when he was reviled, reviled not

again; when he suffered, he threatened not; but committed himself to him that judgeth righteously: who his own self bare our sins in his own body on the tree, that we, being dead to sin, should live unto righteousness: by whose stripes ye were healed. For ye were as sheep going astray; but are now returned unto the Shepherd and Bishop of your souls.' The sermon was very affecting, and that you will judge from the words of the text. I dare not give you even an outline of it: the subject includes so much generally, that one cannot readily do it justice in a few words.

"I have just read Caroline Fry's book, called 'Christ our Example.' It is very powerfully and judiciously done; an excellent book to look into previous to the composition of sermons. There are some thoughts suggested which are very striking; awfully so, I think.

"Yours, &c.

"W. K."

Sir William's last letter to his son contained a true but melancholy account of his health and spirits; and his own conviction of his precarious state produced a correspondent tone of religious feeling and a more spiritual frame of mind.

His reading was principally of a religious and serious cast, and he never omitted an opportunity of hearing some eminent preacher. About this time he made the acquaintance of the Rev. S. R.; and having succeeded in getting accommodation at his chapel, he constantly attended and frequently wrote down the heads of the discourse; and during the short remainder of his life, his habits and conversation proved that the truths which he heard were happily engraven on his heart.

In a memorandum-book are found the following observations expressive of the high sense entertained by Sir William of this gentleman.

"I this morning paid my first visit to the Rev. S. R. I was much impressed with

his tone of conversation altogether. He is evidently an advanced Christian and a highly-gifted person. His power of preaching is very great; his clearness and distinctness are remarkable, and his language beautifully illustrative. The under tones of his voice are fine. In short, what with these auxiliaries and his wonderful readiness as to language, he is a most efficient preacher, and, as one of the few who address their congregation without notes, is eminently successful."

Sir William's feelings were about this time much affected by the death of Lord Vernon, with whom for many years he had been on terms of friendship. He thus alludes to it in a letter to Lady Knighton.

"The letter you forwarded to me is from Col. Vernon Harcourt, announcing the fatal illness of our poor friend Lord Vernon, who, as you will see by the enclosed, is by this time on his way to

England, a corpse. What a sad and fearful history is this life, and how everything exemplifies it from day to day!"

TO LADY KNIGHTON.

"June 26th, 1835.

"I SAW the King to-day by appointment for the purpose of signing the books. His Majesty talked very confidentially to me on the state of the country, the late King, &c. and ended by desiring me to come down to Windsor on Monday and to remain until he returns to town on Wednesday: this I am going to do." * * * *

TO MISS KNIGHTON.

"Windsor Castle, Tuesday night.

"I WRITE a line to say that I hope to be in town to-morrow by eleven or soon after. I am, I thank God, very tolerably well. You must have dinner at four, because, you know, we shall go to church in the evening. Windsor is looking very beautiful; but to me, notwithstanding the

magnificence, there was a dreary and dark, gloomy feeling.

"I have been treated with great kindness and distinction. The King ordered me at dinner each day to sit by the Queen; I drove out with his Majesty for above four hours; and nothing could be more gracious than they both were. But this does not obliterate past thoughts and feelings: all the day long, it seemed to me as if the late dear King was still under the influence of death in his chamber."

Early in September of this year, the following interesting letter was received from Sir David Wilkie, who was making a tour in Ireland.

"Limerick, August 30th, 1835.

"DEAR SIR WILLIAM,

"YOUR most kind and considerate letter, that reached me on the day I left London, was particularly acceptable on

leaving home, and on commencing a journey in the course of which I am every day thinking of yourself and of Mr. Knighton as the friends whom I should most wish to see what I see, and be impressed as I am impressed with the objects before me.

"The striking points between London and Holyhead, such as the Vale of Llangollen, the view of Snowdon, or the Menai Bridge, are passed by in haste in our approach for the first time to the all-engrossing Sister Kingdom; and having embarked on the Sunday evening at twelve o'clock, I was awakened next morning about six in the Bay of Dublin. The scene that presented itself on landing, so repugnant to the philanthropist, is to the painter most highly interesting: Velasquez, Murillo, and Salvator Rosa would here find the fit objects of their study. The misery did not strike me; it was apparently not felt by the people themselves, whose condition is, after all, what

the more advanced societies have gone through in their progress to refinement.

"In proceeding from the landing harbour (called, in compliment to the landing of George the Fourth, Kingstown) to Dublin, about six miles, I was reminded by the environs of the buildings of France and of Scotland; but the town itself of Dublin, with its splendid squares and public buildings, is essentially English. Still, the mass of the population has a Spanish and Italian look; and one is only surprised that, with their appearance, their habits, and their faith, they should yet be our own people and speak our own language.

"The meeting of the British Association at Dublin did not present much for a painter during the time; therefore I was occupied in visiting convents, chapels, and the haunts of the lower classes; and when it was over, started with two friends per mail directly westward till we met the Atlantic at Lord Sligo's domain called

Westport. We then proceeded southward through the wild mountainous district of Connemara to Galway, a region of which the inhabitants are said to be descended from a colony of Spaniards, to whom they still bear a marked resemblance. Here the impression produced by the aspect of these people and their cabins is not to be described. In a state of primeval simplicity, honest, polite, and virtuous, with so few wants that even the children run about the cabins unclad, they realise to a fervid imagination an age of poetry, which nevertheless the poetry of our times has not described, and which to painting is perfectly new and untouched. Indeed, I would say that a future painter, after he has seen and studied all that has been done by the Greeks and Italians, should see such a state of life as a basis for his imagination to work upon; and I would venture to recommend that Mr. Knighton should, in the course of his studies, see Ire-

land at a future time with such a view. The costume of the district we have travelled through, he would find a perfect model. Dublin has the disadvantage, that the lower classes wear only the cast-off clothes, in rags, of their fashionable superiors: but in Connaught and Connemara, the clothes, particularly of the women, are the work of their own hands; and the colour they are most fond of is a red they dye with madder, which, as petticoat, jacket, or mantle, brightens up the cabin or landscape, like a Titian or Giorgione.

"Indeed, the whole economy of the people furnishes the elements of the picturesque. They build their own cabins, fabricate their own clothes, dig their own turf, catch their own salmon, and plough their own fields, bringing into their confined dwelling a confused variety of implements not to be described.

"So remarkable are the scenes, that I am wondering they have not long before been the object of research among painters.

True,—by the politician and by the patriot, much is seen with pity and regret: still the Irish peasantry are a rising, and not a declining people; and as their good qualities must lead to future improvement, their present most simple and pastoral condition, if properly recorded, must at all times be subject of legitimate interest to the painter, the poet, and the historian.

"The place I have not yet seen in Ireland is that which strangers mostly visit, the Lakes of Killarney. For these I proceed to-morrow. The weather has been of late most unfavourable; but I proceed from Killarney to Cork, from thence by an inland route to Dublin, and then to London, it being an object of importance with me to see yourself and Mr. K. before you start for Italy.

"I am, dear Sir William,

"Yours, &c.

"David Wilkie."

CHAPTER XXXVII.

Shipwreck of the Challenger, commanded by Capt. Seymour.—Sir William's letter of congratulation to the Captain on his safe arrival in England.—Particulars of the wreck.—Court Martial.—Honourable Acquittal of Capt. Seymour.—Letters from Sir William to his family.

In October, Sir William's feelings received another severe shock, from which he did not soon, if ever entirely recover. Excitement of any kind, which in the days of health and strength would not have occasioned effects of a serious nature, seemed in the latter period of his life to be attended with a marked derangement of the whole system, the result doubtless of existing and increasing embarrassment about the heart.

Devotedly attached to his family, the welfare of every individual in it was a source of deep and anxious interest

to his mind. His son-in-law, Captain Michael Seymour, had been nearly two years absent on the South American station, and there was no expectation of his return for at least another year, when the following letter arrived :

"His Majesty's Ship Conway,
at Sea, Oct. 14th, 1835.

"MY DEAREST SIR WILLIAM,

"THIS letter will inform you of my sudden and most unlooked-for return to England, and that the shipwreck of my late poor Challenger is the sad cause. It occurred in the evening of the 19th of May, on our return from Rio Janeiro to the Pacific, when only a few hours' sail from the Port of Concepçion in Chili, under circumstances of considerable danger. But the Almighty was merciful to us, and spared all excepting two lives (Mr. Gordon, a midshipman, and a seaman). For the extent of His mercies I desire to be as thankful as I feel I ought to be.

"Part of the Challenger's crew, with the officers and myself, are passengers in Captain Eden's ship, the Conway. We have had very favourable winds during the whole of our voyage from the Pacific, and are now within a few leagues of Spithead.

"I am at a loss to know whether any reports of our misfortune can yet have reached you, although on two occasions I wrote to you. You will not expect that I should now enter into any of the details of our wreck, as another moment will be best suited to that purpose; my present object being, that on my landing, no delay may arise in making known to you the circumstances of my arrival in England.

"It is impossible that I can yet feel free from that burthen of concern which the fact that I have to undergo the ordeal of a court-martial naturally conveys with it; but as I am not conscious of any one failure in point of duty to make me fear it, I hope, when it is concluded, to regain that peace of mind which I am

aware has, during the tedious interval that has elapsed since the loss of my ship, been at times much disturbed.

"That my misfortune should cause sorrow or uneasiness to many so dear to me, has been a source of great and most anxious disquietude.

"I have no later news from England than March last. I pray most sincerely that I may find you, my dear Sir William, and all, in good health.

"I thank God, I have preserved my health in a remarkable manner; although the exposure to which we were subjected for several weeks bore hard on some of my companions.

"If I find that my wreck is unknown at Blendworth, I shall use the best means I can to apprise them of my coming.

"Believe me, &c.

"M. S."

TO CAPTAIN SEYMOUR.

"15th Oct. 1835.

"MY DEAREST MICHAEL,

"THANKS be to the Almighty that you are preserved to us! I think of nothing else but of this merciful Providence! I should have gone down to you directly, but I thought it probable I might have heard something further this evening.

"I had some difficulty in preventing William from hastening to you by the mail to-night.

"A thousand congratulations on your safety. Your two darling children, how delighted they must be! The dispensations of the Almighty are all for wise and merciful purposes!

"Be at peace, my dear Michael!

"Your ever affectionate and attached,

"W. K."

Though Captain Seymour returned in health, he was much worn from the

anxiety and hardships to which he had been exposed during a detention of seven weeks on the coast of Chili, with no other shelter from the rain and inclemency of the winter, than the sails of his lost ship, and little other defence from the surrounding thousands of hostile and warlike Indians than the vigilance and intrepidity of the crew. These Indians were at war among themselves, and, from their character, the shipwrecked crew found it necessary to be constantly upon their guard: under apprehension of the treachery or open hostility of either party, they had to watch, particularly at night, with scouts placed at a certain distance from their camp, in order to be ready for any sudden attack.

From the low situation in which they were placed, the marsh and flat around them was at times much flooded from the heavy rains which occur at this period of the year. Some of the men were already unfit for active work, from being laid up

with rheumatic attacks, the result of their having been constantly wet while labouring at the wreck. There was a danger also of the mound of sand on which they were encamped being overflowed by the sea; the waves at times broke so heavily, that the surf passed over its usual mark, and rolled up so near to them as to move their boats, and several articles which were supposed to be safe from the approach of the sea; their fuel became scarce, and their privations were very great: they experienced a smart shock of an earthquake, — a recurrence of which, they feared, might cause an irruption of the sea, and sweep away their whole encampment; for not long before, during the earthquake at Talcahuana, the sea rose thirty feet. It became, therefore, indispensable that they should remove to a higher situation; which, after much preparation and great labour, they accomplished. Their encampment was now in a position several miles distant

from the first, of which it was directly the reverse in character; that being on a flat deep sand, whereas they were now on a steep declivity overlooking the sea, and on this they remained until their removal.

"The dreadful earthquake which had destroyed Port Concepçion, and had upraised as much as ten feet the island of Santa Maria, situated near the spot of the Challenger's wreck, had indeed convulsed a large part of that coast in an extraordinary manner. This having caused an unusual and unexpected current, was the occasion of the loss of that ship.

The result of the court-martial was most gratifying to the feelings of all. The court was of opinion that no blame whatever was attached to Captain Michael Seymour, nor to any of the officers or ship's company, and they were therefore fully acquitted; and to this was added the following honourable testimony:—

"The court cannot close its proceedings

without expressing the high sense it entertains of the conduct of Captain Michael Seymour, his surviving officers, and ship's company, when placed in circumstances of the greatest danger, as well as afterwards, during a period of seven weeks that they remained on a wild and inhospitable coast, strongly marking the advantages of that steady discipline which has raised the British navy to the confidence of the country, and which, in this instance (as well as in many others), has been the cause of the preservation of the lives and health of the crew, and of their arrival, with two melancholy exceptions, in safety to their own country."

The court-martial excited great interest at Portsmouth from the sympathy called forth by the hardships which the parties had endured; and when the ship's company were afterwards paid off on board the admiral's ship the Victory, their brother sailors manned the rigging and gave them three hearty cheers.

The relief Sir William experienced at the pleasing termination of the court-martial, and the removal of mental anxiety connected with the wreck of the Challenger, seemed for a short time to have a beneficial influence on his health. The addition of Captain Seymour to his domestic circle was a source of comfort to him, and contributed not a little to this favourable change.

He beheld the hand of mercy in his son-in-law's almost miraculous deliverance, and he expressed his conviction that there was a providential blessing in this dispensation which would sooner or later be discovered. Could it have been foreseen that within the following year the earthly tie of affection was to be severed for ever, all would have then acknowledged with a still deeper sense of gratitude the gracious and directing Power which had thus mysteriously sent home the absent and beloved relative, to cheer with his presence the last fragment of

Sir William's declining life, and to join in offering the last tribute of affection and respect with the other members of the bereaved family.

In looking through the letters subsequent to this period, the rapid progress of disease is very evident. In December, Sir William thus addresses Lady K. :—

"Stratford Place, December 14th, 1835.

"I HAD the pleasure of receiving your letter, and with it the various things accompanying it, for which we beg to express our thanks. I have been and am still very much embarrassed with a cold and a sad cough: every winter seems to bring with it additional inconvenience in this respect, and the craziness of my chest is certainly upon the increase. The tormenting part is the want of sleep: I have tried every device, and I cannot now depend upon more than three hours until the time of getting up arrives; and then I am heavy, wearied, and exhausted. But

God's will be done! the long sleep will soon arrive.

"Notwithstanding everything conspired against it, I contrived to hear Mr. R. twice. William was with me in the morning; and we both agreed that the sermon was very good, and nothing to be added or taken away. It was on the union of Christians and the duty of meekness in Christ's ministers. No jarring, either among themselves or their flocks, upon trifling points; but no communion with those who would, as the Socinians do, degrade the dignity of their blessed Saviour. Pray for them; and, if you can, convert them from the error of their ways.

"He said there was much to regret in the want of unanimity in the ministry of our own church; but that the day might come when trials would call forth a greater love of the brotherhood. This reminded him of Ridley and his contemporary bishops, who had been quarrelling with a bitter feud about so low a thing as what

vestments were to be worn in their ministerial duties. This bitterness soon ended, and they asked forgiveness for their folly, when, in defence of the true faith, they were led to the burning pile, and suffered with inspired firmness for their Lord and Saviour.

"The sermon in the evening was on the bondage of fear resulting from sin, and the tranquil and heavenly resignation to the will of God that takes place under the gracious influence of the Holy Spirit. It reminded me much of * * *, who is certainly wonderfully free from the bondage of fear: he prays for what he wants, and, trusting to that, has done with all the temporal pros and cons around him.

"Yours, &c.

"W. K."

It must have been observed that the persuasion of the existence of a fatal disease had gradually led Sir William's mind to the serious contemplation of an event

which his own medical experience had taught him might be accelerated by any unexpected emotion. His professional duties had well initiated him in the lessons to be acquired from the dying. He had little faith in a deathbed repentance : The opportunity even of such must be often uncertain ; — life is frequently cut short without any previous warning ; human reason may be deprived of its functions, or the agony of pain and terror may shut out all thoughts of the future. With sentiments such as these, there was united a strong desire in his mind to prepare himself by a close application to every means of obtaining religious knowledge, and of acquiring, through the influence of the Holy Spirit, strength and consolation for the awful event he apprehended.

The few remaining letters are principally filled with outlines of sermons, the truly scriptural character of which was most essential to the great object so earnestly sought.

TO LADY KNIGHTON.

"Monday, 21st December 1835.

"William will, I trust, bring you this in safety. I propose, God permitting, to go down on Thursday next.

"The sermon yesterday morning was from the twenty-fourth chapter of the Second Book of Samuel, ver. 24,—'And the king said unto Araunah, Nay; but I will surely buy it of thee at a price: neither will I offer burnt offerings unto the Lord my God of that which doth cost me nothing.' (David was about to offer sacrifice after that the plague was stayed. In three days the pestilence had destroyed three score and ten thousand. This was occasioned by his sin in numbering the people of Israel.)

After stating how many were called to mourn for those who were committed to the charnel-house, and how at length

the repentance and prayers of David were heard, and the plague was stayed, Mr. R. commenced the direct object of his discourse to those whom he was addressing.

" ' Those who suppose,' said he, ' that it is an easy thing to be a Christian are entirely mistaken. No; it is a very costly thing; it must be bought with a price. There will be the sacrifice of those earthly affections which were once fixed, stamped, and riveted upon our hearts;—all those earthly idols of sense that we naturally so much delight in, court, and covet—and this recognised and known under the name of the " old Adam." And I wish to say to you that one of the fundamental errors of the preaching of the present times is this, that ministers tell you that you must not do this and you must not do that; avoid the contamination of public assemblies, and the various intercourse of the different forms of society. And this is all so far well; but what success has the minister in effecting this object, unless he can drive

out the old Adam and establish the new spiritual man? The heart cannot be unoccupied,—it cannot be left without a new set of principles; and that, in plain terms, is the new birth. This will, I suppose, be called enthusiasm. Be it so; but I have the words of our Lord and Saviour as my director, "Except a man be born again, he cannot enter into the kingdom of God." It is very up-hill work indeed for a faithful minister; for Satan knows well enough how to make a stronghold of our corrupt hearts. For this end, he gets two most powerful auxiliaries, pride and selfishness; and I may add a third, the force of ridicule. Examine yourself upon these points, and find out by such inquiry how many, under the specious garb of profession, use set phrases, enter into religious conversations, with hearts as unconverted as the inanimate thing on which they stand. With the scoffer and the profligate the minister has a better chance, because there all concealment is put aside,

and the alarm of conscience once begun there is some hope that grace may sooner or later follow.'

"I never heard anything in my life so beautifully convincing. The cases he put showed such a very great acquaintance with the human heart as was really surprising.

"In the evening he preached from the sixth chapter of St. Paul's Epistle to the Hebrews, ver. 11,—'And we desire that every one of you do show the same diligence to the full assurance of hope unto the end.' I have not the means nor the time to dwell much upon this; but it was to get rid of the objections that were made to the doctrine of assurance. He was satisfied of this gospel truth, and that the privilege of every converted Christian was to know and feel the assurance that he belonged to the family of his Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ. He then took his congregation to the deathbed of true believers, to the dying moments of those

who had been born again of the Spirit. It was truly affecting, and most truly convincing. It is difficult to judge from these short outlines of the whole instruction these sermons contained.

"The weather is tremendously severe. I returned late from the Duchy; a most wofully cold night. Lord Holland was good enough to bring me home.

"Ever yours,

"W. K."

"Athenæum, January 5th, 1836.

"I WRITE again to-day, contrary to my intention, for the purpose of acknowledging your letter, and saying that I shall be happy to receive dear Mary on Thursday.

"I am just returned from hearing old Mr. Wilkinson in the City. I think he must be above eighty,—quite clear and distinct. A beautiful old church, thronged to fulness. I could only just get in and stand by the door. I was not in time for

his text: I should think it was on regeneration.

"The first words I heard from him were, 'Remember that the day of death is the day of judgment.' He then said, it had been truly stated that there were three joyous periods in the history of man. The first was the day of conversion, when the finger of God, by his Holy Spirit, writes on the heart of man the comfortable assurance, 'Thy sins are forgiven thee by the redeeming blood of thy Saviour, Jesus Christ.' Under such circumstances, the next joyous day is the day of our death, when all the miseries our mortal flesh is heir to terminate; and then comes the third period of our joy, namely, our ascension into heaven!

"This gentleman has the most striking countenance you ever saw. What a beautiful picture might be made of him, and of the marvellous variety of strange care-worn faces (for it is close to the Exchange) by which his pulpit is surrounded!

"I mean this evening to hear Mr. Evans. They tell me he is a very extraordinary man; and this will be a good way of spending the evening of my birth. It is a long time ago; and when I see what has happened during the last year, it is not unlikely that I may never see another. I wish I may; for I am not yet prepared! that I feel most sensibly. Poor Lord ——, almost the last time I saw him, said that he could never pray in his life! I thought this so odd a declaration, that I gave no answer to it.

"I have been reading a book to-day in which there is this beautiful address to the Almighty:—'Among the errors of the best, how shall my soul find safety? Even by thee, O Lord! Where is uncertain Hope to cast her anchor? Even in thy blessed Gospel! Serious examination, deep humility, earnest prayer, will obtain certainty. God is good; Christ is our only mediator and advocate. He suffered for our sins; by his stripes we are healed. As in Adam

all die, so in Christ all are made alive. Whoso believeth shall be saved. But faith without works is dead. Yet it is the grace of God that worketh in us. Every good and every perfect work cometh from above. Man can do nothing of himself; but Christ is all-in-all; and whatsoever things ye shall ask in the name of Jesus shall be granted. This is sufficient, this is plain: I ask no philosophic researches, no learned definitions; I want not to dispute, but to be saved. Lord! save me, or I perish. I only know my own vileness—I only know thy sufficiency; these are enough; witness heaven and earth, my trust is in God, mercy through Jesus Christ my blessed Redeemer. Amen.'"

LETTERS TO MR. KNIGHTON.

"Blendworth, 26th May 1836.

"I PROCEED to give you some account of my health, and to acknowledge the pleasure of your letters. I hope that I am

gaining with respect to my painful limb; but it has hitherto been so slow and so uncertain, that I have been unable to quit my bed but once since I came hither this day week. I got up on Sunday last, when all the incapacity and pain in my limb were renewed: I made the attempt again yesterday; I am writing this in my bed; but I cannot help hoping that I am better. This poisonous east wind seems harassing to the vegetable creation as well as to the human frame; for the grass will not grow, and all nature seems chilled under its baneful influence.

"I have been lately reading Southey's Life of Cowper, and have been much interested in what he says of Romney, as well as in some beautiful thoughts and maxims that he has given from Flaxman, who must have been a man with superior intellect. Flaxman says, according to Southey, 'that every painter paints himself; each picture presents in some measure a transcript of its author's merits and de-

fects.' This is true; and Southey at once seizes upon Fuseli as an example, who always looked upon the human form in a manner that brought nothing to his imagination but distortion. It would seem that Flaxman loved Romney much, and that they met Cowper at Hayley's; and there it was that Romney made his beautiful drawing of Cowper, *con amore*. Southey describes Cowper as sitting of an evening on one side the table in his velvet cap, transcribing his translation of Homer, and Mrs. Unwin on the other in her spectacles, knitting stockings. Cowper was then sixty-one, Mrs. Unwin seventy and upwards.

"You must now, my dearest William, return to a close habit of study: depend upon it, there is nothing to be done without it. You must endeavour to read a little more also. Time is passing away rapidly. Thirty years of age will soon be here, and the fifteen years after will fly like the passing cloud. . . . . I hope you

will excuse what I have said; but my best affections and my heart are so intimately mixed up in your future welfare and success, that I could not help it. The heart is too often the mere muscle which keeps up an equal circulation; but mine has been always full of warm affection, sentiment, and, I hope, true feeling.

"Ever, &c.

"W. K."

"Blendworth, 15th July 1836.

"My health has been much embarrassed since I came hither; but I think I am a little better. My lameness is gone, upon which the difficulty of breathing returned; at least, as the one ceased, the other appeared. I do not know what to make of it altogether.

"To-morrow week I hope, God permitting, to be with you again. I am very anxious to see the picture in progress; the drawing to my eye promised well. Mary sends her love; she has had a very

sharp attack of this sad epidemic. Dora is now in her bed with it. The only strong person in the house is your mother; which is a great happiness. God bless you, dear William!

"Ever yours, &c.

"W. K."

"Blendworth, July 15, 1836.

"I THANK you much for your last letter, which was most agreeable to me: I am truly rejoiced to find that you are proceeding with the picture, about which I take the most unqualified interest.

"I never felt a greater difficulty than I now feel upon deciding on the course we had better take relative to our journey. There is no doubt that my health requires help; but I believe carriage exercise, and passing from place to place in England, might do almost as much for me as a foreign journey. Now, you will see by the two enclosures, that in Austrian Lombardy the cholera is raging, as it is in higher

Italy. Such accounts are uncomfortable, and unsettle one; but of this I am satisfied, it would be most desirable that you should go somewhere; and if upon reflection nothing better offers, I should say Dresden. My opinion therefore is, unless you had the prospect of getting into Italy from Marienbad, I should decline that journey, because the direct road to Rome would be through Parma; and Bologna and Parma are infected with the cholera.

"My first object is relative to myself, to get back my health, and, under God's blessing, to have some security for life a little longer. My great and entire object in regard to yourself is, that you should succeed in the art you have undertaken, which I feel confident will be the case.

"Ever, &c.

"W. K."

TO HIS SON.

"Blendworth, July 17, 1836.

"We had the pleasure of writing to you on Friday; but it seems you had not received the packet as soon as you ought. The object of my letter to-day is to tell you that Mary Stanley, the gipsy, called here with her mother yesterday, and she comes again on Tuesday week, the 26th, to receive your orders: a finer specimen of colour, &c. you cannot have. Pray come down on Saturday, and do not fail to bring some canvasses with you of different sizes. I think Mrs. Stanley a fine specimen of an old woman. There is also a very pretty child among them.

"I think my health is a little better; but I cannot much depend upon it. Yesterday I could not breathe the whole of the day; to-day I am free from all embarrassment. I suppose you will order down your horse; and I hope, between work and

occasional pastime, you will find the six weeks agreeable. Our harvest will begin, I should think, in about a fortnight. I propose to go to Hayling three times a week, to get sea-air; and that will give you the opportunity of bathing.

"Our beloved Dora is doing very well; the baby, they all say, is very lovely. God bless you, my dear William, and believe me ever,

"Your most affectionate

"and attached parent,

"W. K."

CHAPTER XXXVIII.

Sir William's increasing indisposition. — Letters from his Friends, comforting him under his sufferings.—Receives the Sacrament.—His death.

The preceding was the last letter addressed by Sir William to his son, who shortly after came down to pass the remainder of July, August, and part of September with his family. His visit had been anticipated with great delight by his father; and notwithstanding the frequent interruptions to health, from oppression in his breathing, and the great want of sleep, of which night after night he complained, it was with infinite pleasure that he watched the progress of the Gipsy Girl; and it was a great solace to him to sit in the studio, and enjoy the comfort of the society of his son.

About the middle of August the embarrassment in breathing became considerably increased, and Sir William went to town to see his medical friends. The wind was in the east on the day of his return; this probably aggravated the complaint, and the most distressing oppression came on, accompanied by an entire absence of sleep, with continual spasms in the chest which seemed to threaten the total failure of respiration.

After a night of the most painful suffering and distress, Sir William was prevailed on to attempt the journey to town, and, accompanied by Lady Knighton and his son, (both under the greatest apprehension of the danger as well as the necessity of the undertaking,) it was with extreme difficulty accomplished. Under the alarming symptoms of the complaint, it was truly satisfactory to be within reach of the best medical advice; and by the remedies administered by the kind and unremitting attention of his friends Dr. Chambers and

Mr. Tupper, with whom he had been on terms of friendship for above thirty years, the suffering was in some degree relieved, and his sick chamber was cheered by many a consolatory visit from professional as well as other friends by whom his worth was appreciated. But, alas! he never rallied sufficiently to inspire hope in his medical visitors.

As soon as possible after his arrival in town, he arranged all his worldly concerns with the most anxious attention to the comfort of his family, and with scrupulous care to lessen as much as possible to his son the painful routine of business consequent on his death. When this was all accomplished, his mind seemed greatly relieved, and the depression which had at times weighed down his spirits gave way to a calm and peaceful state.

About this time Sir William received many kind visits as well as letters of inquiry from his friends. The extract which follows is from the Bishop of——, who had

just heard that his illness had obliged him to go to town for medical aid.

"I CANNOT do for you in your illness what you affectionately did for me in mine; but I must give vent to the feelings of my heart in assuring you of my deepest sympathy with you in your bodily sufferings, and of my daily prayers that it may please God to continue you to the love of your family and of ourselves. Next to your dear family, I am sure there are none who think so tenderly of you as Mrs. —— and myself; and I cannot tell you how full our hearts are at present in hearing of your illness, and how much our thoughts are occupied with you. My dearest friend, may God enable you to experience an earnest of his love by breathing a spirit of peace into your soul!—not of false peace, but of peace which springs from faith in Jesus, and a knowledge of a reconciled Father's faithfulness to his promise—'Thou shalt keep his soul in perfect peace,

whose mind is stayed on Thee'. I now see this exemplified in my brother, to whom we have come for a ten days' visit. He has recently lost another daughter. It is really beautiful to see how submissively he bears these trials, and how he resigns one member of his family after another into the hands of Him who gave them, with no other desire than that of being enabled to glorify God most in his heaviest afflictions.

"Be assured of my warmest prayers for you, and of my most affectionate love."

His friend the Rev. S. R. was unfortunately absent from town at this time; but a promised correspondence was anticipated by Sir William with great anxiety. The following letter, however, so appropriate to a state of suffering, unhappily arrived too late.

"MY DEAR SIR WILLIAM,

"Since we have been absent from home, I have thought of you very often, and especially at the time when I have carried the burden of my own weakness and wants before the mercy-seat of our gracious God; and I have again and again interceded for you, that you might have strength supplied according to the weight of trial which is laid upon you.

"Although I cannot at this time tell whether your bodily health is better or worse than when we parted, I feel quite sure that our Father will so order the dispensations of his providence as that they shall promote his good purpose in the well-being of your soul. It is a blessed attainment of faith when it can so rest upon the fulfilment of the Divine Word as to trust God in spite of all the weariness and pain of the sick chamber, and to acknowledge his love although it comes under a form which we should never have chosen for

ourselves. May you have a great increase of this clear-sighted and submissive faith! and then you will feel with the apostle that 'to live is Christ, and to die is gain.'

"I have often meditated with deep interest upon the Lord's dealing with you: it seems to furnish a most encouraging instance of that patient and fatherly kindness which brings about purposes of mercy to a chosen soul even under circumstances which would appear very unfavourable to such a result. Here then is our comfort, not that we are sufficient of ourselves to think anything as of ourselves, but that He who has loved us when we were dead in trespasses and sins will love us even to the end.

"I am convinced by long observation, that the only way to permanent peace and joy in believing is to obtain simple-minded views of gospel truth.

"There are many difficult things in the Bible; but that which mainly concerns the

present hope and future glory of a believer lies in a small compass: it consists only in having right opinions of ourselves as sinners, ignorant and helpless, and of Christ as a Saviour, able and willing to save all who come unto God by Him. How perfect is the character of our Great High-priest! He has the wisdom and power of God joined with all the sympathising tenderness of a brother's heart. At this moment He is directing and controlling the affliction wherewith you have been visited, that He may make it promote his glory in your ultimate and eternal good; and He will sustain you and the home circle which is now filled with anxiety on your account.

"May you all receive such supplies of power, and such proofs of God's presence with you, that you may be able not only to submit, but even to rejoice! I feel sure that it will be so; for the word of the Lord standeth sure, and He lets no prayer of faith remain unanswered."

Sir William was fully aware of the hopeless nature of his illness; but the gracious Being to whom he had prayed for pardon and support enabled him to await the fatal result with patient submission. He said to a kind relative who was frequently at his bedside, "I do not know what my medical friends think of me; but they need not fear to tell me their opinion. I have not left it to this hour to make my peace with God. When I was a young man," he added, "I knew God; but I departed from Him, and he has brought me back to Himself again."

Speaking of prayer, he said, "I pray to God for the pardon of my sins, and that He will give me his Holy Spirit for the sake of Jesus Christ. I pray that my conversion may be a sincere one, and that all my thoughts may be purified in the blood of Christ."

He earnestly longed to see the only absent one of his children, his eldest daughter; but he was so fearful that her feelings

would affect the health of herself and young infant, that he would not yield to her anxious solicitations to be allowed to come to him. But a week before Sir William's decease, the fearful change came on so rapidly, that Lady Knighton thought her daughter's absence would no longer be right; and in preparing him for her expected arrival, he seemed much gratified, but said, "Poor darling! how will she bear to see me suffering thus?" He bore the meeting, however, with firmness; and it was a great comfort to him to find himself surrounded by all his children, and many near relatives who were sincerely attached to him.

On the Saturday previous to his dissolution, the Rev. E. O. the clergyman at whose church, when in the country, Sir William had been in the habit of attending, hearing of the absence of Mr. S. R. came to town for the considerate and kind purpose of administering the Lord's Supper to him. This gave him peculiar satis-

faction; and, surrounded by every member of his family, it was received with solemn and sincere devotion.

Sir William manifested at all times a readiness to seek support and consolation in prayer, and he thankfully assented to the offer of a friend, who visited his sick-bed, to pray with him. The prayer was chiefly, that if it were the Lord's will, he might be raised up from his bed of sickness to glorify God; but if not, that God would give him a sense of sin, and of peace and joy in his Saviour, and that at last he would receive his spirit to Himself. He said, "That is my mind and desire exactly." Prayer and meditation on the expiatory sacrifice and justifying righteousness of Christ seemed to alleviate his sufferings; in speaking of which on one occasion to his physician, he observed, "See what sin has brought into the world!"

He expressed a firm conviction that Christ was sustaining him; and by his de-

sire, his family were assembled, and united with him as usual in family prayer, and in seeking Divine support, even on the night preceding his decease. On this last occasion he took an affectionate and solemn farewell of them, and soon after sank into a tranquil sleep, which, at about half-past two on the following morning, was exchanged, without the slightest apparent suffering, for the sleep of death, his spirit having fled to God his Saviour.

It would be difficult to account for the sentiments of piety so frequently expressed by Sir William throughout, but particularly during the last years of his eventful life, were we not authorised in tracing them to their only true and legitimate source, a spirit of real Christianity, emanating from God himself. It is evident that his views upon the subject of religion became gradually clearer, and its vital truths more acceptable to his heart. Impressed with a deep sense of his own unworthiness, he appeared

to be "dying daily" to the hopes and consolations of this world, and earnest in seeking those things which are above. He had been honoured with the friendship of princes and the favour of royalty; and while he gratefully acknowledged such high and flattering distinction, and estimated it according to its real value, he could now contrast it with the far higher honour which cometh from God only, and the infinite blessedness arising from communion with Christ, the King of kings and Lord of lords. The truths of Christianity had been investigated with all the powers of a strong mind, and the research according to the commandment had been attended with the fulfilment of the scriptural promise, "Seek, and ye shall find; ask, and ye shall receive; knock, and it shall be opened unto you: your heavenly Father will give the Holy Spirit to them that ask Him."

The difficulties of life had commenced early with Sir William, and throughout its

progress there was much to contend with and much to overcome. Many an arduous duty was to be executed, and many an unsatisfactory service to be performed. Moreover, there were the occasional attacks of undeserved censure and enmity to be borne, which during the latter years of his life were deeply felt, from the morbid sensibility arising from a progressive disease, which might possibly have been accelerated thereby to its fatal termination.

But God's will be done! The chastening was from the Lord; and may the instruments of his controlling power be as freely pardoned at his throne of mercy as they were by the dying object of their animosity!

CHAPTER XXXIX.

Death and Character of Sir William Knighton.—Letters from Sir Herbert Taylor to his Family, written with the sanction of the King.—Extracts from other Letters of condolence.

Sir William's death took place on the 11th of October 1836, and, by his own desire, he was buried in the cemetery in the Harrow Road. The funeral was private: those who attended were truly mourners; they were near and dear relatives of the deceased, and a few sincerely attached friends and domestics.

The conduct of an individual who is in any way connected with public affairs is subject to censure and animadversion, as well as to commendation and approval; and however unnecessary any testimonial of Sir William Knighton's worth may be

deemed by those friends who were most intimately acquainted with him, yet, as it appears that erroneous reports have been propagated, of a nature to traduce his character and injure his reputation, it is in justice to his memory that the following extracts and letter should be presented to the public. These, with the exemplification of his life contained in the foregoing correspondence, will, it is thought, be a sufficient refutation of all such calumnious remarks.

FROM THE MEDICAL GAZETTE.

"The newspapers have already made known the decease of the late Sir William Knighton; and although he had long abandoned medical practice, we think it incumbent upon us to place in our pages some record of one who once belonged to our profession, and whose career has been, in several respects, so remarkable.

"Sir William Knighton originally entered the medical profession as an apprentice to an apothecary at Tavistock; and after a residence of a few months in London, returned to that town to settle as a general practitioner. This, how-

ever, not proving agreeable to his taste, or satisfactory to his ambition, he soon returned to London, and settled as an accoucheur. The College of Physicians having admonished him for practising as a physician without a degree, he went to Edinburgh, where he remained two seasons; and, having obtained a degree from the Archbishop of Canterbury, was admitted a licentiate.

"From this time he remained in London till 1810, when he accompanied the Marquis Wellesley to Spain, and returned with him when the mission was at an end. On this nobleman retiring from office, he asked his late Majesty to appoint Knighton one of his physicians. Soon after this he became acquainted with Sir John M'Mahon, by whom he was speedily admitted to terms of intimacy; and they continued on the most confidential footing until the death of the latter, who made Sir William his executor. Among the papers which thus came into his possession were some relating to certain private affairs of the late King. Instead of endeavouring to turn this circumstance to any profitable account, Knighton instantly carried the documents to Carlton House, and placed them at once, without comment or condition, in the hands of the rightful owner. From that hour may be dated his admission to Royal favour: the Prince Regent, struck at once with the im-

portance of the benefit and with the delicate manner in which it had been conferred, appointed Knighton to an important office in the Duchy of Cornwall; in 1813 raised him to the Baronetage; and, at a later period, presented him with the grand cross of the Guelphic Order.

"His reputation was now at its zenith, and his business continued very extensive till the removal of Sir Benjamin Bloomfield, who had succeeded Sir John M'Mahon in the office of Private Secretary. On the elevation of this gentleman to the Peerage, and his mission to Sweden, Sir William Knighton, who had previously been a frequent visitor, now became an inmate, at Carlton Palace, was invested with the offices of Private Secretary and Privy Purse—appointments which he retained till the death of George IV.

"Before his connexion with the Court, Sir William Knighton practised chiefly, though not exclusively, as an accoucheur. He is said to have been extremely cautious of his reputation—always calling in additional advice whenever there was any manifest danger,—and succeeded in amassing a very large fortune by his original profession. From the time of his accepting the appointments above mentioned, he, of course, wholly abandoned practice; but he still retained an intimacy with several members of the medical profession, some of whom were indebted to him for many acts of kindness and consideration.

"He had latterly suffered from embarrassment of breathing and oppression about the chest, which proved to be dependent upon enlargement of the heart, and ended in dropsical effusion into the right pleura and pericardium, which proved fatal on Tuesday the 11th inst. He died in the sixtieth year of his age.

"Sir William Knighton was unquestionably a man of excellent talents; but he was still more conspicuous for his fine sagacity and knowledge of the world. His success in life was remarkable; such was at one time his interest at court, that it is quite certain he might have commanded almost anything which the highest influence in the empire could bestow; yet he never showed himself either avaricious or greedy of honours. He was scrupulously punctilious in all the observances and etiquettes of society; but, amid the polish which his manners and character received from the circumstances into which he was thrown, he still retained unimpaired the impress of his early friendships."

EXTRACT OF A LETTER FROM SIR HERBERT TAYLOR, TO CAPTAIN SEYMOUR, R.N.

"It may be satisfactory to poor Sir William Knighton's family to know that the King and Queen have both expressed in very kind terms their feeling for them upon this melancholy occasion, and their regard for his memory.

"Indeed, their Majesties have never failed, in their communications with me, to do justice to his character, and to the zeal, devotion, and correctness with which he discharged his duty."

Soon after the receipt of the above letter, it appears that there were some paragraphs in a newspaper tending to excite an unfounded and undeserved impression respecting some circumstances connected with Sir William's conduct. Of this the family were not aware, until the following communication to Captain Seymour made them acquainted with it.

"Windsor Castle, October 18, 1836.

"MY DEAR SIR,

"Having noticed in the Age newspaper of the 16th instant a paragraph in which the memory of your late respected father-in-law, Sir William Knighton, is assailed, and his character traduced in the most gross and invidious manner, and having brought this calumny under the observation of the King, I have obtained his Majesty's permission to declare, that there is not the slightest foundation for any part of the statement which refers to the period since his Majesty's accession. No chests of private papers were

sealed and detained by Royal authority at Windsor: Sir William was never for a time under a cloud; he was invited to the Castle and to Brighton more than once; and when he did come here, he was most kindly received by their Majesties. He was not sent abroad by the Government, as stated in the paragraph of the Age; nor was there any property to be demanded, restored, or recovered. The communication with him on matters relating to the affairs of his late Majesty, so far as was necessary, was at all times free and unreserved, and his access to the Palace was at all times unrestrained.

"You are at full liberty to make any use you may think fit of this letter, his Majesty being anxious that justice should be done to the character and conduct of the late Sir William Knighton with respect to every matter in which his Majesty was concerned.

"Believe me to be ever with great regard,

"Yours very faithfully,

"HERBERT TAYLOR.

"P.S.—I should have addressed this letter to the present Sir William Knighton, if I had the honour of his acquaintance."

Such unsolicited and gracious consideration on the part of his Majesty for the memory of the departed has been grate-

fully appreciated by his family, and they may be likewise allowed to express their satisfaction that those who were best able to form a just estimate of Sir William's character and services have invariably declared their high sense of his worth.

Among many private testimonials of regard and affection, a few have been selected which express the highest esteem for Sir William, and show the opinion entertained by those who were in the habit of social intercourse with him. They are here inserted, as it is supposed that many who have experienced his kind and affectionate attentions and regard in the different positions in which his varied lot was cast, will be interested in the perusal of them, and will acquiesce in the sentiments they express. They were written since his decease.

EXTRACTS FROM LETTERS.

"We, as dear Sir William's friends, only are able to feel that there is one gone for whom there is no substitute. The blank space is before us, never to be filled up. His friendly and familiar call rings in my ear, and seems as if it would ever retain its freshness in my imagination."

"It is quite true, that I never grieved for any (save two) more than I do for my kindest friend, dearest Sir William. Who could have known him, have been comforted and protected by him in misery, as I have been, and not shed a bitter tear of sorrow? He was a most clever and most noble-minded man; considerate in emergency, and always so true to the deserving. It is a solace and pleasure to reflect upon his firm trust in religion,—and that even at a time when the world supposed him wholly occupied with the blaze and vocation of a courtier's life, he was faithful to his God.

"CATHERINE STEPNEY."

"I have been fearful of intruding too early on your sorrows; but as no friend of your dear husband knew him better or estimated him more highly than I did, I hope I may be allowed to sympathise with you and your afflicted family in the

late most afflicting loss. I had always been in the habit of looking up to him as a friend whom I could consult in any affair of difficulty; and being so much younger than myself, I was not prepared for outliving him. It is a melancholy pleasure to me to dwell upon his character, which was peculiarly formed to secure lasting friendships, and particularly to estimate those whom he had known in early life: I allude to many persons with whom he made acquaintance in his profession during his collegiate stay at Edinburgh. He was also grateful to the last moment of his life to those who employed him in the commencement of his profession, and always most ready to do them any service in his power: his ability in the various calls upon it in the highest situations never failed him, and he had a power of persuasion that I have never seen equalled in any other person.

"Without a regular collegiate education, he rose above all those not only under similar disadvantages with himself, but all contemporaries who had enjoyed that privilege. With great powers of mind he united the most affectionate regard for his family and his friends. It is also most gratifying to remember that so much of his latter life was devoted to his God and Saviour.

"I could enlarge very much on this slight sketch of his character, but that I feel it must increase the regret for his loss. I have never felt the loss

of any friend so severely as on this occasion, and it will be long before the deep impression shall have passed away."

Sir William's valued friend the Rev. S. R. expressed great concern at the fatal and, to him, unexpected termination of the illness. He says,

"It made me very sad to find my letter came too late. It was written at the earliest moment that we found ourselves settled, and I hoped that it would have been by no means the last communication which I might have had with him. But now he does not want any of the poor comfort which we could offer: he is at rest with Jesus, and the days of his warfare are accomplished.

"May we have grace to keep near the Cross, to humble every principle of self-dependance, and to live in the fulness of Him who is the all-sufficient and eternal portion of his people!"

One letter more is given from the same kind friend, addressed to Lady K. and suggesting those true sources of comfort which lead to submission and resignation to the Divine will.

"MY DEAR LADY K.

"IT is the privilege of a Christian friend to be admitted into the chamber of sorrow, and to speak a word of comfort even in the first days of bereavement. Let me assure you how deeply we sympathise with you in this season of trial, and how fervently you are prayed for by us that God, even our gracious Father, may speak peace to you and bind up the wounds of your mourning spirit. He is a faithful friend, and his word standeth sure,—He will never leave nor forsake. It is now that you will prove the exceeding value of gospel consolation; you will be able to rest upon it, and gradually find how it weans the heart from painful remembrances, and fixes it upon the blessedness prepared for the people of God. A few more years on earth, a little more of the conflict and weakness of the flesh, and then we shall be out of the reach of evil for ever; and we shall then join the dear friends who have outrun us on the way and, like the beloved disciple, gone first to the sepulchre.

"The tidings of Sir William's departure took me by surprise. I had him very often in my thoughts, and I was looking forward to the time of our return, when I might find him better able to converse than when I went away. But it is all well: it has been more kindly and more wisely ordered. He is gone from the weariness and pain of a sick-bed to be with Jesus; and

while we are left to mourn and be sad-hearted, he has entered into the prepared portion of the redeemed. While I bless God on his behalf that the race is run and the triumph gained, I plead for you, and those who are the nearest to you, that you may be strengthened and sustained in the same dark season.

"I am, dear Lady K.

"Yours, &c.

"S. R."

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